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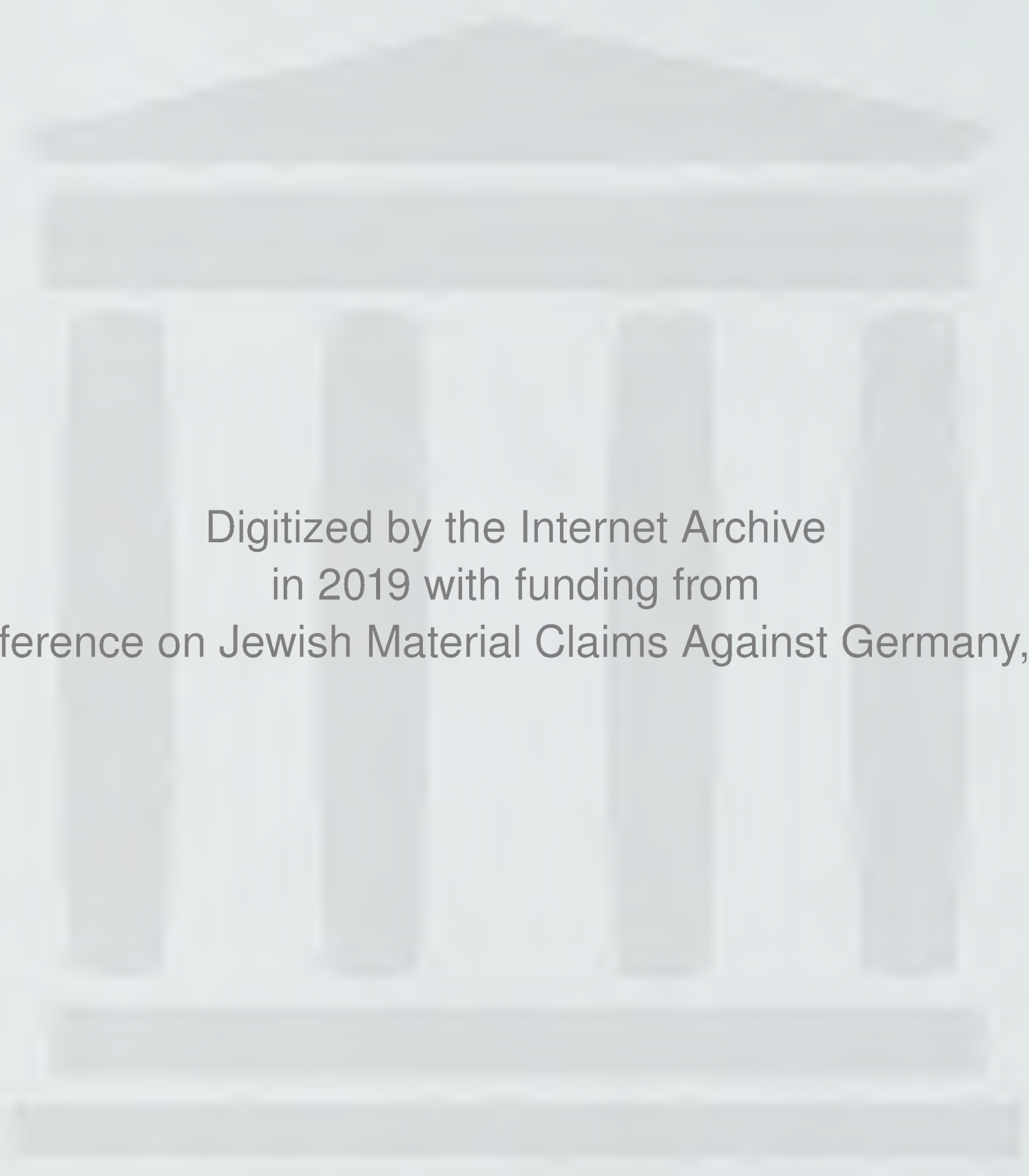


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Against Germany

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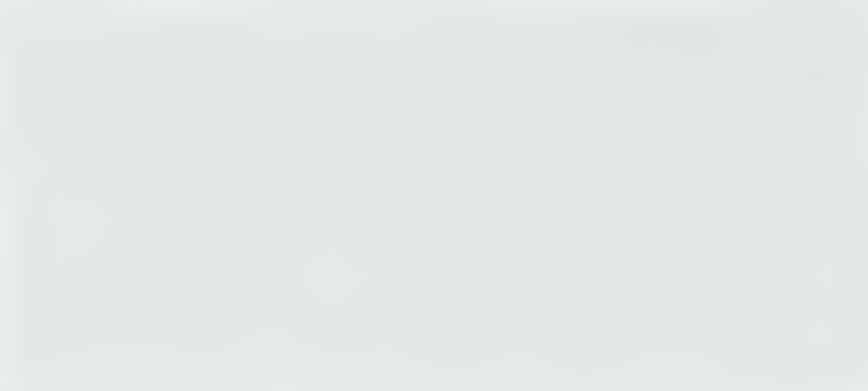
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Heftling # 179207

By

Paul Pilcer



— 1 —

1911

In memory of my beloved Goldy -
baby sister, who was murdered by
the German Nazis.

PART ONE

BORN to SUFFER

On a freezing bone chilling evening of December 24, 1932, the town lay frozen and blanketed with a deep layer of fresh snow under a low grey sky. Inside the apartment, which consisted of three rooms that housed the seven members of our family. It's at this harsh winter, which is not all unusual in this neck of the woods of Eastern Europe. The windows were covered with a thick layer of ice-crystals. Forming a design of flowers, caused by condensation of hot air that settled on freezing glass plate. Which came from a blazing stove, which however, lacked the usual pots full of food for the traditional Friday night dinner. We always so anxiously looked forward to.

At this Friday night however, a depressing atmosphere of profound grief and despair loomed over us as a durative eerie phenomenon.

It's in this context that this Friday night has been indelibly etched into my mind; the eve of the first day of Chanukkah - the Festival of Lights. Which commemorates the victory of the Macabees, who by virtue of courage and bravery rose in defiance of the unquittous power of Greece. When the wicket Hellenic Government rose up against the people of Israel, in desperate determination to destroy them.

I can vividly recall the excitement associated with the lighting ceremony of the Chanukkah candles, spinning the dreidle and eating delicious latkes, for which we were always looking forward.

This time however, the festive spirit associated with it was overshadowed by the tragedy which was about to unfold, that precluded any expression of joy. Amid haplessly watching our beloved mother fighting for her life with her deadly disease inflicted upon her, that was about to put an end to her life.

Yet, she has been anticipating her demise for quite sometime in a desperate attempt to fight back, with the aid of several doctors associated with curing her dreadful disease-consumption for many years, but of no avail, of no tangible results of recovering.

Eventually, the traumatic aspect associated with it was spilling over into our lives as well, as the avalanche of misfortune descended upon us. Amid poignant suffering of my mother rapidly progressed.

The tragic drama unfolded as the evening progressed, and culminated with her demise. I felt utterly grief washing over me, the premonition of disaster was letting me down. Amid an overwhelmed sensation of fear, as I trembled in the clutches of haplessness and mortal agony. There's no way out of this tragic impasse, in terms of averting an indelible imprint on our lives for ever.

In retrospect, my mother was an image of a tired, pain-filled woman waiting for redemption, finding comfort in her deep rooted pious faith, which bordered on fanatic joy through prayer. Amid guidance of religious tradition, upon whose ultimate authority rested the rhythm associated with the quality of our lives that defined the Chasidic creed.

I still vividly recall happy moments, as I was sitting on the window sill - my mother standing next to me. Looking out the window, searching for three stars in the skies on Sabbath eve, before putting on the light. Strictly observing Sabbath and Holidays, observing the dietary laws as well. And all Jewish customs associated with our tradition.

Striving desperately against all odds to pull through, in terms to be able to raise her children, at the time when they needed her most.

However, that seemed not to come to pass under these tragic circumstances that was fraught with her imminent demise.

Her life however, has been winding down to its inevitable quite rapidly, as she was well aware of.

Yet with great reluctance she was to leave an unfinished job behind namely; the upbringing of the children - five of them, ranging from 8-20 years, but of no avail, there's no way out of this tragic impasse.

Unfortunately, life begins, and ends not always as we would like to. As it is written in the book of "Ethics of the Fathers" chapter 4, verse 29 and I quote: "Perforce Thou wast born, perforce Thou shalt die." There's something to glean from this quotation.

Amid hue and bitter cries - tears that came not only from my eyes, but welled like blood from my heart, torn with anguish. As I was reciting the Psalms of David. In a desperate attempt to knock at the Gates of Heaven.

"Oh, I Beseech Thee Almighty God, to help me in my quest to invoke Thy mercy on behalf of my dying mother. Deliver her please, from the clutches of death. Not to be taken away from us at this crucial time when we need her most."

But, of no avail, there was no positive response to all our prayers, cries and lamentation. Trembling in the clutches of haplessness and mortal agony at this backdrop of fear.

Finally, the death knell sounded, the final moment of her demise had struck for the last time, with these words on her lips: "Children live in peace."

Thus, death put an end to her misery. Amid a cruel twist of fate as our life had taken up a whole new dimension.

My worst trepidation was realized at the moment when she died in front of my eyes. I shrank in horror as I seen her dying, overwhelmed by an insurmountable despair that shattered my life for ever.

At this moment the tragic event in my life had taken place. Of which the durative aspect had been indelibly etched into my mind and soul for the rest of my life. Sealing my fate and the rest of the family as well.

The untimely demise of my mother who bequeathed me with an image that had never escaped my memory. As she has been enshrined in my heart as living memorial.

It's also in this contex, associated with her demise, the consequence of which resulted in a lasting sense of bitterness.

That plunged me into a protracted grief, consumed by an avalanche of misfortune. In a constant struggle to fend off the specter of my mother's untimely demise.

However, my imagination wouldn't have allowed me to escape the fact that her illness appeared to be rapidly worsening.

Amid the backdrop of fear that she was about to die I resisted to loose sight of her. Often sobbing when she wasn't feeling well, as she continued to drift towards demise. Before our horrifying eyes.

Amid a pervading omen of the durative aspect of the ominous concern associated with, that I constantly sensed.

The grave aspect of death was someting I became acquainted with very early in my life. However, the horror associated with my mother's death lingered on and haunted me for many years, and intensified in my nightmares. As I recalled her stiff body ~~stretched out on the~~ floor covered with a sheet. The sight of it was to much for me to bear.

The funeral was delayed till Sunday - Jewish law forbids burials on Suterday.

On Sunday morning, two women from the "Chevra Kedusha", the funeral service of the Jewish Community, arrived to prepare the funeral. They heated some water on the stove to wash the death body, wrapped it with a linen shroud. Then she was carried out of the house, subsequently the conclusion of the prayer for the death, and put into a hearse pulled by two horses.

The hearse pulled away, followed by the immediate family, relatives and friends, who came to pay **their last** respects to a woman who had been respected by anyone who knew her. Despite the freezing cold, amid a snow-storm they trotted along all the way to the cemetery way out of town.

As we reached the gravesite on the cemetery, we found the grave dug out already in the frozen ground.

Amid cries and lamentations the body was lowered to the grave and covered with boards - ortodox Jews did not use coffins.

Each one of the assembled took his turn to the shovel to fill the grave with the frozen earth. Then we huddled together as the Rabbi intoned his eulogy. Amid the looming eeriness that pervaded on the snow covered cemetery. Followed by the mourners' Kadish, by my father, my brother, and me. In the midst of an air of awe inspiring solemnity, and the wail of the bereaved.

Given the grave aspect associated with my mother's demise it seemed that all my dreams for the future were to be buried along with her inside the cold frozen grave, and that of our family as well.

The next seven days, were spent in mourning, as many friends and neighbors came to pay homage, in terms to bring comfort and to convey their profound sympathy to our bereaved family.

Yet, what kind of comfort mere words could have brought us? The sorrow was ours alone to bear.

Morning and evening services were conducted at home for seven days in terms to enable us to recite mourners' Kadish.

In retrospect, as I look back into the blank of my childhood, I can vividly see my mother. In terms of her unrelenting devotion she bestowed upon all children. Sleepless nights she spent at my bedside when I was sick - and sick I was very often. As I fell prey to many varieties of ailments - some of them quite serious. Doctors even gave me up for lost in terms of survival, that consequently rendered me frail.

I managed however, to pull through, thanks to my mother's attention. By virtue of her unremitted and unrelenting intensive care, who spared no effort not only for me, but for all children. As sick as she was herself. Hardly to meet all storms of life.

I was still too young to realize the full scope of the ramifications in terms of the repercussions that was brought on in wake of her demise. I could hardly get a mental image of my mother as a well person. But, as an constant ailing person.

In fact, whenever I visualized - I always saw her in bed dying. It was very depressing in terms of the durative aspect of approaching demise. I don't really remember her being healthy. Amid the eerie consciousness that pervaded in the midst of our family. Unable to find the strength to resist the shadows of despair that darkened my life. Or undo the inevitable fact to direct and channel the emotions engendered by the bereavement, amid of endless numbed shock.

Dimly recognizing the uncertain future associated with our family. It's in this context, I often wondered why we have to lose important things, in order, to find out what they mean to us?

In fact, my mother's demise has been an irretrievable loss of love, affection and that could never be reciprocated.

With horrifying logic I set out about to strengthen my capacity associated with a cruel and indifferent world. In terms of not to allow the floodgates of our tragic phenomenon to drown us.



I drew the implacable conclusion that the only way to survive was to become completely devoid of feelings, and be indifferent. This however, I couldn't become, because it's incompatible with the nature of my sensitivity to human suffering. Hence, it never dawned upon me that unless, I am free of painful emotions, I won't be able to endure what fate had in store for me.

Viewed in the context of this dispirited phenomenon. It stands the reason that henceforth I won't be able to afford the luxury of being a little boy. I had to grow up fast in terms of to take charge of my own fate. The bitterness that accumulated in me was like an open wound that never healed.

Somewhere, along the lines our lives veered off the last track, and turned our existence into a irreversible commute to hell. Which became the defining phenomenon that gave momentum to the ongoing situation.

At this juncture of events, I would like to mention my oldest sister Geetle, who was about to get married to a young man of a prominent family - the son of a widow with three more teenagers, from out of town.

The engagement ceremony was performed about six months prior to my mother's death. At which time my mother met my sister's future mother-in-law. However, in light of the fact, that my mother felt that her time was running out, and she would not last long. Yet, she had a premonition that something's underway in terms of a new wife for my father, as soon as she will die. My mother was quite right at this score.

Yet, we - the children were too naive to realize that our father was already preparing the grounds for his second marriage to provide us with a replacement; a stepmother with three more teenagers, to live with us under the same roof. An encounter that was about to chart a terrifying course that will shatter the life of our family, and what was left of

However, the scheme of this clandestine marriage of my father to this woman was kept a secret from us. The concept of which was originated by the same matchmaker who arranged the matrimonial match for my sister Geetle.

A considerable amount of cash was allocated by my father in terms of a dowry for the groom. The money was deposited in a bank in both names till the consummation of the marriage. In order, to finance the establishment of a household for the newlyweds, and all the expenses associated with it.

As for making a living the groom will continue to manage his mother's small shop, which produced wooden frames for a paper producing company.

Amid a frenzy preparations for the wedding began in spring in terms of household goods as linen beddings etc. Because, in those days there weren't any department stores for ready made goods. Everything had to be done at home by a sewing machine, such as pillow cases, down blanket cases and sheets, etc.

As the wedding day was approaching, a cook and some help were hired to do the cooking and baking.

One room was cleared out in terms to set in some tables and benches along the walls to accomodate the arriving guests.

Finally, the wedding day arrived, out of town relatives and guests arrived along with the groom and his family.

The wedding ceremony began with the arrival of the Rabbi and the canopy. The wedding ceremony was conducted strickly in the old Jewish tradition. Amid the solemn awe inspiring matrimonial bond that should unite a man and a woman in holy matrimony, who committed themselves to love and cherish the requisities associated with a happy marriage that should last a lifetime.

The ceremony was concluded as the groom stepped on a glass to smash it, and well wishers conveyed their congratulations to the newlyweds. Followed by a deliciuos home-cooked dinner, and dances to the tune of a three man band of "klesmers" and a "badchen"- some kind of a comedian.

As the wedding drew to a conclusion, and the guests were about to leave, my father revealed his intention to marry my sister's mother-in-law, to our relatives. Who knew quite well for sometimes, that he had been already married to that woman. The only ones who knew nothing about it were we the children. Who under normal circumstances stands the reason that we should be consulted in the first place, by a concerned father, unfortunately, he wasn't

However, not only were we shocked about the "good news", but, we felt downright betrayed. My father also did not hesitate to bring to our attention his decision to join his newly wedded wife at her apartment out of town. And of course, to take us along with him. In terms of to live with a family of strangers under the same roof.

Given, the grim aspect associated with this revelation, events tended to bear out a suspicion in terms of an uncertain future looming on the horizon. It certainly suggested a future of dire portend.

Yet, our father didn't even find necessary consult us in this contex. Despite, the fact that some of us were already grown up teenagers. He was unwilling to realize that he was taken us down a dangerous path in terms of putting us in harms way by forcing us to move in with his wife's family.

But, the uncompromising authority of a man like my father, who tolerated no challenge to his supreme authority. That could not be questioned in those backward days - total obedience was the requierment of a willful father, accustomed of bending everyone's life in his direction, regardless of the consequences. However, given the ufavorable circumstances in terms of to support ourselves. We had no choise, but to go along with his decision. While harboring in back of our mind a vague forboding in the implacable conclusion, as the day of departure loomed closer.

In fact, I resented the idea of moving, and part with everything that became so dear to me; the school I went to, my friends, the beautiful park with chestnut trees, the creek that flowed through it. The splendor of luscious meadows, which spread beyond the horison, where we used to play. The sprawling forest where we used to picnic - especially on "Lag-Beomer". To leave all this I had grown up with, and go to a strange town with no friends. Move in with strangers we had nothing in common with.

Last not the least, to be at the mercy of a guile and deceitful woman whose piercing eyes reinforced our concern. That filled us with a sense of anxiety. In short, this certainly was a recipe for disaster.

But, of no avail, the cruel twist of fate that chartered the course of our lives had been sealed, doing away with our last faint hope for the future.

Finally, one early summer morning, a truck arrived to take us into harms way. We took a last glimpse at the house which carried many happy and painful nostalgic memories associated with our past. As the loaded truck drove off to an uncertain future that laid ahead.

In retrospect, as I look back with harrowing honesty on those troubled years of my childhood. Which had been fraught henceforth by indifference and lack of attention. It seemed as if to be born to suffer not only in terms of losing my mother at very early age. But, also in terms of being born Jewish in a world full of bigotry and Jew-hatred.

Amid the inability to dispel the vision of this grave phenomenon. For it's here, in the midst of these walls that the catastrophe of our lives began to take place - my mother's demise.

In fact, the loss became so bottled up in me, that I was unable to appease it in the aftermath, through the emotional stultifying years that followed in a house full of strangers. Caught in web of intimidating expectations. I could not envisage happy days ahead. As an unfathomable insight dominated my mind to point of being diffident.

Finally, after several hours of a bumpy ride over cobblestone roads we reached our despised destination.

The truck rolled through the gate of an unpaved yard and stopped in front of an obscure two-story old building. A dark staircase led to the three room apartment. In the midst of which we were destined to spend our teenage years, amid constant family feuds, animosity and antagonizing surprises.

Here, in the midst of these obscure walls, tormented by the inability to control the torrential flow of events, brought on in wake of our relocation. And open the floodgates of woeful drama that began to unfold, in terms of a much larger scope we had anticipated.

Here, the aspect of hate and distrust lurked in every corner, amid constant acrimonious feuds. In the midst of strangers whose hostile attitude towards us denoted their unwelcome feelings. Which cut deeply into one of the basic aspects of human needs; to be wanted. Instead, we were rejected. It was here, that the full scope of our bereavement began to make itself felt more than ever before. As the floodgates opened in terms of to drown us in our own dismayed abundance. Unable to find even a limited sanctuary from emotional squalor that dominated our troubled minds.

In fact, the woman my father married literally deprived us of food. Systematically starving us on a poor diet, while serving my father plenty of good food in the next room. In terms of a bribe that she could go on with usual scheme of deceit, she used

As far as my father was concerned in this respect - he didn't care what transpired outside the four walls of his room. And so were her children - well fed and well clothed.

In fact, we got the impression as if we were getting a handout. Despite, of the fact that we had a father who was supposed to take care of us. This tended to underscore the aspect of this grim phenomenon of the circumstances under which we had to live here whether we liked it or not.

At the recommendation of my stepmother, I was enrolled into a Chasidic school, where I felt strange in the midst of religious fanatic kids, for whose association I had no taste. The lectures were boring, as my mind was wondering around troubles at home. Unable to come to terms with the stark reality, initially perplexed by the abrupt transition of this erratic life I could not cope with at this juncture of events. It was more to it than it met the eye, as the pattern of more revealing aspects began to surface.

I refused to attend this school, as a result of which I was transferred to a school of my own choice. Which I attended for two years. Then I was enrolled into a mechanical school "Orth".

Given, the nature of the existing conditions under these circumstances, it would behoove me that the most sensible way out of this quagmire would have been to take off. My options in this respect however, were very limited. Where in the world could I turn to at this young age? Even so I had many relatives, but, they offered no help, showed some concern in this respect. Even, the rich uncle in a town about forty miles away, who built himself a lavish spacious villa, from the income of his prosperous mirror and glass cutting business, he had established. But, of no avail, no offer of a job from either, even so he had no children to care for.

However, given these facts associated with our relation with relatives. It tends to underscore the indifference that prevailed among our relatives in terms of showing a little human kindness when necessary - and necessary it was. Yet, this rich uncle refused his own kin a chance in life, in terms of to alleviate my misery. Which had been eroding the wellfare of my young life. Grossly compounded by this transition.

We had reached a cross road, and no single path leading to a bright future. Translated into simple term it meant that our lives had taken up a whole new dimension that resulted in despair that dominated our lives.

Somewhere, along the line our lives veered off the last track, and turned our existence into a reverse commute to hell. In terms of one of the most perverted twist of life. That had become the defining phenomenon, which gave momentum to the ongoing situation.

So given these irrefutable facts in this context, what could I really expect from the outside world. In fact, life in pre-war Poland, was very tough - especially for Jews, in political and economical terms. As far as making a living was concerned.

Jews were barred from federal, state and city jobs. They had no access to the universities in terms of getting higher education. Were forced into business, in a constant struggle to eke out a living. For most of them barely enough to survive as Jews. As discrimination in every aspect of basic human rights, was the prevailing rule for Jews.

The pattern of progressively more revelations began to surface in terms of corruption of my sister's mother-in-law and her children, associated with their infamous behavior, subsequently to our arrival here.

The woman my father married, turned out to be a real fraud. She was constantly chased by her creditors; the grocer, the butcher, the baker and candle maker. In fact, by anyone who extended credit, or lend money to her, including loan sharks. All of them had a tough time to get their money.

The pay she received from the Paper Co. for delivered frames had been squandered on her way home. By the time she and her son who managed her shop, got home - their pockets were empty. Nothing left for workers payroll, to buy wood and nails, and to cover all the expenses associated with production of frames, including to reimburse the creditors.

It was in this context that my father stepped in - in terms to lay out the necessary money to finance this precarious financial venture.

With guile and cunning means, his corrupted newlywed wife succeeded in making my father to provide the money to pay off her phenomenal growing debts that accumulated. In terms to pay for all the expenses and keep production going.

Yet, getting back the money he invested wasn't simple - just as with all creditors, my father also encountered default. This however resulted in constant family feuds. In a desperate attempt to get his money back was on the daily agenda. Bitter fights ensued in which my father's outburst made his blood boil, while his wife displayed her usual cynical attitude.

But, based on this revelation my father had to make sure that the money his wife received from the Paper Co. would not be squandered before he had been reimbursed for his investment. So my father decided to come along with his wife and her son on payday, in terms to collect his money before it disappeared.

However, one particular swindle perpetrated by my sister's mother-in-law, in association with her son, my sister's husband, deserves passing mention at this juncture of events. A shocking revelation my sister Geetle had encountered as she discovered that her dowry had mysteriously disappeared from her bank account. Brought on in wake of her cunning mother-in-law's manipulations, who guiled her into signing the bank's withdrawal order, on a false pretense, for the purpose of furnishing household necessities for the newly weds. A golden pocket watch with a golden chain, disappeared as well.

This was just the beginning of this unfathomable phenomenon that began to surface, since we associated with this unscrupulous corrupt gang. The uncovered facts associated with this conspiracy, hardened our conviction in terms of their credibility - doubtfully, if they ever had any money - when they got hold of some, was squandered as if there was no tomorrow, with her son who always went along with his mother's fraudulent schemes. Now, however, the newlyweds were left with nothing to begin their life with.

Viewed in this context that we began to assess our grave situation under these circumstances. There's no way out of this dismal impasse. Unless, my father decides to put an end to this marriage to this nefarious trickster of a wife, and leaves this pitfall as fast as possible, he was in for a lot more surprises. But, for this he wasn't ready yet - In fact, he never was. This guile and deceitful woman knew well how to manipulate him. For us however, such shocking revelations of fraudulent conspiracies represented the most disgraceful phenomenon we had ever encountered, that we could never digest. Because, of the fact that we were brought up in a home where honesty and mutual trust always prevailed. That trust had been betrayed by none of us - lies and corruption was unknown in our midst.

However, given the aspect of this grim discovery in terms of his wife's corruptive behavior, my father began to realize in what a pitfall he had gotten himself into, and us too. In wake of his marriage and her children, who were a bunch of incorrigible, pathological, and corrupt liars.

Yet, in spite of all that filthy knavery encountered - my father - for some selfish reason was reluctant to leave. In fact, he only kept telling us that he was going to leave - especially after a fight with his wife, which took place quite often. Or perhaps he became so bewitched by her that he was unable to resist her.

However, whatever the reason we're in to stay and keep sinking in this filthy quagmire, to be drown in.

The trajectory of events since its morbid inception, and through my teenage years and the war - form a long chain of enormous struggle to survive in this indifferent world.

If our world took a somber meaning, for many others however, dark clouds loomed on the horizon in 1933, heralding the horrible nightmare.

Hitler, the evangelist of evil and bands of street prowlers and brooding misfits rose to power. His triumph was met with delirious enthusiasm by the entire German people who claimed to have found the right man they acclaimed. For he had answered to their profound desire in terms of restoration their arrogant pride, echoing the sentiments of the German people.

Hitler, the evangelist of hate and murder, rose to power from the gutter, having failed to become somebody, treaded his way by deceit, lies and intimidation through a series of bloody stormy phenomenal episodes. Spreading filthy lies in terms to evoke the specter of the deeply rooted German militarism. Hitler, became Germany's prophet of hope to conquer the world. To whom they voluntarily and enthusiastically committed themselves, all the way, body and soul, regardless what was his murderous background associated with his racist hatred concept.

Hitler's victory was assured, as his power became as mighty as his rhetoric which spewed venomous hate of anything that was righteous and humane. As a result of the Free World's indifference and unwillingness to build up their forces in terms to meet Hitler's challenge, head on.

Hitler's propaganda machine began to speed up its activities in the midst of every German ethnic group, in every country outside Germany. In terms to create a fifth column that would collaborate with Hitler's demand. He successfully paralyzed any will of action by the Free World, in terms to avert a German onslaught of Europe.

Behind the unremitting wave of abuse stood the tremendous Nazi propaganda machine, headed by the infamous, evil and nefarious liar Herman Goebbels, whose motto was; "The bigger the lie, and the more often it is repeated, the more likely people will believe it. Nazi broadcasts beamed and bombasted constantly, full anti-Semitic venomous rhetoric. In terms to invoke the concept of hate, and blight their victims.

Against this backdrop stood a formidable police and security apparatus, for the purpose of purging Germany of every human dignity. As the entire German nation turned its back to human values.

This burning hate directed against an innocent and defenseless people, infected the entire German people. Which brought in its wake massacres so horrible and of such magnitude, as to leave an ugly scar on human race. Grossly compounded by the fact that it was perpetrated by the most cultured nation in the world. As the whole world stood by in silent acquiescence. Thereby, assisting Hitler in his ambition to conquer Europe.

Nazi scum - an organization of thugs run by psychopaths, managed to focus on the entire German people in the most dismal fashion. As the full throated Nazi propaganda was resonating all over Europe. These depraved feelings aired in public became very contagious. Evoking the deeply rooted German beloved militarism associated with their inherently Teutonic pride. As they consolidated their grip on the German people. Whose imagination was fueled by Hitler's vile rhetoric. In terms to find a sympathetic ear for poisonous ideology that swept across Germany like a plague, by an array of the most vicious cutthroats in the annals of human history who spread the concept of vile anti-Semitic canards.

Nazi aspiration became readily the favorite of every spectrum of German society. Rich and poor, intellectuals, middle class and working class alike. In fact, they were all intoxicated by Hitler's concept of world domination in terms to enslave all people in the world for the German master race. The whole country was charged with Nazi sentiment like an epidemic disease in surge of support.

Given Germany's inveterate thirst for world domination, it's no wonder that the Nazi concept was so enthusiastically acclaimed by them. In fact, not only did the German people readily succumb to the vile Nazi concept. They even, deemed it justified the horrible atrocities which were perpetrated in purging Germany and Europe. In their quest of achieving world domination. Relishing the prospect of exterminating the Jews, and to plunder everything they found.

Thus, the Nazi regime succeeded to focus the attention of the German people. It wasn't hunger or unemployment which they claimed drove them into the arms of Nazi tyrants, and accept the monstrous ideology.

In fact, the German economy wasn't much worse than any of the European countries. The truth however, indicates that the German people have always been fascinated of their incorrigible aggressive militancy and expansionism. Their territorial ambition extended far beyond world's expectation. Yet, no nation had taken such vile recourse in terms to secure their quest in occupying other people's land.

Nonetheless, given Germany's behavior pattern throughout history in Europe, indicate quite irrefutably that the culprit of all wars in Europe were the Germans, in the context of their territorial ambitions.

At this juncture however, the Germans were sure to have found the right man, who will restore their Teutonic pride, and make their ambitions come to pass, regardless of visionary evil. Which according to them had been injured at the conclusion of World War One. By the Versailles peace treaty between the Allies and Germany. Whose terms they could not digest, which in terms brought Germany's disgrace in its wake.

Thus, the regime of ruthless oppression and tyranny became the status quo. The nation of Hines, Goethe had reached the greatest depravity in the history of man kind. Rapidly descending to the bottom of a will pit. Amid the worse case scenario in this context was a dire portent of an approaching disaster looming larger on the horizon. Offering world domination, enslavement, destruction and finally, annihilation of European Jewry.

Yet, the consequences associated with the Nazi tyrannical regime was never realized by the myopic Jewish leadership in Europe, in particular, and around the world in general. As they failed to alert world's attention. The world however, preferred to ignore Hitler's venomous rhetoric that was about to be followed up by evil deeds, he clearly outlined in his Nazi "Bible" Mein Kampf, denoting Jews as subhumans who had to be eliminated. As the world's ability to accept Nazi ideology as radically evil became paralyzed.

Jews in Germany - the first target of Nazi terror, underestimated the concept of Nazi evil in their midst that heralded disaster for Jews, of a magnitude unprecedented in the annals of human history.

In vain, Jews in Germany, were waiting in anticipation of high hopes in terms of believing that the Nazi regime won't harm those who had given their devotion to the Fatherland for centuries. And considered themselves Germans first, in terms of classification as a nation. They were ready to do anything to be considered Germans, proudly fathering the interest of the German State.

However, hopes quickly faded, as lawless bands of hoodlums joined hands with Germans of every spectrum of German society, roamed the streets, actually seeking Jewish blood. Not only Nazi thugs and bullies, whose status did not required earning their way in terms of study and wisdom - absolute blind obedience was sufficient.

But, also many university students from good German homes, intellectuals, doctors, lawyers. They all, swarmed over the streets to seek revenge against Jewish traitors. They all, joined hands with the strangest collection of misfits in terms of their quest for the destruction of Jews. Amid plundering their properties.

Thus, how the epic saga of the evil Nazi phenomenon kindled German imagination, and took hold of the German people by their enormous support given to Hitler - the vilest tyrant in human history. This reinforced the thesis in terms of German endeavor of becoming the master race, and bring back slavery to serve them. While the Nazi phenomenon rapidly gained momentum, as their political power grew out from the barrel of a gun.

Platoons of Nazi bums and hoodlums dressed in brown shirts and high boots. The rank and files of thugs, goose stepping in front of a cheering crowd that had gone demented. Amid pounding of knob-heeled boots, accompanied by Nazi songs blaring out from loudspeakers. As they strutted in their arrogance, whose popularity soared in the twilight of German democracy that was so shamefully destroyed. To give way to a regime of evil tyrants who had no use for human values.

S.S. Stormtroopers - their members steadily growing, resounded through the streets of Germany the infamous "Horst Wessel" song: "Wenn von Juden blutet das Messer spritzt, dann gehts noch mehr so gut." When Jewish blood drips from our knives, the going is twice as good. Loomed out that every word should penetrate into the homes of those they intended to impress. The Horst Wessel song which lyrics was written in honor of a notorious German pimp who was murdered in a street brawl over a prostitute.

This kind of barbarians the most cultured nation had chosen to care of them, who were pleased to listen to words which reflected the bloody Nazi ideology. That brought out in its wake - Germans and their children by the millions whose greatest ambition was to qualify for Hitler's youth movement. Brought all of them to their feet cheering hailing Hitler, amid the most delirious outbreak of euphoria they displayed for this evil tyrant and his bloody regime. This highlighted the most evil phenomenon in human history that denoted the epitome of vile degeneration.

However, the concept of anti-Semitism did not begin with the advent of Nazism in Germany. There is not all too necessary to dig into the sewers of history to find a long record of German virulent anti-Semitism. Dating back to Martin Luther - the German leader of the Protestant Reformation and theological writer who wrote, and I quote: "Know Christians that next to the devil thou hast no enemy more mortal, more venomous and vile than a Jew." Such despicable remark by a Protestant leader highlights the hatred he and followers harbored for Jews, way back in the fifteenth century who left a legacy full of hate for Jews, ever since the advent of the Lutheran theological philosophy.

It has been a long record of venomous anti-Semitic legacy, which descended from Luther, and culminated with the advent of the Nazi regime. They all, including Hitler, derived their inspiration from every Christian denomination - the common historic tradition of Jew-haters, who drew the substance from Christian anti-Semitic sources whose foundation has been by the Catholic Church.

That dates back to the founder of Christianity - Saul of Tarsus who became Saint Paul. That visionary epileptic started out to save the Jews - betrayed them and ended up by becoming the apostle of the Gentiles. Unable to rest until he had set the world on fire, he turned against his own kind and destroyed those he could not win over.

That's where Hitler drew his inspiration, from which he incubated his own version of a final solution for Jews.

Centuries of nurturing anti-Semitism prepared the ground of accepting Hitler's evil scheme of mass genocide, as he became Germany's redeemer. Readily yielding themselves to his monstrous conspiracies, permeated with fanatical hatred of Jews. As sympathy for Nazism grossly compounded. Through evil rhetoric of racism and bigotry Hitler exploited the frustration of the German people. Putting the blame on Jews for their economic ills, that they had been inflicted upon for centuries - scapegoating.

With the structure of guile and deception, associated with barbarism, masquerading as efficiency and cunning destruction.

Yet, not until Hitler's rise to power had the abstract concept of a Jew - assumed such a horrible concrete and visible reality.

In the beginning of the evil empire called the Third Reich, Jews were urged to leave the country providing that their properties be confiscated, businesses and possessions taken away by the government.

Relatively, few Jews were willing to accept these terms. Most of German Jews still had a paranoid delusion that as a German first and a Jew second, they will be spared....

However, given this gullible Jewish behavior associated with their devotion to their host country, in the midst of this evil regime who turned his back on humanity was the first step to their doom.

Yet, even those who accepted those terms soon found that no country wanted them. In fact, all those countries who could have saved the lives of some Jews, would have been glad to get rid of their own Jews.

Thus, Jews - being trapped, unable to escape Nazi terror that rapidly loomed closer, heralding a catastrophe of inconceivable proportions could not find a way out of this bloody impasse.

In defiance of human decency - the whole world watched in May 1939, how over 900 German Jews were making a desperate attempt to escape Nazi terror, embarking aboard the oceanliner St. Louis, on its journey that terror charted its course. And how they were mysteriously denied sanctuary in Cuba, aftermath the U.S.A. shut its doors tight for Jews escaping Nazi terror in Europe. Denying them a safe haven, at this crucial juncture of events. Thus, Jews were to be doomed by political expedience, incredibly inhumane as a result of American isolationism. Which was the culprit of sending back these few Jewish victims of Nazi terror in Germany, who ultimately wound up in extermination camps.

Nonetheless, North and South America, including the U.S.A. admitted countless Nazi war criminals, helping them to escape justice aftermath their defeat. So they could live out their lives as they got a safe heaven.

However, the voyage had been fully exploited by the Third Reich for propaganda purposes. Putting in proper prospective Hitler demonstrated to the world that he permitted Jews to leave Germany, but no country was willing to grant them sanctuary.

Given world's callous indifference to the plight of Jews in Europe, there's really no wonder that Hitler felt free in terms of to venture his genocidal version of the "Final Solution to the Jewish problem." Which consequently, turned their doom into forgone conclusion.

Increasingly, terror became arbitrary and indiscriminate. It rapidly escalated aftermath all real opposition had been eliminated.

Under these horrible circumstances an all consuming fear reducing Jews to a panic stricken herd of cattle herded to the slaughterhouse, smitten with terror. All keyed up for the next blow. The epitomy of evil became the trademark of the master race. Setting in motion evil atrocities on a scarce inconceivable scale to the normal mind. Indeed, the bigger the crime, the more incredible it will become. That was the moto.

It's in this contex, that the German Jews finally realized the grave reality what it meant to be a Jew. That their devotion to the German Fatherland for centuries became meaningless.

However, the bottom line is that Jews will always be treated as Jews; a condemned people pleading for mercy. Whom the world loves to hate, regardless of their devotion to the Fatherland. Thus how Jews were reciprocated for their dedication in terms of fathering the interest of the State of their host countries.

In the Middle East - to curry favor with Arabs, in terms of political expediency, the nefarious British tricksters imposed strict immigration restriction laws for Jews. Who were seeking escape from Nazi terror. In the Yishuv's most desperate hour of need for open immigration for Jews. In wake of escaping Nazi terror that was looming larger on the horizon.

The Balfour Declaration - a promise to establish a National Homeland for Jews in Palestine, turned out to be a worthless sheet of paper, unworthy the paper it was written on. As the British reneged on their committment to provide a homeland for Jews in Palestine.

In fact, this Declaration stirred up more hope than the British were willing to fulfill. The British relished the prospect that the German will eventually do the job for them in terms of making the Jews to disappear. To preclude an influx of European Jews into Palestine.

British nefarious conduct in terms of ruling Palestine, they were entrusted with by the League of Nations, often provoked ambivalent reaction, that left ample room in terms of scepticism.

However, putting in the spotlight the dramatic scenario involving profound political changes was compelling.

Yet, instead, the nefarious British tricksters replaced the Balfour Declaration with a White Paper, designed to ban Jewish immigration altogether. So did the rest of the world, including the U.S.A., shut the doors for Jews attempting to escape Nazi terror in Europe. Remained indifferent to the plight of the Jews, unconcerned of their ultimate fate, that rapidly loomed closer, heralding horrible phenomenal catastrophe called Holocaust.

It's in this context, that the Germans had expected all along. They were well aware of the world's sentiment it harbored towards Jews of anti-Semitism. They had a growing conviction that there won't be any world reaction, in terms eliminating Jews from the face of the earth, as they were an unwanted lot everywhere.

Thus, how Germans proceeded unhindered in terms of initiating their monstrous scheme of systematic genocide of Jews in Europe.

If Hitler ever had a natural ally, it was no other than Haj-Amin-al-Husseini. What could have been more convenient than having the Mufti of Palestine as an ally, in terms of fueling his propaganda machine, that will further the interests of the Third Reich in the Middle East.

The scenario couldn't have been better written by Goebbels himself. The Jews were stealing Arab land under British imperialism. Was the message the German propaganda machine had been conveying to the Arabs.

Hitler would one day rule the world Haj-Amin-el-Husseini was convinced. Hitler was his answer in the context of his lifelong dream: in terms to get control of the Arab world.... And above all, relishing the prospect of annihilating Palestine Jews, under the sponsorship of Hitler who will make him the sole ruler of Palestine. His dream however, was built on a ephemeral hypothesis, that fortunately never came to pass.

Cairo, Damascus and Bagdad - they all joined in treaties with Hitler, in terms of committing themselves with the help of the Germans to expell the British oppressor, along with the Jewish conspirators who do not belong in Palestine.

In fact, they all - especially Egypt, were engaged in spying for Germany. Eager to help Marshall Rommel to break through the last ditch of defense of El Alamein line to reach Cairo, to get rid of the British rulers. It's in this context that the spy-master Anwar Sadat, organized the Egyptian spy-ring in terms of helping Rommel to reach Cairo.

Meanwhile, in Poland, life went on as usual. Here too, Jews disregarded Nazi peril next door, refusing to believe that disaster might strike them next. As the Nazi virus struck Europe, spreading rapidly like a plague. Heralding the greatest catastrophe in the annals in history of mankind.

It's however, the chilling specter associated with Poland's pre-war persecution of Jews in terms of opening centuries-old wounds. Without direct prompting a local and indigenous Polish anti-Semitism that was long at work, that highlights a long record associated with it.

In fact, Poland never was - neither a cradle nor a salvation for Jews in any respect. As Jews were classified as an inferior segment of the population. While being ostracized, and treated as outcasts for many centuries, as their basic human rights were constantly violated.

Poles, as well as most nations in Europe, apparently felt that it's charity enough that Jews were permitted to survive in their midst that long.

A sober judgement of the ongoing situation in terms of Germany's territorial expansion in Europe, beyond a shadow of doubt that peace in Europe was running out rapidly. That began in wake of Germany's unopposed conquest of the Rheinland, was looming larger on the horizon.

As far as anti-Semitism in Poland was concerned, it's a well established fact that Polish Christians imbibed the concept of anti-Semitism with their mothers milk. In fact, they were raised with the virus of Jew-hatred in their bones. Whose imagination was fired by Hitler's venomous inflammatory propaganda rhetoric, transmitted to Poland.

In fact, Jewish life in Poland was a human tragedy of enormous proportion long before German conquest of Poland. Jews were deprived of all basic human rights, and barred from all government, state and city services, also banned from public life and higher education. Amid constant fear in terms of personal safety. As being unable to walk outside the perimeter of their neighborhood without being exposed to an attack by Polish hoodlums whose hate of Jews was consuming with burning passion.

In fact, I have witnessed three pogroms in my teenage years, in our town, between 1936 and 1938.

The first pogrom took place on a Sunday morning in wake of shooting an underworld thug - Stasiek Czerwinsky, who held up Hercberg's bar. And got killed in the process by bartender, in self-defense.

That triggered a rampage of enormous proportions by an onward surging mob. Amid, the most violent acts murder and destruction, executed by the infamous Polish hoodlums. Who broke shop windows and plundered, bloodletting of any Jew on sight, that lasted a whole week.

Jews were confined to their homes, unable to go out to shop their daily necessities. Yet, all this violent encounter was done with acquiescence of Police Department, who did not find it necessary to show up at the scene of the pogrom. To come to the rescue of the victimized Jews.

A second pogrom took place about one year later as Mancza Rosenthal known as Mancza Schnelzug and his brother Zalma who killed with an ax another thug in retaliation for an ambush laid for them. That also triggered in its wake another pogrom of a magnitude no less severe than the previous one, as the police failed to show up in terms to quell the carnage.

Then a third pogrom rocked the city on a Sunday morning, of summer of 1938, when Yosel Pendrak shot a Polish thug in self-defense who attacked him with a knife. This incident triggered a violent pogrom of the magnitude no less than previous ones.

All these violent pogroms were fostered by the authorities, amid connivance of the local Police Department. Who did not lift a finger to protect the Jewish population. It bore all the earmarks of the German "Kristalnacht" in Germany and Austria, several years later.

As far as higher education was concerned, it was unreachable for Jews. As a very limited quota of Jewish students was admitted to the universities. And those were placed in a classroom ghetto, that's designated on the right side of the room. They were forbidden to sit down during the lectures. A practice called "Numerous Clarus" adopted by the Department of Education. Such degrading practice based on discrimination and bigotry was permissible in Poland in the twentieth century.

However, the myopic Jewish leadership to such degrading discrimination had by and large remained silent, no outcry or protest.

Shunned and reviled - often violently attacked by Christian classmates were the few Jewish students, who silently endured racial slur combined with degrading invectives flung at them, amid frequent violence.

Anti-Semitism in Poland, has been a malignant emotional disease, grossly compounded by the advent of Nazism in Germany. For the purpose of poisoning the masses minds, in terms of diverting their attention from their misery, and scapegoating it on the Jews. Which in fact have been fostered by the Government in association with the Catholic Church, for many centuries. Where the cancer of anti-Semitism was born, nurtured, preached and indoctrinated in every Church and school.

Consequently, it has been feeding the well known invectives that were tainted with anti-Jewish passion. That finally, culminated with the advent Nazism in Germany. And maintained momentum throughout the systematic annihilation of Jews, in German invaded Europe.

In fact, Polish people love to hate Jews, it had become a durative phenomenal aspect of their lives. The most prestigious newspapers in the country carried well known anti-Semitic slogans in their headlines, highlighting bigotry and racism that stared us constantly in our faces. The infamous slur "Zid" (Jew) has become the embodiment of shame and ignominy. Once they called you Zid, it was no need to say anything else, in terms of being the most defining phenomenal term of poignant resonance.

Here, was the breeding ground of Jewish hatred that engendered a human tragedy of enormous proportions - tragic phenomenon called Holocaust.

"Out with Jews, kill Jews." Screamed the graffiti from every billboard in the country. Amid raging flames of anti-Semitism, that opened the floodgates of conjured up hatred that swept across the country in the nineteen thirties, gross augmented by the advent of Nazism in Germany.

In fact, Poles now relished the prospect of annihilating Jews in Poland. That would be a fulfilling their old-age dream of a Judenrein Poland, And take hold of anything they owned.

Terror and hate were mother's milk of their educational system. In fact, that's where it all began. It was there where it was found in phenomenal profusion. In fact, the desperate can only survive by taken drastic measures. Unfortunately, the myopic Jewish leadership failed to prepare the people in this respect.

Fuelling and exploiting this state sponsored anti-Semitism were biased and prejudiced racist publication who spouted hate, that manifested in anti-Jewish sentiment that resulted in violence.

In fact, it's in context that many Jews would have gladly left a country that had been anathema for them for many centuries, had they had where to go to. There has been enough of misery they had to live with.

The immemorial ingratitude to Jews for their contribution to cultural and economical development of every host country they had lived in for centuries. Yet, Jews - have never succeeded in winning gratitude.

In fact, it's their being Jewish that was the only crime, for which they were singled out. As no activity inimical to society could ever be charged against them.

This in itself is striking testimony of the blameless civic life they conducted in every country they lived in for centuries.

This however, found no appreciation in this human jungle where Jews became constant prey for the bloodthirsty predators. Therein lies the most tragic phenomenal aspect in Jewish history.

In the history of the Jewish people there're many moments of high drama that highlights our national trauma. This one however, reached its climax, in terms of that it dwarfed anything that they encountered.

Given the bloody developments in Germany in terms of its turbulent aftermath, no doubt Jews had a plausible reason to be apprehensive of the nefarious Hitler's redrawing the political landscape of Europe.

Against this grim backdrop, Jews were perched on the brink of a catastrophe of enormous proportions. As events began to unfold, and opened floodgates of Nazi fuelled anti-Jewish propaganda, which maintained its momentum throughout. Amid the full throated roar of the approaching shadow of an inevitable German onslaught, as the storms of war gathered in Europe, creating a great deal of paranoia.

Jewish mayoric leaders however, failed to foresee the looming calamity that lay just over the horizon. Unfortunately, very little, if nothing at all had ever been done to grapple with this dismal problem, amid the rising tide of anti-Semitism.

In fact, Jews unfortunately, lacked real leadership in terms of being competent to secure Jewish survival in this human jungle.

However, living in an undercurrent of deception - the impotent Jewish leadership, condemned to prostrate themselves before the whims of our foes. Who never seemed to grasp the full magnitude of the approaching disaster which was about to overtake its people. Who really knew nothing of the dismal currents that had been overcoming them.

Except, for one great political visionary - Zev Jabotinsky, who reiteratively warned of impending disaster in his inspiring speeches all over Europe, if Jews won't get out of Europe.

Jabotinsky argued that this is the only solution to the problem - mass immigration, and force the British to open the door of the Holy Land for all Jews. But, he was ridiculed and vilified.

Jewish leaders failed to listen to the distant sound of the drummers of hate, and be prepared to confront them.

Unfortunately, his warnings went unheeded, as his contemporaries refused to share his concern regarding the impending catastrophe that loomed closer on the horizon. Amid contempt, denouncing him as a fascist. Which had been weighing heavily on his mind, because the political orientation of their oponent had taken precedent over national sentiment.

Viewed in this contex however, aftermath events indisputably prove that Jabotinsky's warnings had been of sound judgement. Neither, did he allow himself to be thrown off his course, by the banalities of his oponents, whose judgement never inspired his respect, as he bore their sneers with equanimity.

In fact, he had been the embodiment of a special synthesis, amid the greatest leaders in Jewish history, who carried his quest to defend Jewish identity. In order, to inspire the concept of retreating the Jewish homeland in Palestine. In his inspiring speeches as one the world's greatest orator, trveling from town to town allover pre-war Poland.

It's in this context, that Jabotinsky desperately attempted to convince Jews, in terms of conveying a powerful compelling message, by providing some insight into the tragic aspect that had been looming closer on the horizon for Jews in Europe.

Speaking in a introspective manner in terms to capture their accumulated frustration, amid the grim outlook of the future that awaited European Jews, in German occupied Europe.

In a desperate effort to bring to their attention that somewhere along the lines our lives veered off the last track and turned our existence into irreversible commute to hell. Which became the defining phenomenon that gave momentum to the ongoing situation.

By virtue of unremitting and unrelenting perseverance of one of the greatest leaders in the annals of Jewish history, in his concept of a proper solution to the Jewish problem. That elucidated genuine principles in terms of a solution for a doomed people.

The following is an exerpt of Jabotinsky's speech printed in the Jewish news media in Warsaw, in the nineteen thirties, adresssing one of the specters hovering over European Jewery. Heralding national disaster of enormous proportions. Comparing the situation of Jews in Europe to rudderless ship, using the strongest argument he could master.

And I quote: "It's as if twelve million people were put into a vehicle and being pushed towards an abyss. How do these people react under these circumstances?

Some are horrified and cry, some read, some smoke, some are even singing .. but in vain will you search for someone who will stand up and grab the steering in his hands and move the vehicle away from the abyss.

Such was the prevailing mood and lack of leadership of the Jewish Community in Europe, in the nineteen thirties.

As if someone cloroformed their mind in terms of being unable of sensing the imminent disaster that was looming larger, that warranted immediate action. Yet, totally ignored by an impotent leadership.

The following is an article in the Jewish press written by Jabotinsky that shed some light in the context of his constant premonition in terms of the approaching calamity. That was published in the Jewish press in 1938.

"It's almost three years since I have been calling your attention Polish Jewry, the crown of world's Jewry. You, I am warning that a horrible catastrophe is closing in. Gray and old I became during those years. My heart is bleeding, because my dear brothers and sisters you don't see the clouds which will start spewing a destructive fire that will consume you. A horrible picture I see - little time is left to save your lives."

"I am aware that you don't see, because you're busy with your daily living worries. However, today I implore you - my prophecy has always come true. If you believe otherwise condemn me as an outcast of the Jewish community. But if you believe me - listen. Time is running out. As God is my witness, get out while you can, Time is running out, save yourselves."

"There's something I wish to share with you in this desperate hour. That - whoever will succeed to save himself from this catastrophe, will live to see the rebirth of the long awaited Jewish State. I don't know if it will happen in my life time, but my son will see it happen. I strongly believe in that, as I believe that the sun will rise in the morning."

But, in vain, did Jabotinsky's desperate attempt to inject a sobering note of reality into of what was becoming a charade of self-delusion of a doomed people. His words of caution however, in terms of the amazing accuracy of the farfetched prophecy, and the clarity of his vision.

Unfortunately, it found a deaf ear in the midst of his contemporaries who refused to share his observation that was lost in the wake of the turrent of grave phenomenal events which swept the European continent. It didn't however, take long to convince of the grim reality that was rapidly looming closer.

Unfortunately, Jewish liberal leaders denounced Jabotinsky as a fascist, as they got paralised by ghetto mentality that prevented them to see the gravity of the situation.

In fact, after reading his articles and listening to his inspiring speeches, one must wonder what magnitude of an impact it could have had upon the world's Jewry, if only they had taken his prophecies seriously.

Regretfully, there's no positive reaction to these compelling messages. Jewish public perception of Jabotinsky's concept of Jewish nationalism was considered at that particular time as a Utopian phenomenon, impractical under the prevailing circumstances.

Jewish leadership had as many diverse political opinions as there were political organizations - there were many of these.

Thus, they remained passive till the very end of Jewish life in Europe, by refusing to join Jabotinsky in calling for action.

In fact, that's the grave national phenomenon it portends, as a result.

Unfortunately, Jews were not psychologically prepared to defend the violation of their basic human rights that were constantly abused in many countries all over the world - especially in eastern Europe.

However, in order to conceive that phenomenal insight we have to shed some light on the tragic saga that was about to take a dramatic turn that will leave an indelible imprint on those who will ever manage to survive that catastrophe.

Viewed in the context of this dispirited phenomenon, we cannot dispose of the reality that underscores the impotence of Jewish leadership. Which unfortunately, stems from our wrong upbringing. Which of course, is associated with our failure to inspire in our midst the concept of self-defense that has been greatly hindered in terms of human rights and dignity of our people.

Of course, we can achieve nothing by going down on our knees pleading for mercy. Appeasing our implacable enemies won't work - it never did. On the contrary, it only encourages our enemies for more violence.

It was in this context that Jabotinsky desperately tried to invoke our consciousness in terms of our grave situation. It was however, not enough - too late - and nowhere to escape to. In fact, it was too late to wipe out centuries of neglect, that has brought in its wake this national phenomenon. As the specter of destruction was hanging over our heads. Yet, because Jews were reluctant to leave on their own accord at the time when they could. This is what accounted for the consequences.

Nineteen thirty six, was the year of ominous headlines, highlighting the beginning of German aggression, in its quest for conquest of the European continent. Heralding the most devastating catastrophe history has ever known, which began with their unopposed conquest of Rheinland, followed by the "Anschluss" of Austria, where the champion of the horrible Nazi phenomenal concept was born.

Amid a delirious euphoric welcome the Nazi monsters received, exhibited by the Austrian people. They eagerly joined the ranks of the Nazi venture. Which grossly underscores their rooted sympathy and dedication they harbored for the Nazi concept, ever since the advent of Nazi Germany.

That was the year of Hitler's Rubicon, and the Free World let him get away with. Appeasers and isolationists, disregarded Germany's concept of world domination, refusing to lend credence to the argument that Hitler's ambition extended far more beyond German borders. Unwilling to build up their defense forces of being able to thwart off German aggression head on. In order to deter Hitler's conspiracy to invade Europe.

In fact, that what was supposed to capture the magnitude associated the security crisis in Europe. In light of German aggression in terms of stressing the urgency of Allied action.

It seemed that the big powers have forgotten that only power produce peace, meakness and appeasment invite assault. As the Romans put it milenias ago - I quote: "If you want peace prepare for war."

That's the only recourse in terms to secure peace,unquote.However, reluctance of the Free World,to do just that created a monster whose destructive capacity reached enormous magnitude.That ultimately resulted in paying an enormous price by all involved parties.And of course,the extermination millions of innocent Jews who had nothing to do with Hitler's territorial ambitions.

To insinuate that Nazi Germany can qualify in terms to be regarded as equal with other nations,whose ordinary grievances could be "appeased",and ordinary ambitions that could be negotiated.In fact,what World's appeasers tried to do,presented the most horrifying blunders in history of mankind.

Based on this observation,which denotes the key aspect of a irrational mode of action based on a paranoic delusion,because it was built on a ephemeral hypothesis.The consequences ensued demolished any lingering hopes for peace,which had been the principle tenet of the Free World.

Yet,in one of the most perversed phenomenal twist of history that became the defining event that gave momentum to the ongoing nefarious German tricksters,in their quest to invade Europe.

However,therein lies the tragic phenomenon of those who chose to to appease the German aggressor.England and France,who blatantly ignored and shut their eyes to German aggression - went about their daily business,as German boots trampled the Rheinland's Valley vinyards,followed by the conquest of Austria,Czechoslovakia,France and Poland.Placing an absurd interpretation of German demands.

In fact, they opted to appease the German aggressor while abandoning their Allies whom they were suppose to defend.Thus corting their own disaster,and sustaining unmitigating and humiliating losses in terms of many millions of human lives and devastation of enormous proportion. Which could had been prevented,had they used sound judgement in terms of dealing with the German monster.That reflects the most glaring misconcert dramatizes weakness,cowardness and misconduct of foreign policy.

It demonstrated a myopic attitude of self-deceiving leadership. At the most crucial juncture of history.That was to open the floodgates of the greatest catastrophe history has ever known.

Viewed in the context,one must wonder in terms of the extend of ignorance the politicians in the nineteen thirties had exhibited.

Edmund Burke - eighteen century British statesman and writer who so rightly put it,and I quote: "All that is necessary for evil to triumph is for good people to do nothing." That's exactly what the superpowers of the Free World were doing; nothing,unquote.While Hitler's evil genius at seizing up weakness of his foreign opponents in terms of taking advantage of dealing with them.Surging forward unopposed,buoyed by his image as winner.

Given this political flop associated with Allies misconduct in terms of the Free World's failure to perceive the grave aspect of dire purport. Fraught with Hitler's political bluff at this crucial juncture demonstrated flawed judgement in regard of his aggressive intentions.

In fact, the Free World, had chosen to embark on a course of inaction, Appeasing Hitler's ambitions, in terms of averting confrontation. It's a mirage based on a ephemeral hypotheses, which ultimately resulted in confrotation anyway - and at high price.

Yet, with enormous repercussions encountered as a result of the myopic Free World's leaders. That consequently, became the greatest coup de grace human history has ever known.

Yet, given the consequences associated with this shameful failure was too awful to contemplate. Amid setting in motion a situation that ultimately brought the Free World to its knees, in terms of succmbing to all Hitlers demands.

On this score however, one can reasonably argue that this shameful decade of appeasment helped to set the stage for German aggression, opening the flodgates of destruction of Europe and the annihilation of six million Jews. It's in this contex that the submissivness to German they underwrote the Free World's own disaster.

In fact, the concept of "appeasment" had turned out to be the worst phenomenoal anathemia of the twentieth century that will live in infamy. Unfortunately, the Free World didn't grasp the old lesson of history; appeasment of tyrant dictators is prelude to war which could not have been averted. Later events tended to bear out this suspicion.

Consequently, failure to realize this constituted the grave aspect of the most dangerous political blunder in our time.

Appeasment, evidenced in the annals of human history is a very poor way of waging peace.

The consequences ensued in the aftermath, makes the events depicted all the more painful in terms of the enormous human tragedy.

As Winston Churchill so rightly put it in his reference to the Prime Minister Chamberline & Co., who desperately tried to appease the avaracious Germans, and I quote: "Faced the choise between dishonor and war, he chose dishonor, and got war anyway". The greatest blunder history has ever known, unquote.

In fact, the infamous course the big power's myopic leaders, helped to create and nurture Germany's monstrous military might.

Amid a dismal failure to grasp into in terms what dark abyss they had been driving the people of Europe. All aftermath events, indicate beyond a shred of doubt the end of appeasment is bloody war.

The phenomenal concept of appeasment is not compromise, it's a total concession to violence, and a definition of defeat. All aftermath events led to this forgone conclusion. German oligarchy were hellbound to subjugate the European continent.

The infamous Munich pact that had been signed by Britain, France, Germany and Italy, on September 27, 1938, in terms of ceding Sudetenland to Germany, represented the most ill-conceived piece of nonsense. Which wasn't even worth the paper it was written on.

In fact, it offered Germany drastic concessions that in its wake brought on the shameful capitulation and total surrender to Hitler.

However, to put it in historical perspective, the phenomenal concept of the Munich Pact, was supposed to provide the Czechs with international guarantee for security.

However, the ink had scarcely dried off - it was violated by the nefarious German tricksters. It's the most cruel betrayal in which the Czechs were so shamefully betrayed by the Allies who guaranteed their security - particular by the French chief guarantor, who went to Munich in terms to strike a deal with Hitler to sell out the Czechs. Little did they know, or expect that they might soon be among Hitler's victims.

Consequently, the Czechs fell victim to Hitler's territorial ambition in Europe, as result of the shameful Western perfidy at Munich.

Viewed in this context, this should serve to underscore the conviction that the German invasion of Europe could have been deterred, had the Free World used force against Germany, in terms to retaliate for aggression rather than appeasement that only whetted Germany's appetite for more conquest.

A fact, which was supposed to capture the grave danger that loomed larger. There's a lot the Free World could have gleaned from Churchill's wise admonition.

In fact, Germans also exploited ethnic strife within within Czechoslovakia, who acted to satisfy German demand in every country in Europe. Who acted as a fifth column in the midst of every country they resided. In terms of pressing forward the plot associated with their conquest of Europe. This shameful sellout however, had not saved their own hide. It rather sealed their own doom.

It was such abandonment to Czechoslovakia, and all other countries in Hitler's catalogue for conquest. It's in this context that represented a showdown one too humiliating for the Free world too long to endure. And on the other hand too successful for the Germans not to exploit.

This dramatic encounter which shaped this course of events denotes the shameful deal of the infamous "peace in our time", that took place in this shabby epoch of the nineteen thirties.

Given the aftermath events however, which was brought on in its wake, removes any lingering doubt to the contrary.

Ironically, the Munich phenomenal peace agreement, based of appeasement generally applauded in Britain and in France, as the emissaries of these were met by cheering crowd on their return home with a worthless agreement with the most nefarious Nazi tricksters. The deceived and betrayed public exhibited their most gratifying response to this phony peace agreement in our time.

Highlighting, the great "accomplishment", as they delivered the most fraudulent international agreement the world has ever known.

It's in this context that Czechoslovakia did not seem to fit into the sphere of Chamberline's - the infamous British Prime Minister's vital interests in terms to extend assistance to one of his Allies who was about to be swallowed up by the German hyena. But instead, he sold them out for a meaningless agreement. In terms to become the defining moment of disaster, as the Prime Minister, quoted quite cinically: "If we have to fight it must be a larger issue than that," he said. Echoing the sentiments of the majority in his country, unquote. "A quarrel in a far away country between people of whom we know nothing is not a sufficient base on which to make a stand. He foolishly concluded.

Based on this observation, there's no doubt that Chamberline & Co. in whose hands the fate of Europe was entrusted, certainly deserves to be condemned for their shameful action, that resulted in the greatest catastrophe the world has ever known.

In retrospect, what did those lame-brains thought that the lion will be satisfied with a bone they had thrown to him. His voracious appetite called for much more than that. One does not have to be a politician in terms to comprehend the gravity of this phenomenon.

It seems that the Free World's myopic leaders had forgotten, or had never known that every problem has to be nipped in its bud.

In retrospect, Winston Churchill, had a different and far more realistic point of view at the same time, as he so rightly quoted: "The belief that security can be obtained by throwing small nations to the wolves is a fatal delusion," he admonished.

Unfortunately, his lame-brain political opponents paid no heed to his admonitions, as they plunged Europe into a catastrophe of unimaginable magnitude. In their quest for peace at any price.

However, to embark on such insane course of action of the Free World in terms of the German aggression against small democratic nations was the epitome of treachery and morally revolting for which all participants paid an enormous price.

Ironically, until they weren't struck themselves - the Great Powers refused to believe that the attack on their Allies should concern them. For them to come to the rescue of a small democratic country in case of an attack was hardly a sufficient reason worth fighting for.

Yet, the shameful sellout did not however, save their own hide. What the Free World failed to realize at this crucial juncture, that Hitler's ambition to dominate the European continent will depend on simply on a signature of a worthless piece of paper.

"Peace in our time" - Chamberlin's infamous, disastrous phrase for appeasement was an illusion that produced a naive sense of complacency based on false hope in terms of that peace had been brought, was soon dispelled however, as German Forces invaded Czechoslovakia.

In fact, the infamous appeasement policy, sacrificing small democratic countries security in terms of empty promises only whetted Hitler's appetite for farther territorial conquest.

Every concession that had been made to the Germans, was only followed by knew demands. As Churchill had warned: "Britain's hour of weakness, is Europe's hour of danger." He also voiced his memorable words: "We have sustained a total, unmitigated defeat." However, all those words of caution went unheeded, until it was too late.

In fact, Chamberline's infamous chartered course in terms of his quest for peace, turned out to be a road map for war.

Unfortunately, it's a propostrous inversion of reality, which hensforth conjured up into existence a formidable menace of unprecedented magnitude. In terms of voluntary handing to the enemy of mankind the triumph of victory, and ultimately to deliver to the people of Europe the bitter taste of defeat.

However, history is strewn with the wreckage of rulers who refused to lend credence to the veracity of their worst scenario case assesment that ever came to pass.

Poland and Hungary also swept down like vultures, in terms to get a slice of the carved Czechoslovakian territory. That was also one of perfectly crafted conspiracy of the nefarious German tricksters, designed to divert Poland's attention of the plot. That placed them to be swallowed next by the the German vultures, which of course, was based on ephemeral hypotheses. It was used as a bait - and it worked.

However, if the Poles, had enough sense in terms to join forces with the Czechs instead, with whom's well motorised army they could strike back and thwart off the German invasion of both countries.

This however, was too hard for the Poles comprehend at this crucial juncture of events. Which opened the floodgates of German aggression, and swallowed them both.

In hindsight, even the French Army alone could have had marched into Germany, in retaliation for the Rheinland conquest. That would had meant the end of Hitler and his evil Third Reich Empire. Therby averting their own destruction, as well as many other countries in Europe.

Yet, the Great Powers of the Free World, became paralyzed of will and action, who's impotence and passivity abetted German aggression. Amid crossing the bounds of reality into a shadowy world of illusion associated with the process of appeasment a implacable enemy hellbound for destruction of Europe.

Against this backdrop it's hard to be optimistic that salvation can ever be seen. Thus failing to realize that by committing themselves to course of action that would inevitably seal their own fate in terms of their own defeat. As the consequences became a forgone conclusion, under the shadow of a German onslaught.

It's in this context, that the existing scenario of German peril had been looming larger, as the horrible drama was approaching its climax.

Having set Europe on fire - the Germans planned to devour it step by step. As every nation of the European community was desperately trying to find its own survival route. Like rats on burning ship. Yet, time was running out - it was too late in terms to avert disaster. The predator was coming to claim its prey.

By reason of unremitting barbarism this development of a nature so pregnant with atrocious activities. It would have been sheer nonsense to place credibility in the most evil villains history had ever known. Whose heinous depravity knew no bounds. With all their noble virtues of culture and civilization.

On March 1939, my sister Eva, also got married to a man from out of town. This marriage was also procured by a matchmaker. And of course, there's a considerable amount of money was furnished by my father as dowry for the groom in order to help him to establish himself in the same line of business his father was in. The wedding took place at a known restaurant in town. They left right after - and moved to Radomsk, the town he lived with his parents.

A few month later, my brother Haskel, also left with a group of illegal immigrants to Palestine, organized by Stavsky - one of Beitar's leaders. However, when the group reached the Romanian border, on their way to the Black Sea, in terms to board one of the decrepit illegal boats, the Romanian Government invalidated their visas, and refused them entry to Romania.

Apparently, this was done upon the request of the British Government to conform with an agreement to block the escape of Jews escaping Nazi terror. The British were so adamant in terms of denying Jews in any possible way the right to survive, even to resort to torpedo the ships.

Most of the fifteen hundred immigrants returned home. My brother however, refused to return home, he decided to wait for the right opportunity, as the German invasion loomed closer.

Thus, how our so called "friends" acted in terms of our struggle to survive. With such friends we did not need enemies. In fact, the blame for our doom rests fully with them, not with the Germans.

A nonaggression pact was signed between Germany and the Soviet Union before the summer was over, designed to divide Europe into two spheres of influence, which began with slicing up Poland in half.

The Russians took the bait, thereby putting the last nail into Europe's coffin. They failed to realize the perfectly crafted German conspiracy, that by committing themselves to a course of action that led to their own destruction. At a toll of death too awesome to contemplate. By lending credence to veracity of this phony accord with the most evil villains history had ever known.

However, the hatred the Soviets harbored for the Western World was so great that they preferred to ally themselves with the Germans. Unable to calculate uncertainty of equivocal nature in this nonaggression pact, that they lived to regret.

Yet, Hitler's vile rhetoric was about to translate into action, as he put it: "Force in today's world is what determines rights." Was his motto.

The grave aspect of the political crisis which had developed in Poland, aftermath German invasion of Czechoslovakia, was matched by an upsurge of anxiety in the midst of the Jewish Communities all over Europe. Haplessly watching from the sideline as the morbid scenario acted itself out rapidly in the midst of a desperate anticipation of the looming German disaster, fraught with peril. Thus, Germany, created a smoke screen over their intention in terms of the nonaggression pact with the Soviets, in order to delude them, amid a surprise attack.

The death knell sounded as the grey dawn of light of September 1, 1939, German troops crossed the Polish border on false pretense that they allegedly attacked by Polish troops.

In fact, they were attacked by their own troops dressed as Polish soldiers. Thus, unleashing the German blitzkrieg Hitler promised upon the European continent. Amid overwhelming the Polish Army by a surprise attack. Surging forward against an unprepared and outdated Polish Army.

The Polish Army however, even if it had been prepared, it lacked everything a modern army was based on. Its outdated military hardware, and lack of tanks and motorised vehicles. Who's antiquated army comprised of horse driven artillery and cavalry.

It was in this context certainly was no match for Germany's well motorised, well armed with sophisticated military hardware. And a well trained military force and air force.

That's in what Germany put all their scientific achievements to expedite a well planned scheme blitzkrieg invasion of Poland. On their way of destroying the Free World step by step. Amid looking back for world's reaction in terms of their aggression.

In fact, there was absolutely any adverse reaction in terms of Chamberlain's sell-out to the bloody Germans, by paying with other nations independence in exchange for a worthless Munich agreement.

In fact, development of a nature so sinister and so pregnant with blunders of the Free world's myopic leaders, which consequently plunged Europe into destructive bloody war that could have been averted.

German troops moved swiftly forward on Polish soil, despite some resistance. The success of the invasion was the result of the way Polish forces made no effort in terms of constructing a tangible defense in the midst of the surging attack. While they preferred to rely on counter-attacks. They deluded themselves into believing that their army despite of its lack of motorised divisions and modern military hardware, with which they could launch an effective defense in terms to avert an imminent defeat.

The Polish Army, obstinately clung to the believe that their preponderance of horse cavalry fit for war a century ago repulse an attack of German tank divisions and mechanised forces. Also ignoring the effectiveness of Germany's vastly superior Air-Force who mastered the Polish skies, without encountering anti-aircraft fire.

In fact, Poland did produce some airplanes they were however destroyed on the ground and never took off.

Viewed in terms of Poland's vulnerability, German forces moved rapidly in all directions, leaving death and destruction in its wake. Demonstrating prowess they instilled terror in the midst of a population smitten with horrors of war. As German Stuka aircrafts kept diving dropping bombs and spraying the roads with machinegun fire, clogged with thousands of panic stricken civilians: men, women and children. Who ran in confusion when pandemonium broke out in wake of the bombardment of civilians. In a desperate attempt to escape the ruthless invaders.

The next day, after nightfall, German bombers sped death and destruction from the sky they solely mastered, that rocked the town to its foundations. As we wilted under the ferocity of the onslaught, scurrying for cover in the basement in the midst of flying bombs.

The nightmare loomed closer as German troops arrived in town the next morning. The roads trembled beneath the treads of German tanks and armoured vehicles, as they swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun. As they strutted along with their inherently Teutonic arrogant pride and vanity. Their appearance was as fierce as their reputation - and their reputation was turbulent enough to strike an odyssey of terror in our midst. To put in the proper historical prospective they were a product of the German master race. The austere look in their evil eyes evoked terror that represented the epitome of evil and cruelty.

Ironically, German soldiers bore an innocuous message on their belt buckle which read: "Gott ist mit uns," God is with us."

Yet, the way events were progressing in their favor at this juncture. It seemed that God was really with them, as they headed in full force towards the capital Warsaw. So it came to pass after a stifling nightmare.

Deep gloom descended upon the Jewish Community as "Black Monday" September 4, dawned, heralding the arrival of S.S. troops and Gestapo in town. Which opened the floodgates of terror in our midst, brought on in wake of the invasion, in terms of this grave phenomenon portends.

Like packs of wolves they swept over town, spreading carnage all over. They stormed into Jewish homes to collect their prey, spraying machinegun fire. A prospect that send chills down the spine of every Jew in town. As the bloody German murderers exhibited an unquestionable lust for Jewish blood - and they found plenty of it.

It would however, be an insult to the animal world in general, and to wolves in particular in comparing Germans to wolves, only such ~~vulchers~~ as ~~Germans were capable to~~ perpetrate such horrible mass genocide. No group of wolves, or any animal for this matter could have planned and executed the Holocaust, but Germans.

Thus, the avalanche of misfortune descended upon us at the inception of tyrannical German rule.

"Alle Juden raus, schnell, ihr farfluchte Schweinehunde." All Jews out of your homes, fast you damned pigs. Echoed the roaring of the bloody Germans, as they stormed into Jewish homes to round up terror stricken Jews. While herding them away amid bloody beatings and shooting into the crowds in the process. And herded us away to the Cathedral yard, as well as to other Churches around town. Where machineguns were posted. Then the Germans opened fire as we were herded inside, from behind the huddled crowd, in terms to smite them death in their path. As they cringed and shuddered in dismay, trembling in the clutches of haplessness. That highlighted the beginning of the long nightmare that marked the end of Jews all over German occupied Europe.

It's in this context that a Polish mob of hoodlums had also their share in the bloody rampage, which had taken place in association with the destruction of Jewish communities and their properties. Amid looting Jewish stores. Hunting down any Jew on sight and deliver them to the bloodthirsty Germans, who had some difficulties in identifying Jews, at this juncture of events without any help from Poles.

All streets and air-raid trenches were filled with murdered Jews. A more cruel, horrendous massacre was difficult to imagine. Many Jews were dragged away without a trace - never to return.

In fact, that was only a prelude of much more to come in terms of purging Europe of its Jews. That was an ostentatious display of the depraved character of German Nazis, amid the bloody reign of terror which began to flare up. The horrible scenes were only to underscore the evil phenomenon that prevailed in the midst of these German barbarians, who claimed to be the most civilised and cultured people in the world.

If that's what they showed they're - then they were a disgrace to humanity, and what it stands for.

That's the stratagem of that tyrannical regime, in terms to strike terror in the heart of the Jewish population. That's the Nazi concept of intimidation, that consequently created a bottomless pit of despair in midst of innocent people. It's right from the inception of ruthless oppressive regime. Using terror as a method to instill fear in implementing their tyrannical rule.

It's a paradigm in terms of how killers behave when given absolute power over vulnerable people. That results in believing in their superiority in terms of justifying their evil actions by it.

Consequently, creating a cult of inferiority in those subjugated. In order, to translate their heinous theories by acting out their "superiority" on hapless people. Who shuddered and cringed as Germans immobilized anyone whom they directed.

As the Athenians put it two millenias ago: "The strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must." Nothing has really changed in this civilized human jungle - except that the killers and their murder weapon became more sophisticated. As the French puts it: "The more things change, the more they remain the same."

The relentless tragedy had been growing starker with every passing day. Nothing could have banished the dark clouds of evil that loomed closer. As the long dark night of German savagery against Jews settled over Poland.

In fact, the Nazi concept placed no limits on human bestiality. The cup of profound grief began to overflow daily. As the specter of death was hanging over our heads.

One event dwarfed the previous one, in terms of what we kept encountering from our bloody conquerors. Unable to calculate the uncertainties of equivocal nature in our midst.

One evening, a few days, aftermath the bloody defeat encountered by Polish Army in the region. Our neighbor's son Alfred, who was mobilized by the Polish Army, walked through the gate of the yard. In a shabby uniform, staggering, barely able to stand on his legs. As a result of a wound in his back, encountered by grenade splinter, incurred in a desperate battle in the vicinity of the village Olsztin. Where he was hiding out on a farm in terms to avert to be taken prisoner of war by the Germans. While running a high temperature somewhere in a farmer's barn yard for several days. He was put to bed immediately, as a doctor clandestinely removed the splinter, and attended to his infected wound, thereby saving his life, and was put on the road of recovery.

The German invasion halted at Warsaw, where the Polish Army and what was left of it put up a stiff resistance, as the Germans heavily shelled the city with heavy artillery fire and air bombardment that lasted three weeks.

That flattened the city to the ground, prior to its surrender. Taken a heavy toll in human lives and property.

They fought valiantly the German invader, in a desperate attempt not to surrender to the evil villains. Unfortunately, they weren't properly prepared to face the German monster in a battle for life and death.

And of course, the paramount reason was, that they were betrayed and abandoned by their Allies - Britain and France, just as the Czechs. This event will live in infamy.

"Poland is tott, Warsaw genomen." Poland is death, Warsaw is taken, screamed the graffiti from every German vehicle speeding through town.

As the guns of the German invasion fell silent, life for Jews had taken up a whole new dimension, in terms of a series of severe restriction for the Jewish Community. Grossly compounded by the disappearance of food articles and all basic commodities.

Somewhere along the line our lives veered off the last track, and turned our existence into a irreversible commute to hell. That became the defining phenomenon of what gave momentum to the ongoing situation.

Each day and night, Jews were dragged from their homes, or rounded up in the streets. To be taken away to forced labor as a punishment, in terms of inflicting pain on its starving victims, amid a frenetic splurge of arrests for any trivial infringement of law, without trial.

And so was I, rounded up on many occasions. One incident however, is worth mentioning in terms of its cruelty.

One day, as I went to see my friend, I was held up in front of my friend's house by German soldiers, who forced me to unload a big truckful of coal for a German military unit stationed in the public school building.

Amid lashes, byonet jabs in my back while carrying a heavy basket full of coal, down the basement. I was near prostration by the time the truck was unloaded, just then I was released by the German soldiers.

These round ups of Jews however, weren't isolated incidents, it had become a daily routine of our miserable life, which we had to come to term with henceforth.

Yet, these atrocities were perpetrated not only by the infamous S.S. troops. But, by the "innocuous" Wehrmacht soldiers who claimed to have no part in the destruction of the Jews.

My sister Eva, who moved away with husband to Radomsk, subsequently their wedding - returned, in wake of the destruction of their home and and newly established business. They had encountered as the bloody German Army marched into the city. Thus, how they they lost everything they owned as a result of the process purging Europe of Jews.

A wave of terror swept through the city as the relentless tragedy grew starker with every passing day. There seemed no way out of this phenomenal impasse.

We wilted and fouled in dismay and confusion. Whithering into a mood of despondency and desperation, brought on about in wake of the oppressive measures designed to reduce us to subhuman starving slaves. Which will ultimately facilitate our extinction. The hedious scenes encountered daily moved rapidly along an unwavering path towards a grotesque climax at this crucial juncture.

At this scenario Jews should have had no illusion in terms of their ultimate fate of ominous portend. Amid the discovery of the true concept of German intention in terms of exterminating Jews. As the process of purging the conquered countries of Jews, moved rapidly along.

Countless Jews - men and women were rounded up, and were put to forced labor. Cleaning the barracks and latrines at German military bases. Unloading freight trains, including cleaning all German facilities around town. While working on their hands and knees, amid lashing and jeering by German soldiers watching them.

In fact, they seemed to enjoy very much the denigrating of their victims. Taking snapshots of the terror smitten Jews, amid flaunting invectives, pulling their beards while cutting them. And finally they were forced to dance around a bonfire of burning Toras and religious books. As in their eyes dwelled the shadow of despair.

Then German soldiers mailed those snapshots to their families, who lovingly placed the pictures in souvenir family albums. In terms of documenting their role in the conquest and destruction of the Jewish communities in Europe. To highlight the rebirth of the Arien race, that was heading towards a Judenrein world.

Thus, were books burned on the bonfire of German purification of the masterace.

In retrospect, the German satirical poet and journalist in the eighteenth century Heinrich Heine, had the right perception when he wrote, and I quote: "Where books are burned, they will burn people." There's a lot the world could have gleaned from this forgoing quotation, unquote. A society that tolerates such degenerated activities to take place is definitely inherently dangerous.

A more potent form of malicious evil was difficult to imagine, as it was perpetrated by Wermacht soldiers who claimed their innocence in the destruction of Jews in German occupied Europe.

The truth however, is well documented otherwise. In fact, all Germans throughout every political and economical spectrum, reveled in the vicarious bloodletting of Jews, one way or another.

Hardly a day passed without a brutal reminder that we continued to be overwhelmed by, as the most precarious means of our miserable existence began to surface. In terms of being cornered like trapped animals, from which there was no escape. This tended to underscore the grim reality.

The black market flourished, as all food articles, as well as all basic commodities rapidly disappeared from store shelves.

Endless queues began to form at predawn hours where people spend their time in their quest for a loaf of bread to quench their starvation hunger. If they were lucky enough to get to the bakery window as the supply still lasted.

Amid pushing and shoving and a hail of lashes by German soldiers and the Polish Police, as the crowd converged towards the bakery window. Jews however, encountered mistreatment and discrimination, even in this respect. If they were recognized by the Germans.

Yet, even if some Jews managed to delude Germans, they could definitely not elude Polish anti-Semites, who saw to it in helping Germans to identify Jews, as they were much better in this respect.

Languishing in the midst of a desperate quest for food - Jews began to barter whatever valuable they possessed for food to keep them alive. Amid a flourishing black market of sky-rocketing prices, only the affluent could afford. Anyone who was not in a position to pay these high prices was bound to starve and freeze to death, as the harsh winter was looming closer. Amid food shortages worsening each day, the specter of famine began to surface, especially in the midst of the poor segment of the Jewish population.

"Blessed the death for their hands do not freeze, and do not starve from hunger anymore." Screamed some billboards in ghetto streets.

Throughout town posters in German and Polish, read terrifying warnings in terms of new restrictions for Jews, punishable by death if not carried out as warned.

Executions were almost commonplace as a form of intimidating and terrorizing the Jewish Community, amid a silent oppression.

The odor of doom pervaded, amid a long and dark night of German savagery and terror against Jews now settled over Poland, invoking infinite desperation. As being drawn inexorably deeper and deeper into a dark abyss. Using terror as a method in terms of obtaining advantages through fear and intimidation. A unique horrible stratagem that will ultimately render irresistible to the concept of resistance, while being systematically reduced to starving subhumans slaves. In terms to facilitate their doom. Amid losing all human impulses, and unable to have muffled say about their destiny. While losing control over dignity as an undergoing a severing of the ties with humanity. In terms of the unprecedented evil forces that savaged our lives. Unable to find even a limited sanctuary from the emotional and physical squalor.

Long was the list of austere measures meted out for Jews each day. Ordering Jews to deliver their valuables; jewelry, furs, money in excess of twenty dollars and all other valuable assets to a German bank.

Jews were forbidden^{to} congregate in houses of worship, or otherwise. Jewish children were barred from attending school. Jewish businesses, factories and shops were confiscated. Jews were forbidden to use public transportation, or any transportation. Not even own a bicycle, or ride one. No one could stifle his doubts in terms of this dangerous phenomenon.

In retrospect, it will never escape my memory of the sight of the Jewish Temple, that was located not far from where we lived. That was engulfed in raging conflagration, amid a lurid tower visible for miles, as Germans accompanied by a mob of Polish hoodlums, put a torch to this Temple of magnificent architectural splendor. Devouring everything inside, including a number of Tora Scrolls. That also destroyed an adjacent rich library of the Judaistic Institute, established by the venerable Dr. Ch. Hirshberg. Jews were rounded up in the process, and forced to dance around the bonfire of burning Tora Scrolls, amid a hail of lashes.

Buoyed by their denigrating performance, the incited mob took to mainstreet on a rampage, smashing store windows, looting Jewish stores, beating and killing any Jew on sight. Amid delirious cheers of Polish onlookers. As if it was a night of festivity - Kristalnight revisited. One of Hitler's revelation of the true nature of his murderous intention towards Jews, that was about its final course - mass genocide.

That's one of the evil spawn of fires which destroyed and reduced to ashes thousands of synagogues in every country conquered by the bloody Germans. In fact, increasing evidence irrefutably indicates that there's much worse to be anticipated. As these horrible events overshadowed Hitler's gas-chambers.

However, the basic move in terms of denying their victims the basic aspects of humanity pointed in one direction; annihilation of both - the energies and the Jewish spirit. Calculated to bring about the transformation to subhumans. In the process of losing all human characteristics as a result of starvation and terror, designed to facilitate their doom. As stripped of dignity and hope, amid the taskmasters whip, while the sword Damocles was suspended over our heads, that loomed closer the specter of death.

Consequently, we slipped into darkness where no law prevailed, except for the cruel and ruthless tyrannical German rule. Hedged about with obscurity we dwelled amid deceit and betrayal, as Germans embarked on a course which given all current indication heralded a systematic, step by step elimination of all Jewish Communities in German occupied Europe.

Viewed in the context of this tragic phenomenon it could only underscore the grave aspect that offered no way out of this tragic impasse.

It's in the context of helping to enforce German brutal, tyrannical law, that on the first day Succoth Mr. Kopinsky - German picked chairman of the Judenrat, the Jewish Civil Authority, was ordered to take charge of its administrative rule. In terms of organizing forced labor brigades, provision of food and its distribution in form of rationing the meager food rations by food stamps.

The Judenrat was comprized of twenty members, appointed and controlled by the Gestapo. Selected for blind obedience and full collaboration with the rulers. Collaboration with the German conqueror was the order of the day. Resistance was completely non existent at this juncture of events.

However, given the horrible events that were piling up like snow on a mountain top. That Jews had been encountering at this juncture tend to undoubtedly to bear out a suspicion of perfectly crafted stratagem, which included among other means of reducing Jews to subhumans. As starvation and terror, a potent recourse to spur the process of annihilation of Jews. And ultimately to facilitate and expedite the most malignant and monstrous plot of mass genocide in the annals of history of mankind.

Germans however, were well aware in terms of the consequences of prolonged starvation combined with terror constitutes the most effective weapon in destruction of the body and mind.

It's the true concept of subjugating their victims under the yoke and control of their masters, who were to decide our ultimate fate.

In order, to create and perpetuate hysteria and confusion in our midst, at the highest level, that will ultimately drive us into the jaws of death, in terms to satisfy a heinous German scheme of annihilating Jews.

At the same time, the Judenrat was ordered by the German Authorities to recruit a Jewish militia - a ruthless collection characters who with blind obedience and full collaboration was to carry out German will.

In fact, the acceptance for any administrative job at the Judenrat, or to be accepted to serve in the Jewish Militia in particular, was considered a prerogative. And most people maintained that under the prevailing circumstances was the key to life. Because of the privileges that went with it in terms of becoming slave drivers, exempted from forced labor, getting plenty of good food. And of course, the chance to plunder Jewish ghetto dwellers of anything they could lay a hand on, that will ultimately

silverline their pockets with bribery and extortion. And finally, the last not least to avert deportation.

That however, was the most elusive concept in terms of the perception of those who maintained this to be a way to save ones hide in terms of to survive when all Jews will be gone. The Jewish Militia took also charge of the judicial system, in terms to keep law and order in the ghetto

However, the bloody Germans were hellbound to get us all, rich or poor, religious or secular. Including even, the unscrupulous collaborators, who turned against their own people, when their job will be done. In terms of annihilating Jews, in a step by step stratagem that began with cramming into filthy ghettos, locked out from the outside world. Where starvation, terror and disease that will ultimately strip us of all human values, and perish in a noisome stench of decay. Where despair loomed in every corner. And finally in terms of rendering submissive to the murderous sceme of transporting to their final destination; extermination mills.

In terms to facilitate the identification of Jews, a decree was issued, which made it mandatory to wear a Star of David armband on the left arm at all times in the street. It also served as a degrading ghetto insignia. Anyone caught wearing no Star of David armband was thrown into Zawode jail. The jailhouse filled up rapidly with mostly Jewish inmates, locked up for no reason at all. Being a lawyer, doctor, engineer or any of interlectual, was sufficient reason to be thrown into jail.

When the jailhouse was filled up to its capacity the inmates were transported to the neighboring village woods and ordered by Germans to dig their own graves. Into which they fell into when the bloody Germans opened machinegun-fire.

To compound our misery the harsh winter arrived early this year and it struck with a sudden ferocity. As we were about to freeze to death in unheated apartments.

Overnight, the city was blanketed with a thick layer of fresh snow. "Alle Juden raus, schnell, ihr farfluchte schweinehunden." All Jews out of your homes quick, you damn pigs. Echoed the roaring sound that split the stillness of the night. As the Germans raided the neighborhood, storming into Jewish homes in terms to round up Jews who were dragged out of bed. To be herded away amid a hail lashes. In order, to clean the streets, railroad tracks, military bases, and various public facilities around town.

All Jews, age fourteen through sixty were ordered to register for forced labor. In terms to cover the daily contingence of thousands of slaves to serve the bloody German masters. In a horrifying parody of work - work as a punishment, grossly compounded by starvation and terror.

It's in this context that Jews perceived the grave aspect of their fate with outmost intensity of dismay and apprehension, in terms of what the next day will bring. In fact, Jews would had gladly made peace with their misery and degradation - just to be left alone, and hang on to life. But no way, the bloody Germans had much worse in store for us in a sceme, that will efficiently deal with the Jewish "problem".

However, amid a swirl of rumors, events tended to bear out suspicion that there's ample proof that the worst was yet to come. As the implacable enemy set out in terms of implementig his monstrous quest for the "Final Solution to the Jewish problem."

In terms of fulfilling the age-long dream of the world's anti-Semites in their quest to get rid of Jews once and for all.

German scientists masterminded a monstrous project in terms of inventing a conveyor of mass murder of Jews - quick and efficient way to get rid of the Jews. That's German ingenuity, to be initiated as soon as the project was to be completed.

At the beginning of September, 1940, Germans ordered the Judenrat to deliver thousand boys age 15-20, to be transported somewhere to the east part of Poland, to a forced labor camp.

However, at this stage of Jewish slave labor, rich people and their kids could have been exempted for a price to be paid to Judenrat. In terms to be substituted by poor kids who could not pay the price to redeem themselves from forced labor.

The transport - including myself and some of my friends, were summoned to appear at a assembly point in an abandoned plant. From where the next morning we herded off to side track railroad, and crammed into a cattle car train. Following a horrendous farewell by heinous Germans who didn't find it necessary to feed us before venturing the long journey. The train rolled out on journey that terror charted its course, that arrived at a Lublin side track of the train station yard, the next morning. Following a stifling night of terror, suffocated, parched from the scorching heat and lack of water. Amid a sickening nausea caused by the horrible stench of urine and excreta of feces. Just like cattle on their way to the slaughterhouse. This is how the master race treated forced laborers.

"Ausschtaigen, raus mit euch, ihr farfluchte schwinehunde." Get out of the train, you damned pigs. Echoed the roaring sound of German guards, as the train stopped and the unlatched doors rolled open, we tumbled out of the box-cars. Amid a hail of lashes, kicks and beatings by German hyenas, who were waiting for their prey as we landed on the railroad yard, smitten with terror, what was about to come next.

Finally, after lining up four in a row, we were herded out the railroad yard, which turned into a stampede of bewildered cattle on their way to the slaughterhouse. As Germans began their long wild chase, amid hail of gunfire in the midst of scorching heat of a blazing thirst that parched the tongue, just about to swoon.

Unless, we could catch our breath and quench our burning thirst with some water, even from the roadside ditch we were about to go down - as many did. However, if one could not be kicked to animation fast enough, he was gunned down, for no one was to be left behind alive.

Finally, exhausted, dehydrated and faint with hunger, we arrived at a obscured small town, where we were herded into an encampment. Surrounded by barbed wire and machinegun search light towers, but no barracks available to take cover from the pouring rain.

Trembling, shivering and drenched, we spent the night on the bare ground, huddled together under the open skies, in the midst of a pouring rain. No food provided yet for Jewish slaves who were supposed to do a job for the German masters.

At the gray light of dawn we were on the march again, till we reached another obscured small town Czeszanow. To be herded into what seemed to have been remnants of a Jewish Community. Burned down and destroyed, surrounded by barbed wire and machinegun sentry towers.

We were crammed into small dilapidated houses with no beds, to sleep on the bare floor, not even a blanket was provided. Barely enough room to stretch out our legs, under a leaking roof.

After being fed a watery bad smelling soup we fell asleep, drained of our strength as result of the last days of events.

"Aufschieben, ihr farfluchte Schweine." Echoed the roaring sound of the guards, that splitted the stillness of the pre-dawn hour. That aroused us from a lethargic sleep we sank into, in wake of the horrible events that took place a day before. Amid a hail of lashes following the morning roll-call we were herded out to the construction site just outside town, under an escort, Germans and Ukrainian guards.

At the construction site we were handed out shovels and pick-axes, and ordered to dig. What was supposed to be anti-tank ditches alongside the demarcation line. Set up between Germany and the Soviet Union, occupied territory of divided Poland. In wake of the infamous nonaggression accord in terms of the unholy romance between Germany and Soviet Union.

However, amid^a swirl of rumors, events tended to bear out a suspicion regarding this project which seemed to be designed not out of fear for a Soviet incursion. But rather to divert Soviet attention in terms of German preparation for a surprise attack on the Soviet Union.

A perfectly crafted scheme of producing a deceptive result of their real intention. This phenomenon was symptomatic of the Soviet Union nonaggression accord with Germany, the result of which the "Allmighty Stalin" failed to foresee. For which the Soviets paid an enormous bloody price in human lives and destruction of many of its cities.

Here, torture of forced labor began, amid brutal beatings by the guards. Germans invented all kind of painful torture to inflict upon Jewish slaves. Very often guards picked out someone at random, and ordered him to pull down his pants and lie down on a tree trunk. Forcing another slave to beat him with a heavy tree branch on his rear end.

If however, the strokes seemed to the guard not strong enough. He was ordered to lay down too and the guard took his term in clubbing, till he was out breath, and his victim was left bleeding to death.

Once a young boy got up during the beating, asking why he was beaten. However, punishment for daring to ask such a question had been shocking; in terms ~~that~~ he was ordered to put his hands in his pockets. In this position he was lowered into a hole in the ground deep enough to cover his skull, and his hair sticking out, the hole he had to dig himself.

This was to serve as warning to rest of the slaves; that's what happens to one who asks questions. Jews - they (Germans) said, have to carry out whatever it's demanded of them, no questions asked.

The camp Commandant Dolff, was one of the most ruthless killers, and the epitome of evil and depravation, deserving the title of the "king of sadists" in the full sense of the meaning of the word.

One of his favorite games was to line up Jews and shoot them at point blank in back of the head. Yet, he ceased to impress his victims, who became so indifferent in terms of dying that they preferred to die from a bullet instead to be tortured to death.

Each day, Commandant Dolff, inspected the excavation sites, leaving several death in his wake.

He also had a son living in the vicinity of the campment, who not only equaled his fathers brutality, he even surpassed him in many aspects of cruelty in treating Jewish victims.

Given the fact, that he was a boxing fan, he enjoyed to pick out his victims in terms of using them as punching bags - punching them to death in the process.

He also took great pleasure in blowing out Jewish brains with his fancy gun. In his unique way of target practicing. As he ordered his victims he picked to run while he kept shooting at them, aiming at the center of the head, in the back, or in the front between the eyes.

The nefarious Commandant Dolff and depraved son, were also dog lovers, keeping a flock of dogs for the sole purpose of making a spectacle in terms of inflicting pain to their victims. As they unleashed the flock of German shepards to have some fun. Watching as their victims being torn apart, they gleefully reveled the horrible spectacle of their dogs.

One night, a group of German and Ukrainian guards stormed into the camp compound, armed with whips and guns, ordering a group of slaves out to the yard half naked. Amid a hail of flogging they were herded out to the defaced Jewish cemetery, where they were ordered to dig their own graves. Since, there weren't any shovels available, the guards herded them to near-swamps where their brains were blown out and were left there.

Ever since, I witnessed death of my mother, I became very frightened of the death. But when I grew up and became aware of human evil, I realized that dead folks can't hurt you. It's those who are alive, you should watch out for. Because, under certain circumstances they might become very dangerous.

Only three inmates succeeded to survive the carnage by pretending to be death, they waited for the guards to be gone. Then they sneaked into darkness of the night, and stealthily made their way into the camp compound to give this eyewitness account.

It seemed as if these bloodthirsty criminals were engaged in a competition in terms of bloodletting that will produce the most pain for Jews. Whoever distinguished himself in terms of unusual brutality towards Jews, his chances for reward in form of a promotion was very promising. Viewed in this grave context it stands the reason for a tragic result.

On Yom-Kippur eve, we gathered in defiance of our tormentors who didn't tolerate religious freedom, at risk of severe punishment. In a broken down and burned small house, which used to serve as a synagouge. Where one of the inmates cantor Srebrnik, recited Kol-Nidrey. Amid an air of awe inspiring solemnity in the semidark delapidated synagouge.

Meanwhile, back home parents became aware of what was transpiring in this living hell. Following an uproar by inmates parents, demanding our immediate release the Judenrat dispatched an envoy Mr. Bromberg, to examine the circumstances and bring back an eyewitness account.

Shocked and dismayed he was upon his arrival at the scene, as he realized the grave aspect of reality, in terms of the horrible conditions we were in. This what supposed to be "good working conditions".

The envoy returned home with graphic and compelling evidence of German deceit to cover up the destiny of future transports.

One week followed the next one, as we still toiled over the anti-tank ditches, while starving on a meager diet which consisted of a bowl of watery, bad smelling soup and a piece of soggy bread, after a hard day of labor, hardly sufficient for a non working person.

Germans embarked on a project associated with systematic destruction using hard labor as punishment. Coupled with starvation, terror and torture was the instrumental factor in producing the desired effect.

Exploitation of Jewish slaves was enormous, designed to speed up the transformation of subhumans. This phenomenon was symptomatic in terms to render us into total submission to preclude any act of resistance.

The treatment inflicted upon us was a development of a nature so pregnant with horrible acts. Which clearly indicated German real intention in terms of the ultimate fate of Jews.

Even in the most decadant society in past history, a slave was accorded the basic minimum nourishment, in terms to enable him to produce a reasonable day of work.

Germans however, weren't interested in our ability to produce - we were forced to produce regardless of our physical fitness. Anyone who yielded under the yoke was beaten to death, or his brain blown out.

.. It's reminiscent of the denial syndrome during early days of the Holocaust, amid Jewish gullibility. When Jews insisted that Germany needed Jewish labor for its war production. Thus tried to suppress the facts of imminent disaster.

The project of subjugating Jews, was far beyond comprehension in terms of transforming into subhumans. It's more than it met the eye.

However, no ethnic group was so horribly mistreated physically and mentally abused as Jews were, whom the Germans were hellbound to eliminate as fast as possible.

Thus, the project of the "Final Solution to the Jewish problem" began to shape up, and take preference over any other aspect of German war effort, especially - logistics, in terms of transporting Jews to their final destination.

Amid a swirl of rumors, stories abound thwarted attempts to jump the border fence which marked the demarcation line between Germany and Soviet Union. In a desperate attempt to escape over to the Soviet side, on whom we pinned our last hope for liberation.

However, hope quickly faded, giving way to bitter disappointment, as escapees were caught by the Soviet border patrols. Who turned them over to the Germans to be executed. Since, the Soviets and Germans were engaged in binding agreement of the infamous non-aggression pact.

Finally, aftermath three month of torture we were unexpectedly released and transported back home.

However, later events in terms of transporting Jews to extermination camps, tended to bear out a growing conviction that our release was evidently designed for the purpose to eluding us into believing in German lies. In terms of establishing credence in our midst, for the German claim that the purpose of future transports were intended for resettlement in terms of "good jobs" opportunities in the east.

Thus, Germans intended to veil in a shroud of secrecy over the conspiracy for the "Final solution to the Jewish problem", using guile and deceitful trickery to attain their desired goal.

That's the unremitting perseverance in the concept, which elucidated the genuine German intention in terms of the concept for a solution for a doomed people whose fate was sealed.

Amid a swirl of rumors events tended to bear out a suspicion in terms of establishing a ghetto for Jews in town.

In April 1940, our space on earth began to shrink, as German authorities decreed that Jews will only be allowed to reside in a designated area of the city. Which consisted of twenty four streets located in the heart of a run down neighborhood. A relatively small area to contain the pre-war Jewish population. Plus many more deported from the surrounding small towns and villages, which swelled to a population double the number. Designed to concentrate Jews in major cities, in terms to facilitate the process of transporting them to the gas-chambers.

Arien people living inside the designated area were ordered to move out. Jews living outside the given area were ordered to squeeze into a very limited dwelling space that could hardly contain them.

At the dead end of the ghetto streets in the designated area for Jews, policemen were posted. Jews were not allowed to leave ghetto area. Signs were posted which read: "Jews who will be caught leaving ghetto area will be punished by death."

"Gentiles, entering to do business with Jews, or for any other reason will be prosecuted and arrested."

The grim news evoked a great deal of confusion and bewilderment in terms of neverending persecution decrees. Unable to calculate the uncertainties of equivocal nature of this given grave aspect associated with the specter of death looming closer. One event dwarfed the previous one in brutality in terms to hasten our end.

However, Jews could not conceive and come to term with all that was transpiring around them, and their gullibility was still with them.

To place credibility in the most evil villains, whose avarice knew no bounds in systematically destroying our people, was sheer nonsense.

Jews living outside the designated area in affluent neighborhoods who were about to be evicted from their comfortable homes, couldn't even dream of getting something resembling their apartments. They were fortunate if they had gotten one room sharing with another family. As corruption was widespread in the midst of Judenrat officials, who favored those who provide kickbacks.

Thus, life for Jews was about to take up a whole new dimension in wake of the new decree. As our executioners were closing in. That was the the death knell which sounded the extermination was looming closer.

The bloody Germans, put all their resources in terms to escalate a step by step stratagem of the "Final Solution for Jews".

The concept of liquidation of Jews was based primarily on concentrating them in the big cities. In the midst of a locked in area in terms of limiting mobility. While being culled and crammed into a ghetto which reeked of filth, starvation and disease, that will consequently facilitate the process of transporting of Jews to the gas-chambers.

I had a dark premonition that I might not see my folks again as I left town shortly after establishing the ghetto.

I made my way out of town on a horse pulled wagon, on my way to an uncle in Sosnowitz, a city located about sixty miles south, which was integrated into the Third Reich.

To get there it entailed a stealthy border crossing, which had been set up between occupied Poland and the Reich. Just about a half way the distance I had to travel.

After several hours ride on a bumpy cobblestone road, I arrived in a small town, close to the border. Where I set out to look up my sisters friend, who arranged a paid guide to smuggle me across the border.

After midnight, my guide arrived, and we set on our way to sneak across the border. Cutting through tall wheat fields we reached a sprawling forest that loomed as an eerie, as we penetrated the terrifying aspect of a shrouded in a pitch dark forest.

Staggering and stumbling over tree stumps and shrubs I inched my way forward with great difficulty. Hardly being able to keep a path with my guide who moved with remarkable agility of a cat in the darkness. Stopping every once in a while he ducked to listen for a suspicious sound or when we had to cross a creek to carry me across on his back.

At the crack of dawn, we finally came out of the forest, as the border was way behind. As morning light tentatively inched across the fields we approached the outskirts of a small town Miskow.

I parted with my guide, heading to the center of town, in search for transportation, in order, to continue my journey to the unknown.

The yellow morning sun was riding a crystal blue sky as I finally got on a horse pulled wagon to continue my journey over cobblestone roads for another several hours. In my quest to reach the town Zawircie- the town I left eight years ago.

Fortunately, the trip passed uneventfully. However, given the fact that I was devoid of any identification card put me in a very dangerous situation. Had I encountered German police on the road, or any other place for that matter. This would certainly be my last journey on this earth.

In retrospect, as I reminisced the days of my childhood I spent in this town, a sense of eeriness loomed over me that set in motion nostalgic memories, as I walked the deserted streets that once resonated joyously with vibrant Jewish life.

That's all gone now as the darkness of the long nightmare began to unfold in every Jewish community, in German invaded Europe, as the floodgates of destruction opened up to drown all Jews.

The stark images were evident everywhere, they left a haunting echo that could never be stilled.

I snapped out of reverie as I approached the house where my cousin lived, perched on top of the stationary store she owned and operated for many years.

I made my way inside the store and was approached by my cousin and her second husband, whom she married several years ago after her husband died and left her with three children.

"Good to see you." I greeted my cousin who introduced me to her second husband and his children, two boys and girl, who were teenagers.

Given the lukewarm welcome, probably because I popped in at an unusual hard time. "I just dropped in to say hello, you may rest assured that I have no intention whatsoever to stay here, I am just passing through. on my way to Sosnowitz." I reassured them as I encountered a chilling reception, which reflected the grim aspect of a depressive mood, a gripping anxiety phenomenon that prevailed in the midst of the Jewish Communities in Poland, at this juncture of events.

"You must be hungry, please join us to have dinner." My cousin suggested, as she was climbing the stairs to the small apartment perched on top of the store.

Not hungry - starving, I have been ever since Germans invaded Poland. The sight of food unusually enhances my chronic hunger. I began to devour anything that was put in front of me.

In fact, I got the impression that my cousin and her family weren't aware of the meaning of starvation, as I was plagued with for two years.

After dinner, they began to unfold their troubles, so too familiar to me. It's the same thing all over - like rats on a burning ship; everyone for himself, desperately searching for his survival route, in their quest for mere survival at this crucial juncture.

Yet, it seemed to me that conditions here were not as tough as in comparison with prevailing conditions, as to where I come from - at least not yet, in terms of food shortages.

Starvation was not discernable at least not yet for those who were left with their business intact. To keep them alive for the time being.

However, this also was about to end sooner or later, as all Jews were marked for doom.

"Life here, is also tough, young men and women are constantly rounded up for deportation to Germany, and put into slave labor camps. In terms to supply slaves to the German war industry, including the building of the famous German Autobahn - the first of the world's superhighways of no speed limit. Built exclusively by starving Jewish slaves, under close supervision of German masters."

"My son Victor, you remember him, he was also rounded up and deported to Germany. God knows if I will ever see him again." My cousin said ruefully as tears welled into her eyes.

"There's one thing, you should know that in order to prevent deportation a 'Sondercarte' stamped for labor is required. Watch out, that Germans won't catch you - you haven't got one. She cautioned me."

"In fact, I don't even have an identification card." I replied with concern.

"You might be in serious trouble if you will be caught. We live through a horrible time full of bitter surprises each day. Our store as well as all Jewish businesses has been expropriated by Germans, and was put under the supervision of a German administrator. We became workers in our own store. We encountered the same fate as all Jewish owners, stores, shops, factories, or any other business. The Germans are the masters now." She poured out her bitterness.

"Amid a swirl of rumors, events have tended to bear out a suspicion that much worse is looming over the horizon. In fact, Jews would gladly settle for the status quo, just to let to hang on to life." I spouted my sorrow that tended to underscore the grave aspect of the tragic situation.

The next morning, I left town aboard another horse pulled wagon. Arriving in the next town of my itinerary - Bendin, the most Jewish populated town in Poland.

I set out to visit my relatives, including the rich uncle who owned the glass and mirror business. Where I even got chillier reception. Though I reassured them that I have no intention to stay with them. That I was only passing through, on my way to Sosnowitz.

It just didn't seem to be the right time to pay visits to anybody - especially by one like me, who made the impression of being homeless. At this juncture of events.

I began to realize that the desperate struggle to survive drew people apart, regardless of family relationship. They lost their sense of sentimentality, as they sank into a state of apathy. On their way to become subhumans - without feeling.

I left after I met my aunt who often took care of me. Unfortunately, I found difficult to communicate with her, she was senile stricken.

I took a streetcar to Sosnowitz, which is located several miles away. As the streetcar sped through town, I overheard a conversation between Jews, that the Germans are raiding all streets. Rounding up Jews for slave labor camps, who have no "Sondercarte" stamped for labor. Under the command of the S.S. Commandant Lindner, who was the most ruthless tyrant.

Without hesitation I leapt to the exit door and jumped off the speeding streetcar, landing in a ~~Arien~~ zone, forbidden for Jews to trespass.

Scanning the surrounding area for Germans or Polish police who lurked for Jews everywhere. I set out on foot, carefully inching my way to the building where my uncle lived.

By late afternoon, I found myself in front of a three story building. It's with a heavy heart, because I began to realize that I was in the wrong place, at the wrong time. In fact, if I had where to turn back to I would turn back. But, I didn't want to, I had very limited options in terms of my survival course. So I decided to let my fate take its course. Quei sera, sera, what will be, will be.

With this on my mind I walked up the dark staircase which led to the apartment on the second floor, where my uncle lived.

Amid great concern in term of what's in store for me, I knocked at the door that was opened by my aunt who seemed rather surprised to see me.

Although, my arrival should have been expected, because my father had written to my uncle who was his younger brother, asking him to give me a job in his shop, upon my arrival. Where he produced wooden parts of brushes. In fact, he agreed to employ me in his shop, otherwise, I wouldn't have just popped up at his door.

"How are you? How was your trip over here? How is your father and the rest of the family?" My aunt showered me with questions.

"Thank you, for your concern. They're all fine." I replied.

"Given the very limited mobility Jews are subjected to now. It's with great difficulty that I managed to elude the Germans, who lurk for Jews everywhere, especially, for one like me who is devoid of any identification card. It's by sheer luck that I succeeded to come over here."

"I wish I could convey to you better news, as far as our political or economical situation back home is concerned. In fact, it's down right appalling, and the worst is still to come."

"In fact, since, the Germans invaded Poland, my father was completely washed out, in terms of being able to make a living. Devoid of any income, as a result of losing his railroad contract, which my father had been supplying bedding for Pullman cars." I explained.

"The situation over here isn't any brighter. The Germans expropriated our shop, and been put under the supervision of a German administrator. We became laborers in our own shop. We became slaves for the German masters. Young people are constantly rounded up for deportation to slave labor camps." She said ruefully.

"However, your uncle and your cousins - Max and Ted, have been exempted from forced labor because, they were issued a Sonderkarte stamped for labor on the basis that they were employed in our shop, which is considered German industry. Yet, who knows what the next day will bring. Jews are not safe anymore, anywhere."

"Your uncle and cousins will be up soon, as the day is almost over, it's closing time. You must be hungry, we will have dinner together."

Meanwhile, the door opened and there they were - the uncle and his sons. We sat at the table, following a lukewarm welcome.

Given the fact, that I had been starving for almost two years already. In fact, the meager nourishment I had been getting even before the German invasion, at my stepmother's home was so poor in terms of quality and quantity, that it might as well have been categorised as a prelude to starvation.

However, the sight of food on the table grossly enhanced my chronic hunger, as I began to devour anything that was laid in front of me.

They certainly were not aware what starvation was all about.

In fact, I doubt if a starving person could ever be properly understood by people who live a life of plenty, and were never exposed to starvation. Starvation is a very formidable phenomenon in terms of human and animal life. Because of its destructive potentiality of the physical and mental state, on those who are exposed to it.

After dinner, I had given my relatives a graphic account of what we had encountered back home aftermath the German invasion. And an account of my journey over here.

Regardless of the great uncertainties in terms of what fate had had in store for me, that weighted heavily on my mind - I fell asleep.

The next morning, I joined my uncle and my cousins in the shop down in the yard. Because, I was anxious to do some work in terms to earn my keep. I did not like to make the impression of a freeloader.

Viewed in this dispirited aspect, I began to realize what a serious blunder I committed by coming over here. I began to feel uneasy like a trapped animal. I felt like a fifth wheel to a wagon. And above all, amid living in constant fear that the Germans storm in here any moment, as the raids on Jews intensified, I had to hide in the transmission box.

Furthermore, I felt as if I was getting a handout, even though I put in an honest day work, just for food and board, with no pay. I hated to be looked upon as something inferior, who came from nowhere.

I had no identification card and no "Sondercarte" stamped for labor, that most people maintained was the key to life, in terms to avert deportation to slave labor camps.

Despite, of being employed by my uncle, he did not feel however, that he should secure a "Sondercarte" for his nephew.

In fact, I discovered however, that some people, even so that they were not employed in my uncles shop were provided with a "Sondercarte" by my uncle. It was common practice by employers to furnish one, of course, for a price, I guess.

However, the full extend of my blunder was yet to be realized. It's in this contex, that I began realize the gravity of my situation that was caused by, amid by a cruel twist of fate, that decreed to bring me here.

They urged me to go back home - especially my aunt, the others were less explicit. Apparently, they figured that amid the intensified German raids, there's a good chance that they will get rid of me soon enough.

However, given this forgone conclusion, it tended to bear out the suspicion that they wanted to get rid of me. Apparently, they felt uncomfortable with me around. If that's the case, then why did my uncle agree to give me a job in his shop. This I could never figure out.

In fact, neither was I comfortable to stay here as I felt unwanted. However, I had no intention to go back home, no matter of the results. There's nothing for me to go back to. Back there was a nightmare for me.

that I looked forward to get away from, ever since my father brought us to live in that damned stepmother's home with her children under the same roof. Despite, my severely limited options that were available to me under the circumstances, in terms to go back there.

This uncompromising phenomenon was symptomatic of the lamentable blunder I committed, ~~amid a constant uncontrollable~~ sense of remorse that had been gnawing at the pit of my stomach, ever since the German invasion. In terms of a terrible blunder I committed. There's however, nothing left to be done now, to late now.

In hindsight, I should have joined my brother as he was on the Romanian border, for a chance to sneak into Romania. Despite of the fact, that he didn't offer me to join him. Apparently, he was reluctant, because he thought that might have to take care of me. Nonsense, I was quite capable to take care of myself, even better than he was capable to take care of himself.

Now, I had to carry the consequences of this irreversible blunder that loomed dispiritingly over me. For which I was about to pay a dear price, in terms of even losing my life.

In retrospect, the trials and tribulations I was about to face on my perilous path, engulfed in misery. It's in this context that I began to wonder what cruel twist of fate decreed upon me to stay in Poland, and wait for the nefarious Germans to get me.

However, it's guilt of the terrible blunder that has been gnawing my soul for the rest of my life. To late now to right the wrong, even so that my survival was at stake. What's the use, there wasn't a thing I could do about it but, let fate take its course, as I was drowning in dismayed abundance. Now I began to learn a lesson of the frightening phenomenal aspect of survival under these horrible circumstances.

In fact, it's inconceivable and very frightening to what extent a human being is able to go in terms to secure his survival.

However, most people refused to believe that the attack on their brother was not of their concern. Until, of course, they were struck themselves. It's self-deceiving. Sooner or later Germans were out to get us all, rich and poor, with a "Sonderkarte", or without.

Because, each one thought only of today, and not beyond. Each one for himself in terms of saving his own hide. The nefarious Germans succeeded in terms of their monstrous concept of a "Final Solution to the Jewish problem". In the final analysis, it happened because we let it happen. It's the culmination of the tragic events, of which our history is full of.

However, at this juncture of events Jews didn't seem to come to terms with reality. They stepped over the bounds of reality into a shadowy world of illusion, while ignoring the inexorable vital facts of the terrifying conclusion. Jews, through their traumatic existence in Poland, got used to accept savage terror in their midst as a fact of life.

In fact, it's very much rooted in the basic phenomenon of lack of national pride as an independent nation, they lost two thousand years ago.

At this juncture of events the most precarious means of survival, as well as a lot of insecurities began to surface as I felt cornered.

In fact, my time was running out fast. As the Germans were about to get me any day - and so they did, as I was rounded up during a raid on the neighborhood. And herded away to a transit camp in Germany.

Here, unfolded the reality of the slave labor camps, here, the smell of doom permeated the air. Here, the stark reality of the terrifying slave labor camps began to unravel, in the midst of starvation and terror that was looming as an eerie. Here, it's where it was placed no limits on human bestiality, that resulted in reducing the victims to subhumans.

The next day, following a stifling night of terror, I was transported along with a group slaves to a camp near Lignitz.

The camp we were put into used to house Prisoners of War. Three long barracks, sprawled in compact area, surrounded with barb wire, and sentry search light towers, armed with machineguns, posted in each corner, adjacent to a sprawling forest.

All the inmates of this transport were to join the inmates who came over here before, to stay in one barrack.

The barrack was filled with double bunk-beds alongside the the walls and a stove in the center, but no firewood.

Early morning the next day, following the roll-call, we were herded out under guard to a construction site in the adjacent mysterious forest.

Following the selection for the job assignment, at which some of us were assigned to dig ditches for telephone and electric cables by the firm Seimens Co. Which ramified throughout the whole sprawling buildings in the vast forest, in terms of installing a communication system.

I was assigned along with some others to bury storage buildings for anti-aircraft shells under a heap of sand hoisted up to the top of the building roof, by small lorries and a winch to pull them up to the top. Then to camouflage with moss in terms to make it like a gardening landscape.

Severe as it seemed however, under the circumstances the conditions here in every aspect of life in this camp was milder in comparison with other camps conditions I had encountered later on, in terms of food, treatment of the inmates by guards, as well as on the construction site.

The meager food rations that consisted of a bowl of soup and some bread could however, be supplemented with some blueberries and mushrooms, that we used to pick in the forest during lunch-break.

Then at the end of the day, upon our return to the barracks, we took along to the barracks, along with some firewood, where we fired up the stove to cook the mushrooms, that made a good supplement.

However, it wasn't much for starving slaves, who were forced to put in a hard days work, amid the capo's lash, who was one the slaves. A bully who did more than his best to exploit his own kind in terms to curry favor with the Germans.

As the summer drew to an end - so did our job here. Which meant to be transferred to another camp, that we all perceived with great anxiety. Because, of the uncertainty what was in store for us in the next camp, as we felt a dire portend of what lay ahead.

However, the decision was not ours in any respect. Our enemy made it for us, and they saw to it not to be in our favor. We had to keep our mouth shut, keep slaving for the German masters, no questions asked.

Then one morning, following roll call, escorted under close guard we're on our way aboard a cattle-car train. That arrived after several hours at a side track near Breslau, the rest of the journey we did on foot.

The gate opened as we approached the camp compound. Sprawling rows of barracks surrounded with a double barb wire fence, loaded with high-tension electric current. And machinegun sentry search light towers in every corner of the camp perimeter. That loomed as an eerie in the midst of human misery and wretchedness. It was in sharp contrast with the conditions that prevailed in the camp where we came from. That however, could not go unnoticed as we passed through the gate.

Weariness, terror and starvation was etched on most faces we had encountered. Who bore the full brunt of the appalling conditions that that prevailed in this death trap. Everything they lived through here was clearly written on their faces, and emaciated bodies, a living testimony of evil forces savaging their lives. Wallowing in misery of phenomenal profusion.

Following a roll-call directed by the Lager Eltaster, we were put in one of the barracks, where I met my cousin Victor, who was glad to see me. I delivered regards from his folks at home. The Stubenaltester assigned a bed-bunk to me which was the top bunk of Victor's lower bunk. As he instructed me in terms of the strict rules as of to keep the barracks clean at all time, and in terms of having two hours night watch by every inmate when his term comes.

I also met a hometown friend, who in association with Victor, gave me a graphic account of everything that transpired in this death trap.

After getting a bowl of watery bad smelling soup I went to sleep, as my mind was flooded with uncertain thoughts in anticipation of what is in store for me here.

"Aufschieben, ihr farfluchte Schweinehunde." Echoed the roaring sound of the nightwatch guard, that heralded the dawning of a new horrifying day in this death trap. That began with rising at pre-dawn hour, that also included, making order, clean the barracks. To pass the inspection of Blockaltester. Then to have a cup of ugly smelling colored water called tea that tasted like brewed oak leaves, and a few ounces of suggy bread. Hardly sufficient even for a sedentary person who doesn't do any work.

"Antratten, raus mit euch," Echoed the roaring sound of the capos. As the whistles shrilled the stampede began towards the courtyard where the tedious early morning roll-calls took place.

Amid a hail of lashes inflicted in particular upon the weary and emaciated who weren't fast enough to keep up with the mainstream that headed in a stampede to the roll-call courtyard. Where it took place.

For a some unclear reason these human shadows were called "Musulman". Life had been extinct from these subhumans they became already. Who could barely carry the weight of their withered bodies, desperately holding on to life. Yet, they were not to be exempted from the torturous work.

They were rather collected at the infirmary for transporting them to Auschwitz, where they filled the gas-chambers.

Under these horrible circumstances however, I had encountered here, I ceased to dream of returning to a state of no suffering - I dreamed of getting back to the immediate previous stage of suffering.

Viewed in this context it stands the reason that's quite a natural phenomenon of human behavior under the circumstances.

Roll-calls in the courtyard also included a grisly display of tortured and murdered inmates, who - the Germans claimed that they allegedly attempted to escape, and were caught. It's for all of us to be as a lesson.

The gate opened aftermath completion of the tedious roll-call, and herded out to a construction site of a railroad track several kilometers away. I was assigned to a group who was stuffing big size pebbles under the crossties of the rail track.

I wilted under constant pounding with a heavy pic-ax, without rest. Amid a hail of lashes by the ruthless capo, if one did stop pounding. After completion stuffing the crossties, a new segment of the railroad track had to be laid out. Two twenty foot long rails had to be carried in, from where it was unloaded from the freight train.

Amid the most physical strain in terms of carrying the heavy rails, accompanied by a violent hail of lashes was inflicted upon these poor victims in the process. Far beyond the physical limitation of these human fragments, who could hardly carry their own weight. As they already exhausted all their physical strength. This was a scenario of the most cruel and brutal treatment that slaves had ever encountered in the history of slave labor. Germans entrusted the slave driving into the hands of ruthless capos, who with blind obedience were more than happy to carry out German orders to the highest of German supervision. And in terms to satisfy their own depraved sadistic instinct, they inflicted their own version of pain on their victims in the process. Amid the sound of German revelry that that could be heard all around, for the sole purpose to work us to death.

At sundown, when a shriek of the whistle was heard that marked the end of a long and torturous day that inflicted pain in every muscle in my body. And upon our return to the barracks to get a bowl of bad tasting watery soup. then go to sleep on a hard bunk-bed, only if not assigned for for nightwatch of a two hour shift, to prevent an escape attempt.

Then, a few weeks subsequently to arrival here, we were ordered to cut a Star of David in the back of the jacket, and white patch to be sewn in the background. The same to be done on the left leg of the trousers. This also served to stigmatize the degrading ghetto insignia. And in terms of averting any escape attempt.

However, I could not stifle my doubts of having the slightest chance of survival under these horrible circumstances.

I began to realize that I will soon wither and pine away, as many others did. All I could expect - languish death. That was a forgone conclusion in this deathtrap. And the axiom around here was that the strong survives, as perishing was widely prevalent. It didn't take long to get weary and join the ranks of the doomed. Where misery was found in phenomenal profusion.

Each day, seemed more terrifying than the day before. Thin was the line between life and death, as it was very easy to cross it.

Given, the grave reality in terms of my starvation that might have had ended my life. I had to barter some of my personal things. It wasn't much, but, to alliviate my chronic hunger. Which included a brand new suit which I never had a chance to wear. I did however, manage to coceal it from the watchfull eye of the guards, as well as the capos, ever since I was deported. But, now I had to get rid of it, as well as my old silver watch. Now, I had to barter it for bread.

Especially, since it was decreed that all garments had to be marked by cutting in a Star of David. It's in this context, that I decided to smuggle out the suit and watch to the construction site where a Polish paid laborer offered me two loafs of bread. It wasn't much under normal circumstances. However, considering the very limited options available to under these circumstances, I had no choise, but, to accept it.

I also wrote a postcard to my uncle I worked in Sosnowitz for, imploring him to send me some bread - just bread - nothing else. Since, at this juncture of slave labor was still permissible to receive some food packages and mail from home. But, not for long - that was to be stopped too.

However, as long as it lasted I found it to be nothing wrong under these starvation circumstances to help a starving kin to survive. As he was in a position to afford to send me some bread, to help to keep me alive for awhile longer.

Especially, since, they lived in abundance of food, they could easily afford to spare some bread for a starving nephew. Which was inexpensive at that time, where they lived.

However, instead of bread I received a postcard from his son Ted, in which he wrote me in German, the following arrogant words of rejection, that never escaped my memory, it never will, and I quote the authentic words: "Du hast nicht zu fodern bei mein father, wir haben dier gegeben alles was gehert zu dier." You have nothing to ask from my father anymore we have given you everything that belonged to you.

Well, I didn't claim that the uncle owed me anything, unquote. In fact, I merely begged for some bread in terms to keep me alive for awhile longer. Yet, they had no compunction to refuse that life saving help. In terms to mitigate my gnawing hunger pains, and save me from the claws of death.

Thus, had been the selfish atmosphere that prevailed in the midst of the Jewish communities, at this crucial juncture of events.

However, in the final analysis the assumption of saving their hide by acquiring a Sonderkarte was built on a ephemeral hypothesis. They deluded themselves in believing - as many did in terms of being immune to the fate that I and many others encountered. By securing a Sonderkarte in terms of averting deportation. While still holding on to their lucrative business, and save them from starvation.

Nevertheless, it had only been a matter of time. One year later it was all over for all of them. Rich and poor, old and young, with a Sonderkarte, or without. Sooner or later, the death knell sounded for all Jews, in German occupied Europe.

Viewed in this context, this underscores the grave phenomenon of this glaring misconception, which epitomizes the morbid egoism that prevailed in the midst of a doomed people, in terms of survival.

In light of the fact, that each one thought for of today and not beyond, each one for himself, in terms of saving his own hide. The nefarious Germans succeeded to hunt us down, to be destroyed like vermin.

In fact, this treacherous conduct based on collaborating with the Germans brought in its wake the accomplishment of their goal of genocide.

The existing scenario of languishing death loomed larger with every passing day, as I was anticipating to join a transport - any transport, just to get out of this death trap.

However, in vain, did I hope something better to come along somewhere else. Though, all slave labor camps for Jews were the same - designed for one purpose; systematic destruction in terms working us to death.

Finally, I was selected along with a group to join a transport destined for a slave labor camp in Markatadt.

Escorted under tight security guard we were packed into a cattle-car train. That arrived after several hours at a railroad side track. The rest of the journey we did on foot.

As we reached the camp site the gate was unlocked of the double barb wire fence, with the same set up as everywhere else; machinegun search light sentry towers that loomed as an eerie over the sprawling rows of barracks. As we were herded into the camp compound we were received by an entourage of S.S. officers, the camp Commandant and the Judeältester whose name was the infamous Baruch Meister, dressed in a elegant shiny leather coat and pair of highly polished officers boots. Whose arrogance and ruthlessness not only matched that of the S.S. killers. But he even surpassed them in every aspect of tyranny in terms of ruling the Jewish slaves.

After taking count we were escorted to delousing station, and put in one of the barracks. The room I was assigned to was in barrack #5. Where a stout Stubenaltester, in charge of the room inmates, whose personality matched his ruthlessness. In the midst of his hometown cronies who dominated every aspect of life in this room.

Misery and suffering was very much apparent on most of the inmates. Pain and agony clearly written on their wasted faces, waiting for their end.

To get the ugly smelling watery soup we lined up in long queues, set up by the camp stooges, under the command of three camp executioners. Who didn't spare a hail of lashes for starving slaves, whose weariness was etched on their gaunt faces. As I watched them marching into the camp compound, after torturous hard day of work. Hovering between life and death was an eloquent testimony of the ruthless oppression and tyranny that had been established in this camp.

Following the "dinner" that consisted of a bad smelling watery dehydrated vegetable soup I went to sleep on a hard bunk-bed. Hoping not to be assigned to a two hour night watch shift.

"Aufstein, ihr farfluchte schweinehunde." Echoed the roaring sound of the nightwatch that heralded a new day in this hell on earth. Which of course, began with the same routine; bed making to please the Blockältester. Then after having a cup of ugly smelling tea that smelled and tasted like brewed oak leaves with a piece of soggy bread, that was suppose to last till "dinner" soup. The cleaning up the room to spick and span condition had to be done before the roll call.

"Antreiten, raus mit euch, schweine bande," echoed the shrilling sound of the capos whistles was heard. That's the call for the roll call.

The stampede began towards the roll call courtyard, amid a hail of lashes by ruthless capos. Also here, as elsewhere in the slave labor camps the tedious roll calls served as method of inflicting pain and suffering on the slaves. Amid a grisly display of murdered, beaten to death slaves. Who allegedly attempted to escape. In terms to serve as a warning for all of us. It seemed however, that most of us lost the capacity for shock. Suffering and death had been a way of life for the slaves who drowned in apathy that defined doom in this deathtrap.

Finally, the roll call came to an end. As the gate opened we were herded out to march several kilometers to the construction site of infamous Krupp Werke, the production of heavy ant-aircraft guns.

Here I was assigned to a group who worked for construction company who built the plant that consisted of many buildings and offices.

The group I was assigned to, their job was to deliver bricks with lorries to the brick-layers on scaffold, four inmates to a lorry, to load and unload the bricks.

Under the supervision of a ruthless stout capo Zelik Lerer, who didn't spare lashes with his never parting whip. Accompanied by his companion Mendel Kuperberg, with whom he shared the slave driving job.

Constant handling rugged bricks wore off the skin of my fingers to the bones. Languishing death loomed closer, as my vitality and what was left of, drained rapidly as I was unable to supplement the meager food ration of a starvation diet, remotely adequate to meet the standards of life supporting, even for an idolent person. Hard labor under terror, in which process undoubtedly many slaves were about to fall through and go down from physical weakness and exhaustion.

I wilted under the cruel yoke of the toilsome exploitation labor, initiated for the corporate investment of German war industry. Who paid generous amount of money to the nefarious Himmler and his Nazi killer gang providing slaves to every segment of German industry.

The nature of this mass exploitation enterprise in a very real sense, slavery had reached its ultimate perverse - perverse perfection because, hard slave labor was also used in terms of inflicting pain as a punishment on human beings the Germans considered a consumable raw material to be discarded in the process of manufacturing. As it ceased to be no more useful for the exploiters. Yet, this depraved phenomenon was based on the concept of mass genocide.

Then one day, I found out that the German office employees were having some soup for lunch, being delivered in big metal containers, that were outside the building after dispensing the soup.

At lunch-break, I ran over there hoping that there might be some soup left at the bottom of the containers. That I might have been able to scrape out a few spoonful of leftovers, and hurry back to my job on time. However, having no watch I failed to realize that the lunch-break was over. As I was absorbed in scraping out a few lousy spoonful of soup.

Having failed to return to my job on time - I was approached by Zelik Lerer - the capo, when I got back. He ordered me to follow him into the cement shack. Where he ordered me to pull down my pants and bend over a stack of cement sacks. He began to whiplash my back in full force. It felt as if my back had been branded with a hot-iron.

Yet, my henchman seemed to enjoy it very much. Until, he was out of breath. That's when he left me faint with a lacerated back that burned as fire. He dashed out and brought a bucket-full of water, poured it on me and revived me. This however, did not exempt me from work, not even for a moment. With excruciating pain I staggered back to my job.

Behind this backdrop of that depraved setting of human evil conduct the figure of the Judenältester Baruch Meister, stood out in all its ruthlessness upon whose authority rested the rhythm of our wretched life.

Maintained and executed by three cruel and the most ruthless tyrants; Hershel Moch, Moshel Fonia, and Bosak. In whose hands was entrusted the "Administration of Justice" in this death trap. In terms of to keep law and order in this abode of evil phenomenon. These brutal tyrants used their unlimited power in terms of oppressing and terrorizing their subjects, who struck terror in the midst of the camp inmates, only by mentioning their names. In fact, their brutality greatly surpassed that of the most brutal German. They embarked on a stratagem to break the spirit of the inmates, calculated to bring about the transformation into subhumans in terms to please the Germans. Created by a deliberate love of cruelty.

Grossly augmented by a terrifying parody of work - work as a punishment resulting in agonizing death of exhaustion and starvation that had become a forgone conclusion.

The most ruthless villains were put in key positions of the camp's administration who enjoyed all the privileges that went with it, including an abundance of good food, and to be well dressed.

Ironically, the feeble inmates were picked for the hardest physical jobs, they became a constant target for these sadistical murderers, amid the most painful treatments, that resulted in rapid integration.

The Judealtester Baruch Meister, established the most oppressive regime, which in many respects even transcended the cruelty of the German guards. The exclusive power was solely concentrated in these Jewish tyrants who collaborated with the Germans, on a full scale, to their full satisfaction in terms of cruelty and brutality. Who turned this camp in to a Dante's inferno.

Of course, with such devoted collaborators German success in terms exterminating Jews was certainly assured.

Unfortunately, there were many Jewish villains who were ready to sell their own people for a few breadcrumbs.

ious It's in this context, that because eachone thought only for himself, and only of today, never beyond in terms of saving his own hide. The nefarious Germans succeeded to hunt us down and destroy us like vermin. Without shameful cooperation of many of our people. The extermination of six million Jews wouldn't have been prevented anyway. But, it wouldn't be easy. After all Jews did not have to provide the rope, the Germans to hang them.

Given, these grave facts, Baruch Meister and his gang, their implication in the bloody terror extended far beyond of keeping order. They inflicted their own brand of painful torture in terms of currying favor with the bloody Germans. In fact, they displayed the most classic example of extreme cruelty. They seemed however, to revel in their role in terms of initiating that bloody tyrannical regime.

Death as result of beating and torture, mostly for reasons of trivial nature was the order of the day. The inmates however, seemed to come to term with this grave phenomenon of death, who had lost the capacity for shock. Which was the only alternative around here in this death trap, in terms of putting an end to this neverending pain and misery.

The inmates emaciated bodies bore witness to the agony they had been suffering. Human beings wallowing in misery, wretchedness and degradation, stripped of all human dignity and human rights. Who by German definition were subhumans. To suit German demands.

In the final analysis this had been the terminal point in terms of initiating the process of the "Final Solution to the Jewish Problem."

This however, was reminiscent of the denial syndrome during early days of the Holocaust when Jews brainwashed and betrayed by the Judenrat insisted that Germany needed Jewish labor for its war production and thus tried to suppress the facts of impending extermination.

Trembling in the clutches of haplessness and mortal agony, degraded and brutalized by the torturous hard labor under inhuman circumstances and vicious punishments. Our skin shriveled upon our bones; withered as sticks, to pined away in the process of starvation and torture.

Given, a vivid description of the appalling aspect which constituted a phenomenon of unrestrained cruelty, that marked the cynical contempt for human life. Because, accountability for these heinous actions was alien in this tyrant regime.

In fact, we shook off our life sustaining essentials and we still stayed alive. Yet, as strange as this phenomenon seemed, the more we were reduced to subhuman conditions, the greater became the will to live. Humans are very adoptable in terms of getting used to everything, except death. Our urge to live is strengthened at the cost of lives contents.

Flogging and hanging was a frequent public spectacle. The margin of death was precariously wide, the only alternative was death.

The moan of misery and wretchedness of expectant doom loomed as an eerie. Nobody gave a damn in terms of human life - you don't mourn the death when you live in hell. Which brings into sharp focus the enduring characteristics of inert human embodiment of diabolic evil. That's the hallmark of the Third Reich - the most evil Empire in the history of mankind.

Any sickness, weariness, or accident that resulted in disability in terms failing to keep up pace with German demands, was an invitation to join a transport to Auschwitz gas-chambers. Which struck a terror chord in the midst of the inmates, even just mentioning that infamous name. That had become synonymous with death by choking up with Cyclon B gas.

That's the saga of human suffering. That's how the human spirit was destroyed by horrors it had seen and suffered, under circumstances that cut off its ties with humanity. Wallowing in phenomenal profusion of untold misery.

In fact, This phenomenon emerges from a basic impulse of humans under oppression and starvation. As the evil forces savaged our lives in terms of to spur the process of intergration. That's what we were brought here for; systematic destruction by punitive and torturous work, under starvation and terror executed by an army of the most ruthless villains, who lurked in every corner for their prey. There's more than it meets the eye.

However, it never dawned upon me before that some Jews, under certain circumstances were capable to inflict the most cruel punishment on their own kind, and revel in the bloodletting of their victims.

Given, such despicable conduct perpetrated by this scum on earth on their own people. Which is in sharp contrast with our teaching in terms of that Jews are - and always were a compationate and merciful people, incapable of producing such degenerates. However, the horrible experience I encountered while sharing our horrible fate with them, proved otherwise, that lends veracity to quite a different lamentable conclusion.

There were thoughts of time that was running out with every tick of the clock. The sickening struggle to survive, amid starvation and terror, unable to find even a limited sanctuary from physical and emotional squalor that began with the early morning roll call. Which hovered over us as a never ending nightmare in a faint echo from far away life.

That's the grave phenomenon of the sordid aspect of the concentration camps where the implacable enemy had been lurking for his prey. In terms of to extinct the last flicker of life of the wearisome slaves. Pondering how to get out alive, that was hopeless under these circumstances.

"Here, was the valley of the shadow of death, that we walked day by day." That King David was referring to in his twenty third Psalm: "I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.

However, given the appalling circumstances we were in we rather felt terribly abandoned by God in terms of his chosen people, though we never abandoned Him. Yet, for starving, terrorized and degraded slaves who barely held on to life, mere words of hope gave no comfort. We were in a desperate need of action, before it's was too late. In order to be rescued from German murderous claws, who were hellbound to destroy us. That however, seemed as remote as the sun.

Doubtfully, if any merciful God could stand by, and forbear the bloodletting of his own creation, and take no action to destroy our mortal enemy. After all, aren't we his chosen people?

A people who's unblemished record as a law abiding and peace loving record could not be matched by another people, in this human jungle.

Is this how God reciprocates for undivided devotion to Him? In fact, if that's the case, why doesn't God choose some other people for a change? Because, we have more than enough of being a punching bag for all the world's anti-Semites, who keep spilling rivers of our blood. And ultimately, revel in the destruction of our people, in the name of God.

In fact, God reneged on his promises in terms of our protector. It's countlessly mentioned in the Bible and in our prayer books. Here's a hymn of praise by King David, Psalm 145 and quote: "The Lord preserves all those who love God, but all the wicked he destroys." This is incompatible with all the tragic phenomenon we had encountered for two thousand years in exile, where rivers of our blood has been spilled with impunity. And ultimately, it culminated with exterminating six million of our best people, including over one million of innocent children.

As the whole world and the mighty God himself stood silently by. That represent the greatest coup de grace Jews had ever encountered. To these recurring questions there's one answer; we were shamefully betrayed.

Truthfully, what kind of crime had innocent children committed? Do they had to pay for other's sins? I don't think so.

However, if that's the case, it defines travesty of justice. In fact, collective punishment was widely used by the nefarious Nazi regime. In a democratic society everyone has to be responsible for his own sins.

"I am well aware that God's judgement should never be questioned. However, in light of this tragic phenomenon called Holocaust that had engulfed our people and had resulted in extermination of six million of our people, we cannot afford to remain silent. In fact, even the Talmud says that silence is equal to acquiescence.

"But, dear God, do you realize how we survivors are plagued by horrible memories of this tragic phenomenon of the Holocaust. That has been haunting us ever since we were betrayed by the whole world, including even by our own people. Who had no compunction to deliver their own people to the enemy. It's in this context, that in those dark years of horrors that I had dreamed of myself pursuing our enemies with God at my side, as it is written in the Psalm of David: "I had pursued your enemies and overtaken them; neither did we turn back till they were consumed." But, when I looked around all I saw or heard was a loud Ha Ha Ha.... It was my own imprisoned laughter. The days of our glorious past belongs to ancient history now.

Here, in these death pits I was taught a lesson of survival that last me a lifetime, how few human needs are under subhuman circumstances, even of civilized people.

Here, I have learned the enormous punishment the human body can endure before it perishes. It's virtually inconceivable to imagine under normal circumstances. The recollection of which freezes the mind in horror.

Here however, I learned the dark side of humanity - how fast civilized, cultured and educated human beings were capable to shake off all human values, and turn to monsters under certain circumstances.

Here, I have learned the shocking consequences of starvation - physically and mentally, the repercussion is enormous.

Then one Sunday morning, I passed by a potato bunker in the camp compound, that was off limits to inmates.

However, driven by a strong craving to get hold of a few potatoes, in terms of mitigating my gnawing chronic hunger pangs. I ventured inside and grabbed a few potatoes.

Apparently, it didn't go unnoticed by a camp stoolpigeon who sounded the alarm. Before I knew, I was dragged out of the bunker to the barrack where the ruthless camp executioner Bosak, had been waiting for his prey. He ordered me to bend over a stool and pull down my pants and began to whiplash my back in full force. That felt as if being branded with a red-hot-iron. Reveling in the process, until he was out of breath.

Just then, he left me motionlessly sprawled over the stool. Revived by a bucket of water that was poured over my head - I opened my eyes. It's with excruciating pain of my lacerated flesh on my back I crawled to my bunk, and my neighbor put wet towels compresses to my back.

Sunday was by no means a day of rest for slaves, either. Although, There's no work at the construction site - except in a emergency.

However, hell didn't rest on Sunday, either. Cleaning and scrubbing was the order of the day; cleaning the barracks, making the bunk-beds, scrub the floors. Clean up the camp compound, including the lavatories and toilets. Or to be dragged out to the railroad yard to unload freight trains scheduled to arrive at any time of the day, including on Sunday.

"Achtung," echoed the shrilled voice of the Stubenältester, as the camp Commandant walked into the barrack for his weekly inspection, followed by the Judeältester Barch Meister. We snapped to attention, each in front of his bunk. Any bunk-bed which wasn't made up good to please them, caused trouble to the bunk owner by turning it upside down amid a hail of lashes.

As the job at the construction company I worked for, drew to an end. I was assigned to a commando who unloaded cement and bricks from the arriving freight trains by the name Henkelson Co.

If all the jobs in the past in the slave labor camps had been torturous, this one topped them all. Constant unloading one hundred pounds of cement sacks from the freight trains, that surpassed my body weight. Without respite, far beyond my physical strength that was about to prostrate me. As I staggered under the heavy load. Seven days a week, the freight trains kept rolling in, which had to be unloaded as soon as as they arrived, day or night, rain or snow, even on Sundays. This job was about to put my end.

The harsh winter came early this year, grossly compounded our misery. in terms of our tattered light clothing unfit for winter cold.

To shield my emaciated body from the freezing bone chilling cold I used an empty cement sack, tearing at the seams on the side I cut in a round hole in the center. I slipped it over my head and tucked in under the jacket. However, if this contraption was discovered by the guards, it was ripped off amid a hail of lashes.

Meanwhile, I began to feel a sharp pain at the ankle of my left foot. Caused by constant irritation of my wooden clogs I was wearing.

At the begining I kept ignoring the pain. But, it was getting worse with every passing day. It seemed to be infected, amid excruciating pain my ankle swelled up like a log. Unable to walk anymore, I was getting the chills, an indication of a severe infection with high temperature.

Upon our return to the barracks, which I could hardly make it, I checked into the infirmary where the German appointed imate Dr. Guttentag, had approached me, and examined my ankle and took my temperature.

Without hesitation, he immediately ordered me to lie down on the table. Putting an ether soaked cloth on my face, he began to cut open the infected area of my ankle in terms to drain the accumulated poss.

"You're lucky, that gangrene hasn't set in yet, while you walked around with a severe infection and high temperature." The doctor said as I opened my eyes. "What's the difference, I am more death than alive anyway. I feel that I won't last under these horrible circumstances - especially on my present job. I doubt if I will be able to make much longer

"Besides, I am begining to realize that this horrible phenomenon isn't worth ghastly tormentous struggle to survive. There's is however, a limit to what one is able to endure in terms of suffering - I have reached that limit already."

"In fact, our fate is sealed. I believe that non of us will ever leave these death traps alive. Time is running out on us, as the executioner's last recourse was exterminating by gas." I said ruefully.

"You will survive. don't give up, you're young." The doctor replied.

I was addmitted to the infirmary, untill the infection cleared up provided with a top bunk, I could hardly clime up to with my painful ankle. Although, still swollen and painful, I felt relieved that I didn't had to go back to my job for a while, in fact, it couldn't had happen in a better time. Luck had seldom plaid to me an essential roll. But, now it's certainly the right time in terms to get rid of my torturous job for a while, I couldn't keep up to with.

However, to get sick only once, and right now - was the right time. Given, the horrendous circumstances under which I kept struggling, I could not be happier to find myself in the infirmary - recuperating. One day less of that torture meant one more month to live.

The infirmary consisted of one small room into which was crammed fifteen bunk-beds that could hardly contain thirty patients, lacking all essential medical supplies to care of the countless sick, disabled, perishing of weariness and starvation.

In a camp of over three thousand inmates, having only one doctor who had a very limited authority in terms to exercise his own judgement. No normal mind could imagine taking care under these circumstances of the sick.

However, as far as the Germans were concerned no slave was to be cured in the infirmary. They considered a needless waste to spare medical supplies for Jewish slaves, who were destined for extermination anyway.

In fact, the infirmary served merely as a collecting station for those who had reached the end of the line in terms of joining the frequent transports to Auschwitz gas-chambers. There were countless inmates who were sick and disabled. Yet, given the apprehension they harbored even by mentioning the infamous Auschwitz, which became synonymous with death, it struck a chord of terror in the midst of the inmates. Because, once you got into Dante's inferno - the only way to get out was through the chimney. No one harbored any illusion anymore in terms of the veracity of these swirled about rumors.

Given, the constant anxiety in this context there's no wonder that many weary disabled inmates kept away from the infirmary, carrying the yoke of servitude till they collapsed.

Equally, disturbing were rumors swirling around in camp in terms of to be transferred to the nearby newly erected concentration camp at Finf Taichen. Which had been built by some of our inmates, for some time. Equipped with all the features of a real concentration camp, and all its severe punishments and torture chambers. For the most trivial transgression death by hanging punishment was meted out.

The bottom of my bunk was occupied by a sick and withered inmate in who's eyes dwelled the shadow of apathy and dementia.

It's with great difficulty I learned that he was a chemical engineer a Gentile from Czechoslovakia. In light of the fact that he was married to a Jewish woman he loved, and could no part with. As she was deported he went along with her. They were separated however, as she was selected to the gas-chambers, and he was sent over here.

Prolonged starvation impaired his brain functions in form of dementia being insane with hunger he rapidly drifted away from life.

Finally, the fateful day had arrived. On a bitter cold and snowy morning of March 1944, instead of the daily roll call before leaving for work. We were ordered to strip naked, and walk to courtyard in front of high-ranking S.S. Officers. In terms to select the ablebodies destined to be transferred to Finf Taichen. And to select the sick, wearisome and disabled to transport to Auschwitz, to be exterminated.

The sick inmates in the infirmary were also ordered to join in the selection in the courtyard.

However, in light of the fact that I still was patient in the infirmary, I became jittery in terms that I could have wound up joining a transport of an uncertain destiny. It's in this context that I was in great predicament in terms of how to use my judgement. If I had told them that I am all right now they might have sent me to the newly built concentration camp Finf Taichen, where I was reluctant to go to.

However, had I told them that I am disabled and can't walk, they might have me join the next transport to Auschwitz. With this predicament, heavily weighing on my mind I dashed out naked into the bitter cold, in terms to face the well fed, warmly dressed, evil S.S. executioners. Upon who's ultimate authority rested now my destiny.

"Was is lose mit dier, du farfluchter schweinehund?" What's wrong with you damn pig, one of the S.S. Officers asked me when I limped in front of the panel. "Ich hatte eine vergiftung in mein fise, aber ich feele besser iect." I had an infection in in my foot, but I am all right now.

I emphesized that I was well already, and did not become disabled. I made a desperate attempt to disguise my handycap. As one of the S.S. officers jotted down my name, and told me to leave.

Shivering from the freezing cold I returned to the infirmary, grossly compounded by the unknown results of the selection, that was about to determined the course of my destiny.

During the next several days, the transfer of most inmates to the nearby Finf Taichen, was in full progress.

I was assigned to a group of inmates that was herded out to a side-track of the railroad yard. And crammed into a box-car of a freight train. In anticipation to wind up in Aushchwitz. Surprisingly however, we found ourselves after several hours ride and some walking in front of an encampment gate of which the sign read - Blechhammer. with the infamous inscription on top: "Arbeit macht frei," Of course, this phraise was incompatible with the true nature of the circumstances under which we slaved.

The gates opened and we were herded into the camp compound, surrounded by a double high tension electrified barb wire fence, and sentry machine-gun searchlight towers in every corner of the camp compoud.

The sprawling barracks, some of which had flower beds in front. A grim irony in terms of the eerie juxtaposition of nature's beauty with mankind was painful and ironic. The camp's inmates was comprised of Jews from France, Belgium, Holland and Poland.

After taking count by the Judenältester and the camp commandant we were assigned to one of the barracks anfter being deloused.

Then I walked out to get a close look at the surrounding. However, as I walked through the camp compound, the first thing that struck me was in terms of the certain laxity of the camp administration rules and regulations. As the first incident I had encountered, when a truck load of bread rolled into the camp compound and stopped in front of the kitchen. As the guard walked away for a while, some inmates converged on the truck and snatched some loafs of bread - and so did I. It happened the right time, because, I hadn't eaten a thing since day before. Germans found it unnecessary to feed us at this point.

Such event in the previous camps would have been unimaginable in terms of severe punishment that was meted out for such transgression - no one would have dared doing it.

Here however, the administrative of the camp seemed rather to have some measure of laxity. It might have been thanks to the Judenältester Demerer, whose regime was in sharp contrast with the tyrannical regime of Baruch Meister, and his villainous gang of executioners.

Yet, the day here also began with the same tedious early morning roll call, followed by a long march to the construction site.

Keep marching, as you must, as long as you are alive, straight and soldierly to the sound of the camp band at the gate, as we marched out to work, and upon our return to the barracks.

It's however, another grim irony of an eerie juxtaposition of the beauty of classical music the band played at the gate with the evil phenomenon of mankind was painful and ironic.

Yet, on the other hand, in light of the fact that we haven't heard the sound of a musical instrument for many years. It may also be true that a human being can be hungry for music as much as for food. It lifts the spirit even though that ours was very low, and makes to forget your misery.

The gate of the Oberschleisische Hydrier Werke, opened as we approached the construction site that sprawled over a vast area of several kilometer square. Dotted with a great number of buildings, connected with each by many insulated pipelines which ran over an elevated steel construction, along the main road from the powerhouse, and branched out into smaller side roads that provided power to the refinery of gasoline.

This was a synthetic oil producing plant from coal through a gasification process which extracts oil, and to be refined into gasoline in the refinery that consisted a part of the plant. The plant was in its final stage of completion. Yet, it had been already producing some gasoline.

Along with several other inmates I was assigned as a helper to German mechanics and welders who installed steam pipelines for the heating system in all buildings of the plant by the firm of Ritchel & Henenberg Co. who also employed several British and French P.O.Ws.

Thousands of foreigners of German occupied countries were sent to Germany, to slave for the master race. Including British, French and Russian P.O.Ws., and of course, Jewish slaves who were forced to labor under the watchful eyes of German supervisors and Jewish capos.

There's also paid voluntary workers in every aspect of German industry, agriculture and infrastructure.

Strange as this phenomenon may seem there's was a black market in the midst of inmates and P.O.Ws., whose mobility was very limited.

Despite, the watchful eyes of the German guards who inflicted severe punishment for such transgression, even for Germans and other nationals who engaged in black market practices.

The meager food diet however, for us had been the same as all over in the forced labor camps; starvation diet. Yet, the prospect of eking out some extra food through some illegal manipulation seemed promising. As I came in contact with British and American P.O.Ws., on the construction site. This however, was very risky business, under these circumstances. But, as the saying goes: hunger has no boundaries.

Unlike other P.O.Ws., the British and Americans were allowed to receive food and clothing packages from home through the Red Cross. They were considered the ones who had the means of survival; plenty of food.

In fact, they were treated with respect, even by the Germans, who were also getting a piece of the pie that the P.O.Ws used as a bribe.

So I also got on bandwagon, in terms to benefit from this opportunity, and get some crumbs to mitigate my starvation. Because, there're many ways to die, and starvation was not my favorite one.

The way to benefit from this opportunity was simple but, risky. But, I had to do it in order to survive. I bought some cigarettes on credit from the British prisoners, and smuggled it into the camp, and resold it with profit. In terms to be able to buy some bread on the camp's black market. I also collected cigarette buds from the British P.O.Ws., breaking them open I used the tobacco to barter for bread or soup. There were many slave inmates who were so hooked on tobacco smoking they were willing to give away their meager food rations for cigarettes. But, they did not last long on this kind of health abuse.

However, great were the risks involved in terms of frequent body searches at the camp gate upon our return to the barracks after work at the end of the day. Yet, hunger knows no boundaries when survival is involved. One cannot survive, unless he takes a chance in the enormous struggle of survival, that overrules any fear.

Then, a few weeks subsequent to my arrival here, rumors began to swirl around the camp compound, in terms of the camp was about to be transformed into a concentration camp proper on the same footing as the one in Auschwitz, but, without the gas-chambers, with the same severe rules and regulations that Auschwitz was governed by.

Then one day, our civilian clothing were replaced by a blue and white striped inmate garb. A red triangle tag with the inmates number attached to the chest, and another tag attached to the upper leg of the pants.

The concept of the triangle tag system that was used in the concentration camps was used in terms to identify inmates according to the German definition and classification of their version of "criminals" who were against the regime of the Third Reich.

That's how the "criminals" of the Third Reich were classified by the evil German regime: Red triangles tags meant political prisoners: Jews, communists. Green for common criminals. Black; for beggars, tramps. Pink: for homosexuals. Brown: for Gypsies.

A special team of tatooing experts arrived from Auschwitz headquarters in terms to perform the tatooing of all inmates a number on the left arm. To match the number on the prison garb.

Henceforth, a number replaced our names. Anytime an inmate was addressed by a German officer he had to jump to attention and announce his number.

This grave concentration camp phenomenon however, suggested a dire portent in terms of our situation had been envisaged by the inmates with great anxiety. The danger inherent in this phenomenon was quite obvious. In terms of that it placed no limits of severe restrictions to farther strangle our miserable life, even more. The barb wire fence was also replaced by a high concrete wall with electric high tension wires on top.

As the production of crude oil began to increase, the plant became a constant target for the R.A.F. bombing air-raids. In broad daylight following a reconnaissance survey of the region a day before.

The air-raid alarm usually sounded as the drone of hundreds bombing squadrons loomed closer on the horizon, that rocked the construction site.

All workers, including Germans, scurried for cover outside the plant perimeter, except for Jewish slaves, who weren't allowed to leave the construction sites. We had to stay put under the open skies and watch death and destruction spewed from the skies in wake of the bombing. Accompanied by heavy pounding of anti-aircraft guns. That culminated with powerful explosions of five hundred pound bombs that rcked the ground. Leaving deep craters and destruction in its wake.

Yet, I didn't mind the bombing at all. On the contrary, the aspect of destruction of the Third Reich filled me with a great measure of joy. The sound and sight associated with the crumbling of the evil German Empire, inspired hope in me. In terms of, that finally there was someone up there in the sky fighting our tormentors. Regardless, of the consequences associated with it. To encounter the destruction of this evil empire made me feel like the blinded Samson in the midst of the Philistine Temple. Holding his arms on two pillars he said: "Tamut nafshi ym ha-Plishtim." I shall die, and take the Philistine with me.

The world eventually woke up and turned against the German tyrants. Mind you not in our defense however, but, in terms of their own survival. Yet, by that time it's much too late for us - six million of our people were shamefully annihilated. As a result of silent acquiescence and indifference to the fate of a doomed people.

Things weren't going well for the German conquerors at all, in terms of their performance in the battlefields. Eversince they began their retreat from Stalingrad, they kept retreating all the way back to Poland, where they started from.

In fact, it was reminiscent of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia in 1812, that ended up with a disgracefull retreat. Germans should had gleaned a lesson from this event. History has its way of repeating itself.

Caught in firestorm of their own creation. The durability of German criminal regime barely concealed an underlying vulnerability phenomenon. Which was grossly derived from their setbacks on the Russian front, and the landing of Normandy.

Thus, our lives began to take up a whole new dimension in terms of the events at this juncture. That had given us some hopes as we discerned a beacon of light at the end of the tunnel that began to breakthrough, that finally, began to come to pass aftermath the long stiffling years of terror. Despite, the danger inherent in this scenario that dwarfed any event that we had encountered so far.

However, given this favorable aspect associated with this revelation in terms of the aspect that brightened our expectation. Yet, the specter of death was still hanging over our heads. Unable to calculate the uncertainties of equivocal nature.

It's in this context that the Germans reciprocated their frustration upon us, as they meted out severe punishments for the most trivial things by flogging and hanging inmates that became a daily spectacle.

As it had been the case of an inmate who allegedly used a piece of useless scrap telephone wire as a shoe lace, he picked up on the construction site. This, by German definition constituted sabotage against the Third Reich, punishable by hanging in the courtyard.

Hanging of inmates was usually performed at the end of a day's work upon our return to barracks. All inmates were forced to attend this kind of spectacle, as the chief executioner placed the noose around the accused inmate's neck. While another one kicked the stool from under his feet.

The executed victims kept dangling from the hanging pole for a few days as a reminder of the reign of terror.

However, no matter how severe the damage to the plant incurred by the bombing that resulted in paralyzing production of the vital fuel, was quickly repaired. And production was restored in full blast.

However, it didn't go unnoticed by the R.A.F. reconnaissance pilots as they surveyed the action inside the plant in broad daylight to be followed by another air-raid the next day.

Then one day, around noontime - which was the usual time schedule. This time however, the R.A.F. bomber squadrons pressed their attention on the plant. At this juncture plant workers scurried to newly built concrete bunkers, except for Jews, who weren't allowed inside. The arched anti-air-raids bunkers were built with four feet concrete walls, enforced with two inches steel bars, that dotted the plant area. The bunkers proven to be safe against the caliber bombs used in the air-raids.

As the usual sound of the air-raid alarm system over the plant had been heard, and the drone of the bombers loomed closer. This time however, it seemed with more than usual severity being pressed.

Having very limited option in terms of saving my life, I began to run aimlessly along with some other Jewish slaves to scurry for cover, towards the extreme end of the plant area. In terms to avert a direct hit by a bomb explosion.

As I approached a cross walk of a railroad side track I suddenly wilted under the ferocity of powerful explosion that blasted right in front of my eyes. A whizzing sound accompanied a dazzling flash of a red ball. The devastating blast rocked the ground beneath my feet.

Inmate limbs and uprooted trees were flying like rug-dolls, then assailed by a stinging shower of scorched metal fragments and cross ties with twisted rails uprooted from the foundation, spewed in all directions.

Dazzled by brightness of the powerful explosion and overwhelmed by the ferocity of a powerful second blast that I was carried away by a enormous air-pressure into a distant wooded area, and was blacked out.

Opening my eyes, I felt an excruciating pain in the back of my head, as I touched my skull there was a tender large size bump. I tried to collect my thoughts that was lost in the fog of my memory.

Everything swam before my eyes, amidst the moaning wounded that resonated all around me. The carnage resembled a war zone, as the drone of the bomber squadrons echoed in the distance. While the sound of the alarm marking the end of air-raid went off.

Yet, I could by no means recall how I got into this wooded area full of bomb blast craters, uprooted trees and many death and wounded scattered around me all over the area.

I was picked up along with other wounded inmates and brought to the camp infirmary, where I was confined for several days to attend my swollen skull. Hardly, being well enough to return to work I was driven out of the infirmary, though lucky enough to be alive.

To mislead the R.A.F. bomber pilots, Germans put up a smoke screen to conceal the plant area, before the sounding the air-raid alarm.

Then, one sunny morning, a R.A.F. plane appeared in the skies, dropping leaflets of which I happened to pick one, written in French, English and German. Warning, and instructing all foreign workers at the plant that read the following; "To all foreign workers at Oberschleisische Hydriir Werke plant. On our next air-raid which might be soon we shall be dropping a new kind of bombs in terms of weight and timing device, that will make it much more destructive than before. Instead of the five hundred pound we used till now we will drop one thousand pound bombs. Unlike the regular we dropped till now exploded on contact. These new type of bombs have a build in timing device that will explode at any time after they are dropped, even hours, or days."

"In order, to prevent casualties great caution will have to be exercised while being at the construction site on the job in terms of the given danger exploding, before being detected, at any time, any place unexpectedly. The proper action to take would be to refuse to come to work under these dangerous circumstances.

This new concept of destruction was intended to invoke terror in the midst of the workers. In terms to have a demoralizing effect if the workers decide not to come to work under these dangerous circumstances.

Thus, the R.A.F. bomber squadrons came as they promised, loaded with hundreds of time-bombs most of them exploded unexpectedly with tangible effect long after the air-raid, and at working hours.

However, often resulting in many casualties among the workers. Evoking terror among the foreign workers and Germans alike, and showing some signs of production drop.

In light of this dangerous phenomenon in wake of these time bombs explosions of unknown locations. The Germans ordered the camp's Judenältester, to set up a search commando in terms to ferret out the time bombs, and remove the exploding timing device.

In fact, it was a frightening aspect of this kind of job in terms of that many bombs were buried in the ground, or in rubble and could have had exploded at any time unexpectedly. Who else than Jewish slaves?

It's in this context that one could only guess why Jews were chosen for this dangerous job? Simply because, Jewish lives were worthless anyway as far as Germans were concerned.

Given, the anxiety that had been weighing heavily on each worker's mind at the plant as they appeared at their jobs each morning in the wake of the dropped timing bombs.

In fact, it was hardly possible to concentrate under these circumstances while being exposed to unexpected explosion that could have erupted any time, any place. And it definitely had a disastrous effect on production.

However, even if oil production could have been restored in full blast. The crumbling of the Third Reich could not be spared - no way - at this juncture from imminent disaster that was rapidly approaching. As the long due judgement day loomed closer.

Amid a swirl of rumors that lent strong support to the veracity of the great news that echoed in terms of the German defeat looming closer on the horizon. That will finally come to pass which will sink our tormentors into obscurity.

The Germans however, had no intention to give up yet, in terms of stopping production of the vital fuel in light of the frequent air-raids. Yet, if the air-raids failed to stop production. The approaching Soviet Army certainly did produce the predicted results.

Part Two

The Escape to Freedom

On a freezing cold morning January 19, 1945, we were woken up to get ready - this time however, it was not for the usual roll call, and leave for work, but, to evacuate the camp. To set out on a journey that terror charted its course. Amid a swirl of rumors word of liberation surged through the inmates like electric current as we sensed the proximity of liberation that was looming closer.

There was however, considerable doubt in terms of to live to this great moment, to eyewitness our dream comes true; the destruction of the evil empire called Third Reich.

The uncertain aspect of our survival was now of dubious nature, since the Germans did not want us to survive. All clues pointed in this direction. That was the purpose of the idea. In terms of concentrating all inmates at several extermination camps in interior Germany. Then put them into the gas-chambers, and destroy all vestiges of extermination mills that will wipe out their criminal activities, that will indicate the mass genocide of the Jewish people.

"The Russians are coming, the Russians are coming." The good news swept through the camp compound. Heralding our liberation. Finally, the long awaited dream of freedom was knocking at the gate. I could not refrain from pinching myself to ascertain that it wasn't a dream anymore - it was real, all right.

The death knell sounded, the mighty structure of the invincible Third Reich was crumbling right in front of our eyes. Germany's defeat was rapidly becoming a forgone conclusion.

Although, wheels of justice turned slowly, they finally caught up with the German criminals, as the hour of reckoning loomed closer.

At this juncture of events we were aroused from despondency, in order, to encounter the long anticipated change of history's tide.

To eyewitness the massive retreat of the invincible German military might from their widespread European conquest. And the crumble of that evil empire filled us survivors with sheer delight. Regardless, of what fate had in store in store for us. That's realization of a dream we had nurtured through the long dark years of incarceration, As the rays of hope came shining through.

Time had asserted its implacable course. The thousand year Reich, of which the nefarious Hitler so much boasted about, was about to end up with twelve years only. Long enough however, to destroy many European countries and murder millions of innocent people, including six million Jews. Bringing back slavery in its worse form while starved and terrorized in terms to serve the German master race.

On German soil - that's where the Armageddon of the twentieth century was about to take place. In terms to render the final blow of defeat to the unprecedented enemy of mankind, and unmitigated evil to consign them into oblivion. Never to rise again.

At this crucial juncture however, Germans were no more capable to stave off the sobering realities of defeat in terms of the rapidly advancing Soviet Army, coupled with the Allied Forces from the west. In a combined effort to cut out the last flicker of the Third Reich. The inevitable finally came to pass, as the great drama was rapidly approaching its climax.

Although, the long nightmare was beginning to withdraw from the brightening world the road to freedom however, was hedged about with obscurity in terms of our tormentors dogged determination to finish us off before their demise. Despite, of Judgement day closing on them, Germans had no intention to relinquish their grip on us.

In fact, quite to the contrary, they kept tightening it with every passing day, in terms to pursue the concept of the "Final Solution" to its final conclusion. That's the order of the chief executioner Himmler.

That's where this journey will take us; to the gas-chambers, in terms to wipe out the rest of what was left of the Jews in German conquered Europe. Not to leave a trace of our existence.

Given the reality of this grave phenomenon, the prospect of freedom however, still remained an unreachable dream under these circumstances. As we became ensnared in a race of time.

Unless, the Germans will run out of time and be overrun by the Allied Forces. They will no doubt proceed with their evil project of genocide of our people. Even, with the tide of events running against them at this juncture our fate was to be doomed.

I have been struggling to survive in a world of evil and cruelty that's beyond the darkest imagination.

The five years of torture, starvation, terror and hard labor had reduced me to something akin of a living corpse.

Fate hasn't pampered me from my early childhood, I have been acquainted with sorrow, and death often brooded over me, while starvation and became my constant companions in all the years of the long nightmare.

However, the long years of starvation and terror failed to blunt my wits. Although, starved and blue with cold, the years of constant contact with death in fact, rather sharpened my senses to the point that, even in this horrible state I was ~~able~~ ^{alert} enough to discern the beacon of light at the end of the tunnel. Regardless, of how thin ~~was~~ the line between life and death in terms of how easy it's to cross it.

Yet, I was still in a position of seizing the opportunity that might have arisen in terms of to free myself of my tormentors, in my quest for freedom, and the opportunity seemed to loom closer.

Nevertheless, the worse my situation became, the more the hope for freedom inspired my desire to live - especially now that I sensed freedom was on the march. And when it will triumph, the power of our oppressors will be over. The uncovered fact associated with this conspiracy hardened my conviction. The victory over our enemy will certainly be triumph in which we - who were behind wire caged animals, condemned to death by starvation, terror, torture and hard labor. If we ever managed to survive this death trap, we someday emerge ~~as~~ the accuser sitting in judgement of our tormentors. The prospect of realization our hope was coming to pass.

The news of the approaching Russian Army evoked a great deal of animation in our midst, that finally stirred the inmates into action. Pandemonium broke out as many inmates converged in confusion on the kitchen and food storage, to get hold of some bread, or a few potatoes to take along on the long evacuation death march journey. But, with not much success, I couldn't get anything - there's nothing left.

Viewed in the context of averting the death march some scurried to hide wherever they could; the bunks, under the barracks floor, in the latrines, just out of sight of guards. In terms to avert to be dragged out to death march, on that freezing cold morning on snow covered roads without food and water. Germans considered a needless waste to feed starving Jews on their way to extermination.

mind Amid the danger inherent in this scenario, reality that I sensed as to where this journey was leading to, a new idea had been developing in my mind in terms of how to get rid of the clutches of my tormentor while I was still alive. This however, Germans would not permit - no way - one could only be free when death, not alive.

"Raus mit euch, ihr farfluchte Schweinehunde, ihr vet euch nicht farschteken." Out with you damned pigs you can't hide from us. Echoed the roar of the Germans as they stormed into every barack, searching everywhere, ferreting out anyone who attempted to hide.

Unleashing their trained German shepherds. Ready to tear apart anyone who tried to hide, and those who weren't fast enough to get out and to the death march.

Finally, we lined up at the gate, amid a hail of lashes by the frustrated S.S. guard, ready for the death march on a road of no return.

Even, in most crucial times of logistic restrictions the department that dealt with the project of the "Final Solution of the Jewish Problem," had always enough freight trains to its disposal. Destined for the extermination, even at the cost of the war effort.

Because, extermination of Jews had priority, and of course, amid the imperative duty of the German criminals that could not stand delay. In fact, extermination logistics had always taken precedent over war logistics.

This time however, we had to do it on foot. Huddled together, the shreds of a forlorn people who had a dark premonition that this might be our last journey, before we submit to our inevitable demise.

The gate opened as we were herded out for the last time of our hellish confinement. On our way to a journey that terror chartered its course.

This time however, there's no more the inmate's band at gate, thumping out musical marches of merry, brass music while being herded out to work, and on our return to the barracks. All this was gone now - gone forever.

The grave irony of this strange phenomenon of the eerie juxtaposition of Mozart musical creations the band had been playing, with German evil actions was painful and ironic.

The long column of staggering, stumbling inmates was winding through snow covered roads. Trotting alongside the marching column of the inmates were stout guards with machineguns. Leading and trailing were trucks full of more guards, who marched and rode in shifts, and herded the huddled together the quivering and trembling in the clutches hapless inmates.

Like a panic stricken herd of cattle on its way to the slaughterhouse. Life had long been extinct from the eyes of these human shadows, who desperately held on the last vestiges of life.

Death kept shrinking our ranks, as we moved at the pace of stout guards from dawn to dusk each day.

The decrepit inmates staggering from exhaustion and starvation were near prostration. All around me they kept dropping out in their path right along silently, raising sullen eyes to the foreign skies for the last time.

Anyone who stumbled from exhaustion, going down and couldn't get up, when kicking and clubbing failed to arouse the passing out inmate. He got a bullet through his head, for no one was to be left alive under any circumstances.

However, given the grim prospect in terms of this strange survival phenomenon under these circumstances so far only death seemed to be the sole redemption on sight which might rid us of our misery.

For when a free person dies he lost his life, but here - when an inmate drops death he lost his pain only. At this scenario there's no illusion anymore in terms of our ultimate fate of this death march.

Nevertheless, the more unbearable our situation had become, the greater had been the drive to live - not to give up at this final race with time - especially now that I sensed freedom on the march.

However, given the reality that had reached the end of the line in terms of that I might not be able to make it if I won't get rid of my tormentors. Despite the danger inherent at this scenario, I became obsessed with the idea in terms of to make a run for freedom.

Driven by a compelling force that urged me to get away from this death march when a favorable opportunity arise. In fact, ever since, we left the camp compound all my thoughts had been focused on the prospect of freedom, to get rid of my tormentors, regardless of the consequences involved. I had my mind made up, I had no intention to continue to march on till I will drop dead, or freeze to death on snow covered roads.

I had never been so resolute, as at this moment. Somehow I sensed that some chance will eventually turn up, providing that I will find enough courage to resist my bloody tormentors. Who relished the prospects that most of us will not make it, and drop dead anyway.

Events have tended to bear out this suspicion, I could not stifle my doubts that it was practical hopeless to survive under these circumstances. There lurked the specter of this death march.

My heart began to beat to an accelerated rhythm of hope, injected by a sobering note of reality into what was becoming an inspiration by a belief in a brighter tomorrow. I suddenly armed myself with stubborn refusal in terms of letting those evil German tyrants to have the last word of our ultimate fate.

Given the echoes of the constant pounding of artillery fire that resonated at not remote distance, that inspired a great deal of hope in terms of the rapidly integrating of the German military might. Forming a conjecture that freedom was just around the corner.

Yet, how to reach it while I am still alive remained a unreachable dream under these prevailing circumstances.

Even, if one would succeed to escape from this closely guarded set up, his chances of survival in this hostile country of not being discovered were nil. Amidst swarming of Gestapo agents, who lurked in every corner for fugitives - especially for Jews.

Besides, any German constituted a potential stool pigeon. As soon as a Jewish slave would show up at the door of any German home, he would have been turned over to the Gestapo.

Yet, what could have meant to risk your life under such horrible circumstances when having no chances of survival at all.

However, an escape attempt could not have been taken place in an irrational way. It entailed a great deal of foresight under these circumstances. In a quest for some kind of a feasible way to escape. Of course, nothing could have been fully proved under these circumstances.

Although, my tormentors would have rather have me choked up with gas when we reach our final destination at the extermination camp.

However, I wasn't ready for that. There're many ways to die, to be gassed or starved and freeze to death wasn't my favorite ones.

Somehow, I refused to give up hope. Inspired by a flicker of hope, and driven by a dogged determination to get away from this death march.

I kept staggering while tenaciously holding on to life, and what was still left of it. In a desperate attempt to cheat death, at this crucial juncture of events.

Usually, courage born in depth of despair often disregards practical application. However, viewed in the context of prudence it stands the reason that I had to act accordingly.

Meanwhile, I had to keep moving - not to fall behind. My legs moved unsteadily though my joints stiff for I feared if I relax them I will go down and get my brain blown out. All my waning attention was focused on the moving inmate in front of me.

From dawn to dusk, we trotted along the snow covered roads. Then one day, I suddenly noticed a familiar face in front of me, who resembled my rich uncle from Bendin. It's him all right, as I moved closer, carrying a heavy bag.

"Hallo uncle," I said, as I caught up with him. "I hope that you recognize me. In case you have forgotten, I am your sister's Helens son." At this moment I had strong desire to give him a piece of my mind in terms of his indifference in the context of the tragedy that had befallen us as a result of my mother's death. When I looked around for some salvation in terms of getting some assistance in the form of employing me as an apprentice in his glass and mirror shop. That would have been a great chance in my life. Yet, he turned a cold shoulder to our family problem.

"I recognized you. I haven't forgotten you. How are you?" He replied. "You see uncle, now we're on the same boat, heading for destruction in a stormy sea. You probably thought your affluence will save you from the claws of murderers. Hitler's concept of the 'Final Solution of the Jewish Problem' however, included every spectrum of the Jewish Community in every German invaded European country. Rich or poor, religious or secular, with a Sonder or without, that Jews in the ghettos maintained that Sonderkarte stamped for labor would save them from deportation."

"You see uncle, our catastrophe happened because we let it happen, and each one thought for himself in terms of saving his own hide. I explained.

"There's nothing we can do now, too late for anything. Can you do me a favor and keep with you my "Tefillin" (prophylactories) I have not enough space in my bag." He said, as he pulled it out from the bag full of food. But he did not find necessary to offer me a piece bread to save me from starvation. He was well aware that I hadn't eaten since we left camp.

From dawn to dusk, we trotted along the snow covered roads. At nightfall we stayed at farmhouses for overnight rest on the snow covered farmyards, at bone chilling freezing nights, under the open skies. While the guards took watch in two hour shifts, as most of them slept inside the farmhouse in comfort. They (the Germans) didn't give a damned about us.

It should have been expected that falling asleep under the open skies would certainly result in being frozen stiff by the time to rise in the morning. So it happened, every morning the farmyards where we stayed overnight were scattered with frozen stiff.

The bloody Germans however, couldn't care less in terms of which way we die, just to get rid of us as fast as possible.

If the frozen stiff could not be kicked into animation, they were left there to be covered with fresh fallen snow.

In retrospect, I still keep wondering - it's still an enigma to me how I managed to escape death, time and again. Whether from being frozen stiff, or starvation, or being gunned down.

In fact, it has been baffling me ever since, unable to calculate the uncertainties of equivocal nature.

Nevertheless, the death march had to go on - march or die. Along jammed roads with forced laborers and P.O.s: British, French, Russians and Jewish slaves. They were all herded to interior Germany.

Germans were fleeing their homes in order to escape the Russians, as our path converged en route to our final destination; mass murder. While the crumbling Third Reich was holding on by a thread. In a desperate last ditch effort to stave off the final thrust of the Allied Forces from the west, and the Russian Army from the east. Yet, given, the grave aspect associated with the situation the Germans were in however, it was too late for anything the Germans could have done in terms to save them from total defeat at this crucial juncture of events.

History had made its judgement in terms of changing its tides, though late, and at great losses of innocent human lives.

Viewed in this context, the once invincible German Army, relentlessly surging forward, was caught up now in a desperate struggle for sheer survival. Unable to hinder the winds of freedom and liberation from German murderous slavery from blowing. Amid confusion, we quite often were forced to detour, as some roads were cut off already by the steadily advancing Russian Army, surging forward to the gates of Berlin.

Then ~~one~~ evening, as the twilight gave way to darkness, we stopped at a farmhouse for overnight rest. Huddled together, we were ordered to lay down and sleep. Was it possible on the snow covered ground, under the open skies in the faryard? Who cared.

Scanning the surroundings in the moon light I noticed an open loft perched on top of the stable. A ladder to clime to the stairless loft was standing right below the entrance.

Buoyed by a glimmer of hope that overruled the sense of prudence and driven by a compelling force and swayed by an impulse that chartered and dictated my every move in terms of my escape plan - decreed: "That's your chance you had been waiting for - get up there."

In defiance of the guards to stay put, laying down on the ground. I leaped forward in the direction of the loft and climed the ladder that led to the entrance as fast as possible, before being discovered by the guards. As I reached the top I stepped inside the pitch dark loft. Unable to scan the loft in my quest for a proper hideout in the darkness, I hit on a pile of straw. Climing on top I dug a hole and crawled into it, wrapped myself in a blanket I snached from the camp barrack before we left camp for the death march.

The most important thing was that I won't be freezing outside on the snow covered ground through the night. I decided to stay here till all the inmates will be gone in the morning. Then I will go down to the farmhouse and ask for food and clothing in order, to change my inmate garb. So I could be on my way to get through the front line. And proceed to Poland, which had been liberated already.

However, things do not always work out as planned. More so under these uncertain circumstances and the risk involved. Yet, when rationality is dead one has to rely on instinct. In defiance of conventional wisdom, in the midst of great uncertainty.

However, given the grim aspect of my situation in terms of being more death than alive, and my ultimate fate sealed anyway I had nothing to loose - I have lost everything already. I could only hope to succeed If I will try.

The idea to escape and get rid of my tormentors had been the only thing that captivated my mind for quite sometime. Even more so than the freezing cold and the insane hunger that kept gnawing at my stomach. Since, we had not been getting any food or drink for almost a week, not even when we left camp. To still our thirst we used to eat snow of the ground, but, to still our hunger pangs we had nothing. The bloody Germans hoped to speed up our demise by using total starvation.

But, the desperate can only survive by taken desperate measures.

I must have dozed off, when I suddenly was waken up by a noise around me that made me realize that I got company; some inmates who had the same idea as I did in terms to escape from the death march. This of course, might have put us all in a very precarious situation and endanger my plan.

"Aufstein, ihr farfluchte schweinehunde, raus mit euch, schnell." Get up, you damned pigs, out with you quick. Echoed the roaring sound of the guards that split of the predawn hour. Heraldng a new day for the death march. Yet, I had no intention to go down and join all inmates in terms to continue the death march. Even so that I became increasingly sceptical of the success of the escape venture that underscored my determination to escape, because of the great number of escapees involved.

Finally, the noise outside died down, an indication of the inmates departure, escorted by the guards. However, given the fact that there was any search for absent inmates who might have been hiding around the farm was very encouraging. In terms of that it looked as if I had it made - but, not for long. A bitter surprise had been in store for us.

Suddenly, a sound of approaching foot steps was heard, that became louder as someone entered the loft. Once inside he must have noticed some movements and noise in midst of straw heap. An indication that some inmates were hiding, in an attempt to escape the Germans.

Wasting no time - the man who obviously was one of the farmhands ran down, catching a horse in the stable he raced after the marching inmates in terms to alert the S.S. guards.

Soon enough, the farmhand was back accompanied by two guards, who climbed up the ladder. Armed with machineguns and whips they stormed into the loft. That's the end of my escape venture and my life as well, I realized as they got on top of the straw pile. Ordering the farmhand to hand them a pitchfork and start digging.

However, given our ultimate fate in terms of the death march, I did not really care at this juncture of events. Besides, I made my choice.

In fact, I would rather die from a bullet than continue this death march, which most certainly result in death anyway. I had definitely more than enough of this miserable existence. And I will choose my own way how to die, I refused to succumb to German will anymore.

One by one, the hidden inmates were ferreted out from the pile of straw, amid a hail of lashes in the process. Soon enough my term also came as the pitchfork grazed my shoulder, I jumped up and got my share lashes over my head that almost split my skull.

Bewildered, I dashed out of the loft, not even using the ladder I jumped down, landing on the snow covered farmyard. Carnage was all over the yard, death and wounded were scattered all over the yard that resembled a battle field.

Meanwhile, the guards came climbing down the ladder with the rest of the inmates hidden in the loft. The search for more concealed inmates went on; in the stable, barn and every possible hideout imaginable.

Finally, in the afternoon, we were ordered to line up. The wounded who weren't able to walk were gunned down for no one was to be left alive. Thus, ended the tragic saga of my escape attempt, however, escaping

death by sheer luck. Yet, the durative aspect of the never ending death march odyssey continued. Now, that we were seperated from the rest of the inmates, we were stampeded in an effort to catch up with them.

However, back there in the loft as I was hiding I figured that there might be some more escapees. But, I did by no meanse anticipated the number to swell to almost fifty. Far to many to stand a chanse in terms of a successful escape.

Yet, my hope for freedom wasn't shattered yet. No matter how hopeless the situation became. In fact, it was in this contex that I was swayed by an impulse of a compelling force, urging me to try again when the right opportunity shall arise. Not to give up as long I am still alive, and in one piece

The tragic episode however, did not lay to rest my resistance to be dragged on on this death march to my last breath, and drop death on the road.

Liberty or death - for me that was now the name of the game. Despite, the unsuccessful encounter in which I narrowly escaped death. Blind chance which operates beyond all human calculations decreed not to give up.

And so, we were on the march again, in the midst of a freezing cold wind, carrying a whizzing echo of a snowstorm. Mixed with bullets fired by the guards into the crowd. They seemed in a hurry - anxious to catch up with rest of the inmates who left early morning. This however, seemed unlikely at this juncture, because of remote distance that seperated us, as they were way ahead of us. To speed up our pace the guards kept firing into the crowd from behind, reducing our number still more. This was by far the worst encounter, which dwarfs any event in the last ditch effort to escape this hell on earth alive.

By nightfall, we reached the outskirts of a village - Schönau. As we stopped in front of a farmhouse one of the guards went inside, apparently to ask permission for an overnight lodging.

After awhile, the guard returned with the farmer, who led us into a big barn packed with straw and hay up to roof. Locking the door behind us they left.

The barn was full stacked with sweet smelling hay. But, there was still room for us to lay down. Drained of our strenght we flopped down on some straw on the ground.

Unable to scan the surroundings in the pitch dark barn I streched on the straw covered ground. Although, the walls of the barn were full of nukes and crevices through which the biting wind blew through, yet, it still was much warmer than outside on the snow covered ground.

Suddenly, there's a wrap at the door, incame the farmer with a kerocine lamp in one hand and carrying a bucket full of soup in the other. That's was quite a pleasent surprise, since we hadn't eaten from the day before we left camp, that was almost a week already. The bloody Germans deemed a waste to feed condemned Jews, even the usual meager rations.

Starved - we devoured the hot delicious soup that warmed our guts. After being fed that great meal which brought us back to life, the farmer left the barn and locked the door.

However, given the fact that the farmer was willing to feed us, which was in sharp contrast with conduct of the former hospitaly we received from people in this country. It was very inspiring and it seemed promising in terms of of my plan to escape.

Wrapping myself in my blanket trying to fall asleep. However, many thought kept flooding my mind in wake of the passed events. While contemplating my next move in terms of my next escape attempt. However, given the exhaustion from the agonizing events, quite sufficient to prostrate me, yet I was unable to fall asleep.

The idea of escaping had been weighing heavily on my mind as I was contemplating my next step in terms of meeting the demand of my next escape under the prevailing circumstances. But, I still believed that fortune favors the brave.

However, assessing the situation in the context of my plan I came to the conclusion that the success of my plan looked more promising in this barn.

Considering the mere fact in terms of the farmers conduct, by voluntarily rendering food to us was indeed encouraging.

Given, the full stacked barn with straw and hay, presented a perfect setting to get lost in its midst, like a needle in a haystack - not to be found. Unlike the previous farm loft which had very little straw.

In fact, this unusual conduct by this farmer stood in sharp contrast with the inhuman treatment we had encountered from the Germans till now. This episode was brimming with such stark and compelling integrity, that it was almost enough to restore my faith in mankind. It wasn't however, motivated by the concept of altruism as I found out later.

However, given my inability to pick the proper spot in terms to start digging in the straw and hay stack in the pitch dark barn. In order not to attract the attention of the rest of the inmates, I had to wait to the pre-dawn hour with looking for the right hiding place, before the guards arrive to get us in the morning.

Constant distant thuds could be heard as the artillery shells thundered through the sky. The echoes of the artillery fire and rattling machine-guns seemed to loom closer. As powerful explosions rocked the ground from time to time. Apparently, the Germans were blowing up bridges upon their retreat. That was most encouraging aspect in terms of the proximity of the liberation. Buoyed by this glimmer of hope I was lost in reverie, as I dozed off and fell asleep. Caught in web of happy and intimidating expectations.

Woken up by a loud rap at the door which heralded the arrival of the guard. I jumped up in trepidation as I realised that I failed to get up earlier before the arrival of the guard. It was too late now, panic stricken, apprehension intensified, as many thoughts flooded my mind in wake of that blunder I committed. But, the desperate can only survive by taken drastic measures.

"Aufsichten, raus mit euch ihr farfluchte Schweinehunde, schnell."

The guard roared as they stormed into the barn. Although, I failed to get up before the guard arrived I had no intention whatsoever to leave the barn and join the others outside. I just couldn't let this opportunity slip away. This might have been my last and the only chance to get rid of my tormentors. Having failed to get up earlier to secure a proper hideout it behooved me to act now at once.

When you stand in peril of life, your senses become unusually acute. Urged by a compelling force decreed; "act now, your time is running out."

Paying the outmost heed to this urgent message, in defiance of guards call to leave the barn. An idea suddenly flashed through my mind - to stay back at the end of the line, and let all the inmates in front of me to leave the barn. As I was approaching the exit, in the midst of great uncertainties, while taken advantage of the fact that the guards were outside the barn exit. I sneaked behind the door and turned to the haystack. Climbing to the top that almost reached the roof, as fast as possible, then I laid flat on my stomach when I reached the top. In order not to be seen from down there, and kept listening to what was going on.

"Sind alle raus?" "Are all of you out," called the guard who came inside the barn to check and make sure that all inmates had left the barn. He looked around and finding nobody he left the barn, shutting the door behind.

Finally, the noise outside died down as the inmates left the farmyard escorted by the guards.

Crawling to the rear of the haystack I began to dig a deep hole in the straw, and wrapped myself in the blanket I crawled into it, and covered the opening with straw.

What's the most remarkable phenomenon of this venture, that I was not any way intimidated by the brutal behavior of the guards. In fact, the bold aspect which fuelled this venture had been matched by anything but courage at any juncture of my young life. It was by virtue of unremitting bravery and untiring perseverance in the concept that elucidated genuine principles of a solution of freedom for a doomed slave.

Although, starved, frozen and lodged in fox-hole like a haunted animal, uncertain what will follow next. In fact, I didn't really care at this point, as long as I got rid of my tormentors and of death march. Even though that here might be my grave, unless some unexpected help will come soon and discover me. This however, could not happen, unless I come out of my hiding place. Because, I was buried so deep in the haystack that they could never find me.

Unless, they remove the straw and the hay from the barn.

Yet, I still planned to knock at the farmhouse and ask for help. Because, based on intuition in terms of the farmers behavior towards us I saw a beacon of light at the end of the tunnel. Somehow, I felt this time I managed to elude my tormentors. As my heart began to accelerate to the rhythm of the proximity of liberation. However, an unfathom insight of caution and circumspect still dominated my mind in terms of still being vulnerable to German atrocities.

So far, the first stage of my escape plan worked out well, yet the problem what my next step should be, remained an unanswered question.

In fact, I still hesitated to trust any German, in terms of giving myself up and ask for help at the farmhouse. Because, I wasn't sure he might not deliver me to the Gestapo. Yet, neither could I stay here for a long time in this hole in this freezing barn. I might soon be frozen to death and starvation, before the farmer will discover me.

A vague forboding began to creep into my mind, given the appalling encounter in the previous farm aday before.

In short, my dilemma kept growing. Unless, the impossible becomes the inevitable this barn might very well turn out to be my grave soon.

However, with my very limited options in the context of my quest for freedom I had to leave it to destiny to decide and hope for the best.

Nevertheless, drastic circumstances breed drastic measures. Regardless, of what fate might had in store for me. Despite the lingering doubts of the German trustworthiness, I had to go down to the farmhouse and face the man who held the key to my survival.

With all these thoughts flooding my mind, I must had dosed off and sank into a dormant state - some kind of hibernation. Out of reality, I lost track of time, unable to figure out whether it was day or night.

Yet, in the midst of this strange phenomenon, I could vaguely hear a distant groaning somewhere in the barn. Apparently another inmate left behind from the night lodging, who was about to share of a desperate anticipation to be rescued from the clutches of imminent death of starvation and freezing.

Then one morning, there was a wrap at the door, followed by footsteps, heralding either our rescue or our doom. Apparently, it was someone who came in to fetch some hay or straw for the cattle. Suddenly, a distant voice echoed in the barn. "Hab kein angst, ich vell dier helfen." Don't be frighten, I will help you. Buoyed by these incredible words I just happen to hear of the farmers willingness to help. It did reinforced my confidence in this farmer, who actually saved me a trip to knock at his door. That even turned out better than expected.

Given these hope inspiring words I just heard, however incredible it sounded to me at this point. I decided to go out there and deliver myself to the farmer in who's possession was the key to my survival. Regardless what his intention was in this contex. In light of severely limited options I had no choise, whether I trusted him or not. As there's a saying; "quei sera, quei sera". What will be, will be.

Without hesitation I crawled out of my fox-hole and leaped forward in the direction of the farmer's voice. In terms to meet my savior, and find out if he will be the one destined to save my life, or deliver me to the Gestapo to be shot.

"Ich bin auch verschtekt here." I said. "Gut, gut." He replied. Yet, I was amazed the way the farmer didn't seem to be surprised to have found us in his barn. As if he anticipated some leftovers from last night lodging he has given us.

"Ich vel holen essen für euch, und civile kleider zum tauschen." I'll get some food, and some civilian clothing to change your inmate garb. He said leaving in a hurry and shutting the door, in the midst of amazement the farmers conduct in terms of that left me in a state of perplexity.

"Welcome aboard," I said, as I turned to the other inmate who's emaciated body was wrapped in a blanket that almost covered his face. His suffering was more eloquent than words. The indelible imprint of our nightmare could not go unnoticed. With pain and agony written on his wasted face. Waiting patiently for the end, amid the shadow of death dwelling in his eyes.

"Where do you originally come from?" I inquired as I turned in his direction. "I am from Holland." He said in whisper, as he seemed to in bad shape, unable to move.

As the farmer failed to return, doubts began to creep into my mind, in terms of the farmers credibility. What if he went to notify the Gestapo whom he just discovered in his barn. Who knows? Could these Germans still be trusted in wake of the horrible destruction they had inflicted upon us? I should say not. However, given the grave phenomenal circumstances under which I had to struggle to survive. Having no options at all in terms to secure way out to freedom. It left me no choise but to trust the farmer. And stem the tide of speculation what will follow next.

Meanwhile, the door opened - in came the farmer, with a pot of soup, followed by his daughter who carried a bundel of clothing for us to change.

"Eat your food and change your stripped inmate garb, of which we will get rid promptly by burning it. I will be back at nightfall to take you to the cowshed where its much warmer than here." The farmer said.

"What day of the week is today?" I inquired. "Today, is Saturday." He replied. Then, we have been in this barn for five days. Laying in a state of hibri-nation, ever since we arrived here on Monday evening." I said surprised.

"In your opinion would it be possible for me to get through the frontline. Since it seems to be not far from here. In order, to reach the liberated territories. So I could move on to Poland, to find out if there's somebody left of my family." I curiously inquired. As I tried to figure out the farmers intention in terms of our presense on his farm.

"In fact, it's absolutely impossible, you will never make it. The area is swarming with with military police and Gestapo agents who are on the lookout for suspicious characters; Jewish fugitives, deserters. You'll be caught in no time. The most plausible and secure way to take under these circumstances is to stay right here and wait it out, till the Russians arrive, then you will be free to go wherever you please. Of course, it's very imperative to exercise a great deal of sober prudence in terms of handling this crucial situation for your sake and ours. In terms to assure your maximum security as well as ours, to prevent the danger to be caught.

"The arrival of the Russian troops might be sooner than expected." The farmer said. He seemed to be quite reassuring as it sent a message of hope, like a beacon of light at the end of the tunnel.

So far, the farmer's words and deeds evoked confidence in him.

I did however realize if he did not turn us over to the German police, subsequently to his discovery in the barn. He automatically became involved with us, in terms of harboring Jewish fugitives. For which he might be severely punished if we were caught. However, his conduct had laid to rest my intention to leave, in light of the fact of the great risks involved that might endanger all of us, in case of apprehension.

"We also have two Russian prisoners of war hidden on the farm," the farmer's daughter said with a smile. You will meet them in the stable in the evening. They used to work on our farm as forced laborers."

"Before, the Germans began to evacuate all prisoners from the P.O.W. camps in the area two weeks ago, we offered two of them to hide out on the farm till the Russian troops will arrive, then they are free to go where they please." She explained.

Yet, given the atrocities of Russian troops after their arrival into any German town or village. The Germans flee their homes in fear of the Russian atrocities. Nevertheless, we have no intention of leaving our farm and the livestock unattended." She said ruefully, leaving the barn.

The Germans could not have expected better treatment from the Russian troops, than they had gotten from the Germans, when they invaded Russia in 1941. They plundered and burned Russian towns and villages, raped and killed millions of innocent people. In fact, the Germans were so intoxicated in terms of their victories that they failed to realize that some day the tide of history might turn the other way - and when it does, they will get the taste of their own medicine.

Therefore, there's no wonder that the Russians retaliated in kind, for the suffering the Germans had inflicted upon them. The time has come to pay for the heinous crimes they had perpetrated.

It's in this context that it began to dawn upon me what really motivated the farmer's family in terms of to harbor Russian and Jewish fugitives, and commit themselves to go all the way, endangering their lives.

This striking disclosure had fueled suspicion that beyond this crucial concern for human life, the farmer family had their own private strong motive in terms of hiding us out, and save our lives. In fact, they simply intended to keep us here as a living testimony in terms to support their claim of not being Nazi followers. They figured that saving our lives might avert to be the victims of Russian atrocities by the invading troops. In light of their refusal to flee their farm and the livestock, and the whole household unattended. There might be nothing left to come back to.

It sounds as a plausible idea of saving their property. However, their motivation to save our lives was certainly remotely from being altruistic, in terms of that they were only driven by fear of the closing in Russian troops, that they ventured this dangerous undertaking.

Nevertheless, whatever the farmer's motive in terms of rescuing us, was irrelevant at this juncture of events, as long as it served our purpose.

Thus, our lives became entwined with the farmer's family, and our lives had taken up a whole new dimension. As we were waiting impatiently for the moment of liberation by the Russian troops, that charted the course of our lives henceforth.

It's in this context that the farmer's family became involved in every aspect and dangerous task which constantly implicated every aspect of life.

However, given the grave aspect that came to pass under these circumstances. It required a great deal of sober prudence in terms of handling this crucial phenomenon. Anxiously anticipating to hear the familiar screech of the Gestapo vehicle in the street, which heralded the arrival of the nefarious Gestapo agents.

In the evening, after nightfall the farmer returned to get us out of the bone chilling barn. Leading the way he showed us into a cowshed where a dozen head of cattle chewed peacefully on its fodder at the trough.

"Here you will lodge." He pointed at a pile of straw in the corner. "It's quite warm in here. Keep the doors locked, and your voices down at all times of the day and night. Never, don't you dare to walk out to the yard. For your and our safety, in order not to attract neighbors attention." The farmer cautioned as he left the cowshed.

Laying down on the pile of straw in the corner I took off my wooden clogs I was wearing, for the first time in two weeks, ever since we left camp. My frozen feet became numb as they warmed up. I was unable to walk, I had to crawl on my knees in order to attend my personal needs.

The farmer had three daughters. The oldest was Gertrude - a forty year old spinster, replacing her aging father who was in his seventies. She took charge of the farm. Then came Margaret, who was married and had two little children, a boy and a girl. Her husband was an officer in the German Army. Then there's the youngest - Friedle, whose fiancée was in a P.O.W. camp in England.

"Given your prolonged starvation you suffered in concentration camp, you will have to exercise extreme caution in terms of your eating habits for the time being. You're not used to normal food and in terms of quantity. In order to avoid any detrimental effects, it's imperative to get used to a normal diet gradually and in moderation." Gertrude cautioned as she came into the cowshed to milk the cows in the evening. As she brought us our first supper, and some ointment for me to apply on my frozen feet.

Then she introduced us to the two Russian prisoners of war, who came in into the cowshed, to become our roommates.

They were Ukrainians, one from Rostov, his name was Ivan, he was twenty five years old. The other one was from Charkov, his name was Nicolas, he was thirty years old with a rotten disposition. They lodged in the other corner of the cowshed. With them we were about to share our fate, while anticipating an happy conclusion of the never ending saga of human suffering.

So far, the favorable twist of our fate that decreed to bring us over here was in our favor. Given the circumstances under which we were now, it certainly was by far much better than to be dragged on the death march on the snow covered roads, with no food and water, and lodge under the open sky. On a journey that death death charted its course, of which we finally got rid off for good. Good enough, in terms of exalting in the vastness of hope.

However, we weren't out of the woods yet. There's still considerable danger lurking around as long as the Russian troops haven't arrive yet.

To keep things in proper perspective there's a lot to be done in terms of security. As far as the farmer and his family was concerned in terms of their implication in this phenomenal event, sharing the same of being discovered. They were to take care of all security measures in and out of the farmhouse the circumstances warranted. Our presence on the farm had been shrouded in veil of secrecy - nobody - except the immediate family, the farmer and his daughters was aware what transpired in the midst of the stable on this farm, not even Margaret's children.

The doors leading to the stable had always been locked, we never stepped outside to the yard - except, when cleaning out manure at pre-dawn hour. There's another door leading directly to the farmhouse through the horse stable. So there's no need to bring in food for us through the yard.

Hence, averting to be noticed by anyone of the neighbors carrying food for us which might draw their suspicion.

I was still suffering from my frost bitten feet, still unable to walk. However, there's some signs of improvement. It took almost three weeks to get me back on my feet. Yet, the fall out of this grim aspect left some permanent injury.

Actually, there wasn't much to do around here in terms of keeping us occupied during the day, except to remove the manure and spread clean straw for the cattle at pre-dan hour. Then to prepare fodder; shred sugar beets and mix it with the fodder, dropping it into the trough. Followed by watering thereafter, in the morning and evening.

All these things we volunteered to do, and we gladly did it. However, the real motive was a display of gratitude to the farmer family, in terms of to reciprocate for what they were doing for us.

Each day, Gertrude brought us three meals a day when she came in to milk the cows, treating us with a delicious mug of fresh warm milk direct from the cow. Which had a remedial effect in terms of bringing us back on the road to health.

In fact, in a rather short time we made a remarkable progress in terms of our recovery, regaining strenght, thereby loosing the image of starving concentration camp survivors. Which however, did not work in our favor in terms of dealing with the invading Russian troops, later on. Who treated us with profound suspicion, having doubts who we really were.

In fact, it's in this contex that we became restless in terms of the fact that things seemed to return to normal in the village. The panic stricken atmosphere amid the German population at the time of our arrival here, seemed to be fading away. The echoes of the pounding artillery fire seemed to grow fainter and fainter as it died down completely. The steadily advancing Russian Army came to a halt. As a result of consolidating their forces and resupplying for the final thrust on Berlin, from several directions was well on its way.

For us however, in wake of this development a morbit anticipation of disaster seemed to harrow at our soul in terms of that there might have a serious ramification as yet unforeseen. Grossly compounded by this set back.

Nazi Germany was dying, but its evil was far from dead. Even as the Allied forces were closing in on Berlin the Third Reich set their ultimate attack for survival and wipe off all the vestiges of their evil regime.

The farmer and his family however, didn't seem to show any sign of regret in this contex. Despite, the growing disappointment in terms of the sudden halt of the Russian troops whose arrival we desperately anticipated. And given their implication in this event. Categoricly objecting my suggestion of leaving them before the arrival of the Russian troops. On the ground that it might be very dangerous, as the chances of getting through the front line were nill. Hence, they refused to let us take chances, because their implication could never be fenegeed in case of our apprehention by the Gestapo. While going through the torture we might not be able to withstand, and divulge who rendered us help in terms of hiding us out on his farm.

Meanwhile, the days turned into weeks, and weeks into months. As there was no sign of the Russians. We were troubled with new events in terms of police raids in the village, searching for fugitives and deserters. We had to change our hiding place for one up in the loft over the stable, till the raid was over.

Amid a swirl of rumors in the midst of the German population who still believed in Gooble's despicabile propaganda. Which tended to bear out that the German Army still relished the prospect of a come back of the old days in the quest for victory.

However, anyone in his right mind could not stifle his doubts that it was practically hopeless at this juncture of events under these circumstances. There's no way out of this bloody impasse that loomed over Germany - defeat.

Although, I tried to get along with the two Russian prisoners, because after all we were on the same boat - hiding from the same enemy. However, given these prevailing circumstances, there should not have been any problem in terms of getting along with each other. Yet, there was something agitating in our relationship which began to surface in our midst.

The Russian prisoner whose name was Ivan, seemed to be a nice guy. Yet he made it a habit to sneak out of the stable after nightfall very often in order to date his Ukrainian girlfriend in the village, who worked on a farm.

In vain, I tried to persuade him that this is a very dangerous practice under these prevailing circumstances, which might have resulted in very serious trouble for all of us, including the farmer family, if he might be apprehended. Yet, he paid no heed to my admonition. He seemed to ignore the fact that he was a fugitive.

The other Russian prisoner however, whose name was Nicolas, his disposition reflected his evil mind in terms of his inert hatred for Jews. He had been taunting us ever since we met. Especially Peter - the other Jewish inmate from Holland, who spoke only Dutch and German. He became his constant target to pick on. On more than one occasion Nicolas had been threatening us that he will go to the German police to divulge our hideout.

"What do you really think?" I said to him one day, as he began his taunting routine. "We had just enough of your vituperations. As for your threat to go to the German police to divulge our hideout. You just do that, and your head will be blown off just the same as ours. Let me remind you just in case you have forgotten about it - you're a fugitive just as we are. In case we're apprehended by the police, you also jeopardize the lives of the farmer family who saved your life and gave food and shelter for many weeks - you ingrate." I said indignantly. Since then he ceased to bother us anymore.

Then one day, we had a visitor - unexpectedly a German officer opened the cowshed door. On spur of the moment I was dismayed, but Margaret was right behind him and introduced us to her husband. He came home on a few hour leave, as his unit was stationed not far from the village.

The officer greeted us, and began to unfold the adverse situation of German forces on the battlefield as their time was running out fast. In a desperate effort to stave off the looming of imminent defeat.

"The German Army, and what was left of it." He began ruefully to tell. "Has established itself firmly on the banks of the Oder-Neisse river not far from here. Most strongly fortified of all was the eastern approaches to Berlin, in terms of facing the line of defence that reached all the way from the Oder to the Berlin fortified area."

"To the rear of the defense area there were strong reserve units of motorized and panzer divisions transferred from the western front. In terms of massing a last ditch effort to make a come back."

"However, with all these remnants of the German Army, once relentlessly surging across Europe. They were caught in a battle of sheer survival. Doubtfully if we will be able to withstand that final thrust in terms to stave off the rapidly surging ahead Russian and Allied forces from several directions in terms of putting an end to the Third Reich."

"The reason why you were trapped here since January, was the halt of the Russian troops to make preparation for the final thrust on Berlin."

"It won't be long however, your imminent liberation any day now. There's nothing that the Germans could do to reverse this grave phenomenon." The German officer said ruefully as he left the stable.

Finally, on April 15, at pre-dawn hour, at last it began - the darkness before dawn seemed to part - to disappear in an instant. The whole valley of the Oder-Neisse, rocked the area for miles around, as the avalanch of fire descended upon the whole valley. The artillery bombardment of heavy artillery and mortar, reinforced by dive bombers. Hundreds of searchlights lit up the ground, in front of the advancing Russian troops.

Thus, began the retreat of the German forces from the banks of the Oder-Neisse river, in the direction of our village, amid events that span beyond German control in terms of a massive retreat.

Suddenly, the farmer dashed into the stable with a word of caution. "You might be in danger of being discovered now in wake of the retreat of German troops in our direction. A battle might take place right here in village. You better go up to the loft over the stable for a while." He said.

We climbed up the ladder leading to the loft packed with straw. Amid the flying artillery shells I could clearly see as I made my way to the hatch. However, given the jeopardy of being exposed to a direct hit of an artillery shell flying in all direction, we were better off staying downstairs.

After awhile the farmer came back calling us down. Having ran out of hiding places we went into the storage room adjacent to the stable where we shredded the sugar beets in terms of to hide under a pile of straw.

Suddenly, the sound of the retreating German artillery came to pass as the artillery guns rolled into the farmyard.

Now, the most crucial aspect of decisive moment in terms of the withdrawing nightmare had finally arrived. If we could make it without being detected; we will be free.

To survive so much, so long - to be bumped off at the last moment would had been a pitiful aspect in terms of our bitter struggle to survive for many dark long miserable years.

"Do you know what I want to tell you?" Peter, suddenly whispered to me. "I have to relieve myself - desperately, I cannot hold it back." He pleaded.

"This is really a fine time you picked to relieve yourself. You better hold your breath and keep your mouth shut, if you don't wish to be relieved for good. Given the serious repercussion fraught in our struggle for survival, as yet unforeseen. You seem not to grasp that our lives hang on a hair at this juncture of events. Can't you see that you cannot move from here now, in terms of what's going on outside. The yard is full with German soldiers who are bound to storm in here any moment now - and if they do, and find us here both of us will be dead." I said ruefully.

Suddenly, there's a rap at the door, heralding an ominous portent. The door opened, in came a German soldier, who looked around. I froze in my position, putting the palm of my hand on Peter's mouth, in terms of averting him from uttering a sound which might betray our presence here.

Fortunately, the German soldier paid no heed to the surrounding. Having relieved himself at the wall, he left closing the door.

Finally, the guns fell silent and rolled out of the yard, as the German troops fled in confusion. Dead silence descended upon us.

Suddenly, the farmer came dashing in, exclaiming. "The Russians are coming. The Russians are coming, they are in the village." I jumped up flabbergasted. Was this a dream, or was it real? If it is, we're free - free at last.

And so it was, as the roaring cheers pierced the stillness heralding the approaching Russian troops that grew louder and louder. It's inconceivable I couldn't believe my ears the sound of the Russian language resonated around the farm. I could not fathom reality at the moment.

The long years of incarceration turned the concept of freedom into a remote possibility - like a myth. So when the hour of freedom really struck, it seemed incredible to degraded slaves to believe in it. It's difficult to chart those moments when the unimaginable becomes the possible and the possible becomes the certain. In fact, liberation was looming bright, as the rays of hope came shining through.

This time however, it's for real, my heartbeats began to accelerate at this moment of emotional expression, as the adrenal was fueled by proximity of liberation. Exalting in an encounter for a better future.

It's in this context that this moment remained the highlight for the rest of my life in terms of this magnificent encounter that finally put an end to this tragic impasse.

The long awaited dream has finally become reality which had come to pass. Which by normal reasoning I should have opened the door which separated us from the outside world for the last three months. And should run outside to fill my lungs with a breath of fresh air or freedom, and meet my liberators whom I had longed to see for many years.

However, an unfathomable insight of caution and circumspect suddenly dominated my mind, as I looked out the window. There's a horde of fierce looking Russian front line troops approaching the farmhouse.

In fact, given my hidden intuition evoked by my first impression of the encounter with my liberators - they certainly failed to gain my confidence. I had a premonition it's much too early to rejoice our liberation. As I sensed the danger of death still lingering on.

This time however, it's looming over from our liberators, at this juncture of events. It never dawned upon me that my liberation might be fraught with danger in terms of our personal safety.

Meanwhile, the farmer's youngest daughter Friedle, dashed into the stable in a deep shock, apprehensively seeking a hideout as she escaped a rape attempt by the Russian soldiers. Seeing the predicament she was in I offered her my hiding place, where I was hiding from the Germans. However, she was later discovered by the Russian soldiers who took her to the farmhouse and was raped by all of them.

Then, Gertrude stormed into the stable, outraged. "The Russians raped my sister Friedle." She said furiously. "They occupied the whole farmhouse, helping themselves or anything they could put their hands on, turning the house upside down." She said sarcastically.

However, in all candor, the way she reacted I got the impression as if I was responsible for the conduct of the Russian soldiers. Besides, I didn't promise her that the Russian soldiers won't behave this way, was not to be anticipated. The mere fact that she saved our lives - which in her opinion makes the farmer's family an anti-Nazi. Therefore, they are entitled better treatment from the Russian troops. It's a plausible argument under normal circumstances. However she felt about it, I certainly could not do a thing about it at this juncture of events.

In fact, I had a feeling that our lives were in no less jeopardy than before the arrival of the Russian troops. It's in this context that I decided to keep a low profile in terms of avoiding to come in contact with the Russian soldiers. I preferred to remain in the stable, to keep me out of sight. Instead of moving into the farmhouse, as the two Russian prisoners did.

Furthermore, at this stage of war, in terms of dealing with front line soldiers - especially of a totalitarian regime was virtually out of the question. And yet, the fact of being Jewish in the Soviet Union wasn't something to be proud of as far as Stalin and his cohorts were concerned, neither. Including most of the Russian population who were anti-Semitically oriented.

Ironically, with all its beautiful slogans flaunting around in terms of the concept - socialism, promising all the people in the Soviet Union equal rights, was very deceitful.

In fact, Jews in the Soviet Union concealed their Jewish identity, in terms of to avert to be discriminated against, in every aspect of life in this country. This could only underscore the falsity of this tyrannical regime.

Unfortunately, anti-Semitism wasn't uprooted in the Soviet Union. In fact, it has been fostered clandestinely by the regime. It's in this context that Jews in the Soviet Union were systematically eliminated from all high governmental positions they used to hold, since the initiation of the tyrannical Stalin's regime.

Besides, at this juncture of events, we Jews considered the Russians as our friends just because they were fighting our mutual enemy.

Nevertheless, as far as the atrocities of the Russian troops was concerned, it shouldn't have come as a surprise to the Germans. After all, they shouldn't have expected better treatment, than they had given to the Russians in 1941, when they invaded Russia. They plundered, raped and killed millions and put the conquered territories on fire.

"Hitler hat recht gehabt, was er hat gemacht." Hitler was right what he has done, Gertrude suddenly said arrogantly, as she dashed into the stable.

I resented this disgusting remark. Outraged - I suddenly saw in front of me not the woman who saved my life, but, a real Nazi. Epitomized by this repulsive remark, I felt to give her a piece of my mind.

"Gertrude! you just proved the opposite of what you tried by saving our lives. It rather proves that your action wasn't altruistically motivated. You just voiced not only your opinion, but, the opinion of most of the German people who enthusiastically acclaimed Hitler's Nazi concept.

Of course, your depraved Fuehrer was right; for you Germans. For he answered your deepest desire to become the master race, and conquer the world and enslave its people. Eliminate millions of people, including Europe's Jewry. You Germans, considered no matter what horrible atrocities perpetrated by your murderous regime the final result of a great German Empire, justified the means. You Germans, eagerly participated in Hitler's bloody accomplishments because he restored your Teutonic arrogant pride.

In fact, Hitler, turned you into a nation of butchers and slave drivers which you deemed very suitable.

German soldiers murdered, raped, burned and plundered innocent people all over Europe, and sent the loot to their families back home.

But, this wasn't all - far from it. Your murderous regime, you people so enthusiastically acclaimed had no qualm to muster mind and embarked on the most monstrous project of mass genocide. Unprecedented in the annals of mankind, in terms of bringing the "Final Solution of the Jewish people", by exterminating millions of many of them. Even so Jews, were not involved in any war with Germany, in terms of its territorial ambitions.

In fact, Hitler singled us out, not because of what we did, but who we are - Juden, whom you deemed inferior - subhumans, who had no right to exist in this world. And those who weren't eliminated right away, were deported to slave forced labor concentration camps, where they were starved on a meager food ration, which consisted of a bowl of bad smelling watery soup and a small piece of soggy bread in twenty four hours. On which no one can possibly survive for a long time, even without any physical work, much less by doing hard labor from dawn to dusk. Amid terror, torture and beatings by the overseers' lash, stripped of any human rights, and worked us to death.

At the time your father discovered us in the barn back in January, dressed in a striped prison garb, you probably thought that we were some kind of criminals. But, let me tell you something, our only crime was that we were Juden, which according to your Nazi doctrine was a crime.

In fact, the magnitude of your people's hatred of Jews was so great, that the extinction of Jews became Germany's national priority, even at the cost of the war effort.

"The reason why Hitler lost the war was; because he concentrated his evil mind only on annihilating our people. Hitler, and all those Jew-haters who associated with him should have learned from our history, in terms of what had befallen ^{our} enemies in the past who sought our destruction; they were all doomed themselves. Although, we paid an enormous price in the process.

Hitler however, failed to eliminate us all, and keep the Third Reich evil empire for a thousand years as he promised.

And survive we will, as we always did, while our enemies were ground to dust, and vanished into oblivion. Yet, we Jews are still around - for ever.

Now, that you have lost the war, you Germans, would of course, attempt to evade the responsibility for those enormous crimes against humanity, your people have perpetrated in order to expell the concept of guilt. To claim your unawareness of what was transpiring within the Nazi domain. The fact however, remains that the German people did not want to be aware of the fate of a innocent people who was eliminated by your countrymen, practically in front of your eyes.

In fact, you couldn't care less as long as it lined your pockets, and it filled the coffers of the German treasury. That makes share your guilt in the crime against humanity, which rest heavily upon all of you.

Fortunately, the tide of history has changed, in terms of putting an end to your criminal Third Reich Empire, once and for all, never to return.

Gertrude stormed furiously out of the stable without a word. Of course, she couldn't listen to the truth - the truth hurts.

Although, I was a free man now - free in terms of to leave the stable and move into the farmhouse, and mingle with our liberators, just as the Russian prisoners did.

However, given my brief encounter with our liberators, who somehow failed to gain our confidence. As I became increasingly cautious in terms of getting involved with them. Rationality was still dead for us under these circumstances, so we had to rely on instinct. For a reason I am unable to explain, I was driven by a compelling force that charted every aspect of our lives, decreed; to keep a low profile in terms of coming in contact with our liberators. Nevertheless, this behavior had been proven right, as I learned soon enough that this was the best way to stay out of trouble.

Suddenly, Margaret and her children dashed into the stable in terms to hide from the Russian soldiers. Apprehensive of being the next target of rape by them, as her sister.

The next morning, I learned that my circumspective approach in the context of the Russian soldiers conduct, had turned out to be quite plausible; as I opened the door to the yard, there I noticed Nicolas, the Russian prisoner, sprawled on the snow covered ground - dead, covered with his coat. Shot by Russian soldiers who claimed that he was a traitor of the Soviet Union.

Whether he really was, or not I couldn't tell, but he certainly was a Jew hater, as many Ukrainians have been, who have a long record of pogromizing Jews, throughout many centuries.

Under the tyrant dictator Stalin, the law of the Soviet Union decreed that a Russian soldier's last bullet should be retained for himself, in terms to avoid to be taken captive. A soldier who surrenders to the enemy was a traitor to the state.

In fact, all those thousands of Russian P.O.s who returned to the Soviet Union aftermath their imprisonment in wake of the conclusion of the war. They did indeed fill up the Siberian Gulags Archipelago concentration camps, along all volunteer and forced laborers who returned to the Soviet Union from Germany.

By afternoon, Gertrude came in to tell me that a Russian officer wants to talk to us, he claimed to be Jewish.

Anxious to meet someone of our own kind we went to meet him.

"We're very glad to meet you." I said as I shook hands with the Russian officer. "We're very proud to meet a Jew who is taking part in destroying our evil enemy who eliminated millions of our people. I am from Poland, and my companion is from Holland. We escaped here in this village, during the evacuation of the concentration camp. Hiding on this farm since January, with the consent of the farmer. Till your troops liberated us yesterday. I explained.

"Given the circumstances in terms of your personal safety it might be too risky to stay here in this war zone. In case of retreat of our forces your life might be in danger. Go back to Poland, which has been liberated." He suggested.

"I guess you right, we will leave tomorrow. But, before we do that I would like to ask you a favor, in terms of providing us with a statement that we are concentration camp survivors who escaped from the Germans during the evacuation march. That we were hiding out on this farm, till your troops liberated us yesterday. Because, we have no identification papers, which could be very dangerous in terms of venturing a journey through a war torn countryside. In fact, we might even be taken as spies. As for our personal appearance, we have made remarkable recovery in terms of being nursed back to health, by this farmer family. Which drastically changed our image beyond recognition. We don't even look like concentration camp survivors anymore. It could however, shake our credibility in this context, as we might be looked upon with suspicion when we come in contact with the Russian Authorities." I explained. "I will have it ready before you leave." He assured me.

"There's another thing I like to ask you which requires your attention, concerning the farmers involvement in our rescue. Given the fact that this farmer family had saved our lives at a great measure of exposing themselves to great danger, if they been discovered by the Gestapo. Not only they saved our lives, but took good care of us in terms of nursing us back to health for the last three month during our hiding on their farm. We plead for their well being they so rightly deserve. Please, see to it that they are treated by the Russian Authorities and the soldiers." I supplicated in the farmers family's behalf. They were not Nazi followers. I pleaded with him.

"I promise you I will do my best, and anything in my power, as long as I am around." The Russian officer assured me.

However, in light of my recent encounter with the farmers daughter Gertrude, in terms of her opinion she expressed in regard of that Hitler was right in doing all those criminal acts against humanity. I certainly went out of my way against my best judgment in regard to their affiliation with the Nazis. Because, I felt that I owe the farmer family a debt in terms of saving our lives which had to be reciprocated at this point.

In hindsight however, given the traumatic experience we had encountered in the recent past in terms of all the danger to our lives. We had to go on a journey to rejoin the human race that terror charted its course. We might had been better off staying on the farm till the dust had settled.

However, the assumption of the Russian officer in terms of a possible retreat of the Russian troops was totally unwarranted at this juncture of events. Given the rapid integration of the German Army, who was caught now in a firestorm of their own creation. In terms of fighting for their lives, and were in no position to force a retreat upon the surging Russian troops, smashing their way to the gates of Berlin.

The once relentlessly surging invincible German Army was caught in battle for sheer survival. In the twilight of the Third Reich, that loomed rapidly closer, heralding the dead knell of the "thousand year" Nazi regime Hitler promised his people. Which they so profoundly acclaimed.

Besides, I had a strong urge to go back to Poland, in terms of searching for survivors of my family and relatives. I will leave no stone unturned till I will find somebody. That's my paramount goal at this juncture of events. To take a close look at the magnitude of that enormous devastation of our people. And pick up the pieces of our shattered life.

However, I didn't realize that to venture such a daring hiking journey across a war torn country - was in fact a transgression on the bounds of prudence. Caught in a web of intimidating expectations, we had no choice.

Neither could we stay here on the farm in terms of personal safety. The circumstances of our liberation was different than those who were liberated while being in the camps. We had nothing to prove that we were incarcerated in a concentration camp to our tough, distrustful and suspicious liberators. Entirely left to the discretion of passing judgement of their version of justice.

We recuperated and gained weight to the point of losing the concentrating camp survivor image. Consequently, we will have a tough time to convince the Russian soldiers whom we encounter on the road, who we really are. We will fall prey to their morbid suspicion.

What all this portends was a great phenomenal dilemma born with our liberation. Grossly augmented by venturing into this so called "free world" in terms to discover many grim surprises that lurk on our road to freedom. Wrought with no less danger to our lives than before liberation.

The next morning, after packing our satchels with food from the farmers food storage. Which was filled and packed with all kind of meat: sausages, bacons and hams, hanging down from the ceiling. And fruits and vegetables preserves. Done with the known German efficiency, in terms of utilizing every part of the animal they slaughter.

They certainly had no idea what starvation was all about. Of course not. It's quite obvious that the well nourished could never understand the starved subject in terms of his psychological behavior.

In fact, I was astounded by the sight of this abundance of so much food, even so I wasn't starving any longer. Yet, many years of starvation had its physical as well as psychological detrimental effects.

We said good-bye to the farmer and his family, and thanked them for everything they had done to us. However, we were sorry that we couldn't do a thing for them in terms to reciprocate for their undo good will shown to us. Because at this juncture of events we're as penniless as at the day we were born, so we were in no position to reciprocate.

Thus, we took to the road, and met the challenge yet to be identified as the hour of freedom had struck. While the pendulum had swung far enough in terms of a new start. Braced to deal with the aftermath of the exhaustive impasse, brought on in wake of this phenomenal liberation.

Thus, began our journey in our quest to rejoin the human race, into a "free" world that terror charted its course henceforth.

The first breath of freedom stirred the foul air of the battleground that stretched way beyond the horizon. As we witnessed our tormentors sink of their deadly weight into historical oblivion, they so rightly deserve.

This was a glorious moment in history, heralding good times to come. The victory over the German criminals - the embodiment of evil, will achieve dimensions greater than merely survival.

And so it came to pass, laying to rest the German dream of a thousand year Third Reich. It's very gratifying to eyewitness their final consignment to history's junkyard. It's easy now, as we gazed over the smoldering ruins of the crumbling evil empire, in terms of enumerating the total illusion of this evil regime.

The most impressive sight unfolded before my eyes; the evil empire lay in ruin and destruction. A remarkable historical encounter - the crumbling of our deadly enemy, vanquished by the people whom they tried to destroy, not only tried, but annihilated many millions of innocent people, including millions of Jews and over a million children.

Now, that we were out in the street I truly felt a free man. Buoyed by this historical event in terms of life awakening all around me.

"Free at last," I hilariously shouted at the top of my lungs, as we hiked through the deserted villages.

I suddenly felt like a avenging Phenix, rising from the ashes destruction, and the emotions Germans murdered in me.

Yet, it seemed so inconceivable - out of touch with reality like a wonderful dream. This time however, the long awaited dream has turned into reality. The sweet smell of freedom scented the foul air of the surrounding battlefield. Exalted by the defeat over the German criminals, represented the realization of the long lasted dream, that finally came to pass. In terms of creating a grotesque feeling of the most thrilling experience in my life. Doubtfully, if anyone who has not lost his freedom is capable to comprehend what it means to regain freedom that was taken away.

And so we were on the road of freedom, amid looking over my shoulder, in tremors of making sure that we weren't chased by the S.S. guards. But, they were gone - gone forever.

Yet, even as the once formidable Nazi regime crumbled before our eyes. Our reaction in this context was rather muted than jubilant. As we began to realize the enormous losses we had incurred in the process of destruction.

Overshadowed by the darkness of this long lasting nightmare that lingered on. Which grossly diminished our euphoria, in the midst of dark shadows looming over the war torn countryside in terms of the great uncertainties that lay ahead on our journey to freedom.

Which was fraught with peril, as a morbid anticipation of disaster which lay ahead that seemed to harrow my soul. Haplessly, watching how the scenario will act itself out.

The most impressive sight unfolded before our eyes - German might lay in ruins and destruction. The fall of our sworn enemy was all around, until vision faded away in the far horizon. The sour stench of death mingled with dark smoke, amid the echoes of the pounding artillery fire that resounded loomed as an eerie. Evil empires rarely go quietly into extinction.

It's the second time I encountered the litter of war. The first time was in 1939, when the Germans invaded Poland, which marked the beginning of our long nightmare. Consequently, they had to pay the price. Justice was long overdue to collect its toll. All those who will rise from the ashes of destruction will serve as a memorial. In terms of that brutal forces could never crush the yearnings of millions of our people to be free again.

There lurked the specter of intrinsic weakness. Germany - which had become the birth place of Nazi evil should become the graveside to its legacy as they disappear into the dustbin of history.

Along the muddy road by the treading of huge Russian tanks, constantly rolling by. It's in front of the trenches where the black humped shaped of German dead tanks many still smoking. Some laid on their sides, their guns reaching out their muzzles upward as if begging for mercy. Roadside gullies were cluttered of burned vehicles. Nothing left but gaunt shells of rubble.

A ghastly silence reigned, only disturbed by the echoes of pounding artillery fire and rattling machinegun fire.

As far as our eyes could see over the snow covered fields which was scattered with corpses of German soldiers and officers, some of them their faces a mass of purple flesh, or their chest and abdomen ripped open. There were also corpses of Russian soldiers and officers.

Many houses laid in a heap of plaster and mortar crockery mixed with bed clothes. Ribbons of smoke covered the horizon, filling our nostrils with the smell of burning thatch. Grossly compounded by the heavy odor of diesel fuel blended with a putrid stench of decaying corpses - a scene that captured the essence of destruction. The victory over the bloody German criminals achieved dimensions greater than mere survival.

I had lived around the sound and smell of war - it reeks of all the filth that man has ever created. However, to destroy that Nazi monster who unleashed that horrible war and became a menace to the human race, was a great contribution to humanity. To crush the evil monster and wipe him out clean. To dismantle their cities brick by brick. They should perish the way our people did for the cold mass murder. Scorned and doomed shall they be with no less intensity than the scorn they heaped upon us. The epitomy of evil became the hallmark of the German master race. For which they should never get away with impunity.

Ironically, the Allied Forces who took a beating had a hard time to destroy that German evil monster, which had a tag price of rivers of blood of innocent people.

In fact, it was they who created that evil monster, and acquiesced in terms of permitting Germany to arm themselves enormously. To become a threat to many European countries. By injecting their insane policy of appeasement. It's in this context that the Allies neglected to build up their own military powers, in terms to challenge German conquest.

We kept hiking with great difficulty, tottering the soft fields, thawed by the spring air, along the muddy road.

Passing in the other direction were long convoys of huge tanks, armoured vehicle and trucks loaded with military hardware and soldiers who sneered at us, calling us "Fritz" - a nickname for a German. Russian soldiers apparently mistook us for Germans.

My apprehension associated with our recovery was realized as I predicted, as this phenomenal dilemma began to grow in the midst of this war zone of no civilians around for miles.

Frankly, we didn't really care what they called us, as long as they wouldn't send us a bullet in our way, which wasn't unlikely under these circumstances - especially at a time when trigger happy soldiers could shoot freely while at enemy territory. As they didn't have to answer for no one's life associated with it.

However, euphoria was about to give way to apprehension, as our first encounter with our liberators was about to take place. When a convoy of horse pulled wagons loaded with Russian soldiers passed by, and two wagons at the end of the convoy stopped. A group of soldiers jumped down from the wagons and were heading in our direction.

"Oh, oh, this spells trouble." I said to Peter intimidated. Encircling us like a pack of hungry wolves encircle its prey - a half a dozen pair of fierce eyes immediately turned towards us, filled with suspicion and distrust. In a wave of hostile awareness, the interrogation began in the midst of grossly compounded uncertainties.

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" One of them cynically asked. "We are Jews - survivors of the German concentration camps, just liberated by the Red Army. I am from Poland, and my friend is from Holland."

We're on our way back to Poland, where I was born." I said in broken Russian trying to conceal my apprehension.

"You don't look as if you just came out of a concentration camp." One of them snapped cynically. "They rather look like spies." Said another.

"Well, actually, we escaped from the Germans three months ago, during the evacuation march. And were hiding out on a farm in a village not far from here, where we were well treated, and recuperated to the point that we lost our image of concentration camp inmates. Therefore, we no longer look like survivors of one." I desperately tried to convince our distrustful liberators, who don't even trust their own people.

"Look," I rolled up the sleeve of my left arm, to show them my tattooed number. In desperate attempt to substantiate the veracity of my account. As for being Jewish, we can prove it to you that we're circumcised."

It was all in vain, all I got in response was a burst of laughter, sneers and derogatory remarks.

Somewhere in back of my mind there's a vague forboding in terms of this strange phenomenon.

In fact, it began to dawn upon me now that as far as Jews were concerned, they (the Russians) were Jew-haters just the same as the Germans were. Ironically, the Soviet regime did not permit anti-Semitic activities. There's however, in the Soviet Union under the dictatorship of Stalin, where many acts of violence perpetrated against Jews, fostered clandestinely by the government. However, at this particular time and circumstances, being Jewish was much better than being German.

Then suddenly, the soldiers' attention turned to our satchels of food. "What have you got in your satchels?" They simultaneously inquired.

Without waiting for a response they ripped open our satchels and grabbed our food. Then one of them noticed my German officer's boots I found in the farmhouse before we left. "Skidy sapogy, bistray." Take off your boots quickly, he said avariciously.

I took my boots off as quickly as possible, and handed over to the soldier who grabbed them with a wild flash in his eyes as he put them on. "Take everything, just leave us alive." I said relieved as I finally saw them leaving in a hurry, in terms to catch up with the rest of the convoy.

Having no choice I had to put on the rotten shoes the soldier left, because I couldn't walk barefoot.

In fact, their conduct was beyond my expectation, as it evoked a profound disappointment in terms of being our liberators. It's in this context that it dawned upon me who our liberators really were, and with whom we were to deal with, henceforth.

It never dawned upon me that we will get robbed of our food, and pull off my boots off my feet by those on whom we pinned our last hope.

Evidently, the Russians are different than the Americans, in terms of being generous. American soldiers even gave away their own food rations and clothing to concentration camp survivors. However, it could have been worse - had they taken our lives as well.

Yet, danger has been lurking on this road to freedom. There's no way out of this strange phenomenon, but to surge forward in terms to reach Poland as fast as possible. It's more than it met the eye.

As we reached the outskirts of a village, another episode was about to occur as the floodgate of disaster began to open. A drunken soldier spotted us. Staggering in our direction. "Follow me." He ordered us as he approached in a drunken voice.

Suddenly, a suspicious thought flashed through my mind in terms of this drunken soldier's intention, as apprehension intensified. In wake of recent event that shook our confidence in our liberators.

"Behold, this drunk is out to kill us, he is taking us to the field to gun us down there. I had to do something, before it's too late - but what?" I pondered panic stricken already. Yet, I couldn't come up at the spur of the moment how to get rid of this soldier who was drunk as he snatched his rifle from his shoulder as we reached the field.

To have survived so much, so long - and to be bumped off at this juncture of our journey would have been the most lamentable aspect of our relentless struggle to survive.

In vain, I tried explain to this drunk that we were not Germans - going through the same routine as in the previous encounter with the Russian soldiers several hours ago. But, this one was worse; he was drunk and trigger happy, looking for blood.

However, the only thing which might have some positive effect in terms of changing his mind was a bottle of vodka. And that we could not produce under these circumstances.

Fortunately, as if fallen out of the sky, another soldier appeared. "Please, I beseech you dear comrade, help us. This soldier is about to shoot us. We're not Germans - we're Jews - concentration camp survivors, liberated by the Red Army. We're now on our way to Poland where I was born." I implored him desperately in terms to intervene on our behalf.

Luckily, as if sent from heaven to our rescue, this soldier turned out to be Jewish himself. He was from Warsaw. He escaped to the Soviet Union aftermath the German invasion of Poland, at the end of September 1939, where he was mobilized by the Soviet Army in 1941, at the German invasion of Russia where he saved ever since.

Finally, the drunken soldier gave up, following a brief argument between the two soldiers.

"We're profoundly grateful to you for coming to our rescue which saved our lives. If it weren't for you we would have certainly be dead by now."

"We wish you to survive this horrible war, safe and sound. We're very sorry that we're in no position to reciprocate for this wonderful act of humanity in terms of saving our lives. That we will never forget as long as we live. We gratefully thank you for your kindness." I expressed my gratitude.

"Don't mention it, I am very proud that I saved the lives of two of my people. It's written that to save the life of a human being is a great service to humanity.

"Have a nice journey home - wherever this might be. If There's anything left what you left behind." He doubtously said, as we shook hands.

Summerising the days events, it dawned upon me now, who and what we're up against. Given the grim aspect of reality I had a growing conviction that our frequent encounters with our liberators could have fatal results in terms of our survival. As death was hovering over us like the sword of Democles. Amid a destination that is shrouded in a veil of great uncertainties. As the path to freedom was still littered with many hurdles.

However, the strange phenomenon of the drunken soldier's episode, which had an indelible imprint on me for the rest of my life in terms of its divine nature act which saved our lives. There's no other way I could possibly translate this phenomenal aspect.

Yet, the indomitable spirit of a human being when faced with adversity is most remarkable, as I refused to let my imagination linger on what lay ahead, in terms of surging ahead with our journey. That was more than it met the eye.

"I am hungry." Peter complained. "I am sure you're, so am I. If it weren't those Russian thugs who rubbed us of all the food we had. We would have had plenty to eat, which could have lasted for the rest of our journey."

"I deem their despicable conduct with profound contempt for rubbing concentration camp survivors of their last bite. Instead to feed us, we had to feed them." Peter bitterly complained.

"Be grateful that they didn't take our lives as well. Which under these circumstances would have been of no surprise. Don't worry, we will find something to eat, eventually."

"Right now there're more important things to be concerned about. Do you see that Russian officer approaching us? It spells more trouble."

"Follow me." The Russian officer ordered us as he came around. With a fierce stare of suspicion on his face. Opening the door of the Command Post, he shoved us into a small room. There's a small desk, two chairs and a big map of Germany on the wall. Sitting behind the desk was a Commanding Officer, a stern looking man in his thirties, writing some papers. Above his head on the wall hung a picture of the "Almighty" Stalin, with his bushy mustach, eyeing us with a coldhearted stare. Apparently, this was the Commanding Officer, or a K.G.B. agent, or both.

"Who are you, and where do you come from? The interrogation began. As the officer kept on writing, deigning no glance at us.

"We're Jews - survivors of German concentration camp, liberated by the Red Army. We're on our way to Poland where I was born and lived there before the Germans deported us." I replied, trying to conceal my apprehension.

Finally, the officer rose from his chair, walking around us in circles like a predatory animal circles around its prey. Looking us over from top to bottom with great K.G.B. suspicion, in an effort to penetrate our mind.

"You don't look like concentration camp inmates to me." He said dubiously. "Well, actually we escaped from the Germans during the evacuation of our camp back in January. And were hiding on a farm in the village by the name Schonau, not far from here, where we recuperated, till yesterday when we were liberated by the Russian troops. Then, on the advice of a Russian officer who liberated us and was stationed on the farm with his troops, he told us to go back to Poland, which was already liberated." I replied.

"Have you got any identification papers?" He said abruptly.

"Dear comrade Commandant, inmates of the concentration camps had no identification papers in camp. The only thing we have in terms of identification is a tattooed number on our left arm." I rolled up my sleeve to show him my number, and so did Peter.

"I also have here a written statement given to us by the Russian officer who liberated us, which confirms our liberation by his troops. And as far as being Jewish - circumcision is the only way we can prove that we are Jews. Otherwise, we have no means to support the veracity of our claim."

"You see officer, it's true that we do not look like concentration inmates. This is due to the fact that we were hiding on the farm for three months, during which time we were well fed by the farmer family, that we recuperated to the point that we lost the image of concentration inmates." I desperately tried to state my claim.

After the officer concluded reading the statement I handed him, his attention turned to Peter, who was silent, unable to figure out what was going on, because he didn't understand Russian.

"Who is he, can't he talk?" The officer asked suspiciously.

"He is from Holland, he does not understand Russian. He speaks only Dutch and a little German."

I was trying to explain, in a desperate attempt to convince him in terms of the veracity of our story.

However, so far my argument didn't seem to evoke his trust. Hardly sufficient to prove to satisfy his morbid suspicious mind. Somewhere in back of my mind there's a vague foreboding in terms of our imminent fate. I couldn't stifle my doubts that it might be hopeless for a safe way out of this exhaustive impasse, in terms of being victimized by these ruthless, suspicious Russians.

"Undress - take off your clothing." He said after a while.

We began to undress, which took us a while, because of some extra garments we had put on in the course of our journey, in terms of that we won't have to carry around bundles, which we found in the abandoned German houses to keep us warm on our long hiking journey.

Raising the officer's suspicion even more in terms of to establish identity, because it looked suspicious to the officer that we were hiding something. Unfolding the epitome of his morbid suspicion.

Following our undressing the officer walked over to the pile of clothing, and began to examine meticulously every piece of garment, shaking every pocket from inside out. Scrutinizing every fold and seam, while we were freezing as being naked. Unable to find any clue to support his suspicious mind, he consequently decided to set us free. "Get dressed, you may go now." He said dryly, disappointment showing right through him.

By virtue of unrelenting authority vested in him by his government he was doing an excellent job in terms of obtaining information, even by other means. Which fortunately, he did not apply in our case.

Wasting no time, in terms of that he might change his mind, we quickly got dressed and dashed out of his sight as fast as possible.

It's in this context that an unfathomly insight of caution and circumspect began to dominate to the point of being diffident. In terms of the frequent encounters with our liberators, who certainly did not live up to our expectations, we still struggled desperately to survive on our road to freedom, we so desperately yearned for.

In retrospect, after learning more in terms of the Soviet oppressive regime, which is filled with paranoid mistrust and suspicion, even towards their own subjects, much worse towards other ethnic groups.

"It now dawned upon me how narrowly we escaped death, and it's inconceivable that we even avoided the famous Siberian Goulag concentration camp, where millions of innocent people were rotting away, just based on suspicion of the K.G.B. agents."

"However, one of the most interesting aspect of this dramatic phenomenon is that despite of all the odds, we still managed to stay alive and free. Pure chance - fate if you prefer played a major roll - as it always did, from the beginning of this horrible nightmare." I said.

"We're not out of the woods yet." Peter said ruefully.

"Nevertheless, I have a feeling that we somehow will manage to elude death, and pull out of this quagmire alive - hopefully." I replied encouragingly.

We kept hiking in the midst of eerie surroundings that loomed over us, searching in our quest for some transportation. Which still seemed nonexistent at this juncture in this war torn country that lay desolated. However, the recent events we had encountered left us shaken, but undaunted. As we moved on in terms of reaching a town or a village where might find some food and lodging as a handout, before nightfall.

As we had reached a crossroad, we suddenly ran into a group of people who gave the impression of being foreign laborers.

"Would you gentlemen know how to get to the nearest train station." I asked. "The only functioning train station which would be the closest is in Gleiwitz. It's however, a farcry from here. We're also heading in search for train station. You can join us if you wish. But first, we must find some lodging before nightfall." One of them explained. That's exactly what I was looking for, in our quest to get some food and some rest.

As we reached the outskirts of a village, a Russian officer appeared and escorted us to the Command Post. Following a brief investigation - no body searches as in the previous encounter several hours ago. Then showed us into a two room apartment across the hall.

"Here, you will stay overnight - the bedroom for women, and the kitchen for men." The officer allotted our lodging space.

The group of people we arrive here with were volunteer Ukrainian farm workers, employed by German farmers, now returning home.

Somewhere, in back of my mind there's a vague foreboding in terms of the ultimate fate of these laborers, who most likely were filling up the Syberian Goulag. Which according to Soviet law was a punishable offense in terms of assisting the enemy in the war effort.

One of the Ukrainians fired the stove to prepare a hot meal with the food they had brought along. Which they shared with us.

Following this great dinner which abated our knowing hunger pangs. The women in adjacent room seemed to had a good time with the Russian giggling frivolously all night long.

The next morning, as we were about to leave, I was informed by the Russian officer that Peter is not to be allowed to come along with me to Poland - he will have to wait for transportation to Holland. That was bad news for Peter, who did not speak or understand Russian, so he could not communicate with the Russian officers.

In vain, I tried to persuade to the officer that he wasn't German. - he is Jewish, and a victim of the German concentration camp. He will be lost if we were separated, because he does not understand Russian.

He did however, agreed to intervene in his behalf with the Commanding Officer in terms of allowing Peter to come along with me.

It's in this context that I was hoping for some solace in his answer that it would be a positive one. However, he destroyed the last hope of mine when he came back with his Commandant's refusal.

I had a vague foreboding in terms of the veracity of the officers promise to transport Peter to Holland. I had a growing conviction however, that the Soviets could not be trusted.

"Good-bye Peter, I am very sorry that we have to separate. I desperately interceded in your behalf with the Commandant to allow you to come along since you do not understand Russian. Given the fact that I was helpful to you in terms of getting around in this war torn country. I feel guilty in terms of leaving you here. In vain, I tried to intercede in your behalf with the Commandant, but refused to let you come along with me." I said ruefully.

"I hope to manage somehow." He said woefully. "Good by, and take care."

I could not stifle my doubts in terms of the veracity of the officers assurance. I had a premonition that Peter might had never reached Holland. Given, the manner the Soviet regime was treating people, even their own subjects. They certainly forfeited my trust. It would not surprise me if Peter had wind up in a Syberian Goulag labor camp. Along with many other innocent victims of this slavery regime. Who decreed that anyone who disagrees with this ruthless regime to be a traitor to the state. Not even, tolerating surrender in war to the enemy under any circumstances.

In fact, the enigma in terms of Peter's ultimate fate has been baffling me ever since.

The sun was riding a crystal clear sky, as the fresh spring had dusted the fields with wild flowers. I kept hiking in the midst of rubble and devastation, and deserted streets.

As vision cleared from the smoke shrouded sight - an extraordinary sight unfolded that warmed my tired eyes; an encampment of German P.O.Ws. In the thousands they roamed around the compound. Filthy, unshaven and uncouth were these German "heroes", as the campsite loomed larger.

The grim aspect of defeat marked their rude faces. Compelled by sheer curiosity I stopped for a while to take a close look, in terms to admire the results of the inverted tide of history. How pleasing it's to watch these bloody Germans to sink of their weight into historical oblivion, they so rightly deserve. My thirst for vengeance fueled my inspiration in terms of every sort of stimulant in the midst of my journey to freedom.

As a survivor who suffered so much of horror at the hands of the bloody Germans. By virtue of unremitting justice, it behooves every peace-loving human being who believes in the true principles of justice. That it would certainly been quite appropriate to give my tormentors a dose of their own medicine. Had it only been in my power.

The thirst for vengeance was all that sustained me and kept me alive through those long dark years of incarceration.

It's in this context that this encounter had been the most comforting phenomenon in my life. In which I took great pleasure watching my tormentors behind barbed wire as I was for many years.

Obviously, it never dawned upon them that one day we might change places and when we do - they will be in the cage, to become the subject of denigration and contempt. Just as we were by these German hyenas.

By virtue of justice however, it would hardly be sufficient punishment to be meted out to them for the coldblooded murder they inflicted upon us in the process of mass genocide.

Revulsion and contempt welled up in me. As prompted by the dark memories of our horrible nightmare - revenge for all these horrible years I had been rotting away in concentration camps. Revenge - has been crying out from this of our peoples blood permeated soil of the cursed German country and its barbarian people. The quest of revenge began to dominate my mind, inspiring a sweet aspect to live for, in terms to witness it with my eyes.

Snapping out of my reverie I suddenly realized that it's getting late. I had to move on. It's late afternoon, the sun was already hiding behind the horizon when I reached the outskirts of a small town. The streets were lined up with orderly clean looking gothic style one family homes, but deserted streets.

There's not a soul around I could inquire in terms of finding a overnight lodging accomodation. Being exhausted and starving, having no place to spend the night - I knocked at the first best home I had picked at random. Hoping that I might be lucky to find some hospitality.

The door opened to the extend of it's short chain.

"What is it you want?" A young woman peeked out, asking in frighten voice. "Would you be kind enough to let me spend the night here." I am very exhausted from hiking all day? "Don't be frighten I wont harm you." I pleaded.

She reluctantly opened the door to let me in. Two frightened children peeked from an adjacent room through a ajarred door as I passed the hall. And she showed me into a small room crammed with furniture.

"Are you hungry?" The woman ask me as I sat down at the table. "We really have not much what to eat ourselves now. The time has become very tough for us. Food has become very scarce since the Russian invasion.

She said ruefully, leaving the room probably to fetch something to eat.

Hungry was not the word - I was starving.

She returned after a while with a bowl of soup and a piece of stale bread. I gobbled what she put in front of me in no time. It didn't amount to much for one who suffered from chronic starvation, yet better than nothing.

My life was now a continuation of a certain measure of starvation, amid relying on handouts for survival, in a world depleted of all basic foods.

"Where do you come from?" She inquired after a while.

"I escaped from a concentration camp in Germany, and was in hiding on a farm for the last three months, till the Russian troops liberated me. Now, I am on my way to Poland, where I was born and grew up. I doubt however, whether there's anyone or anything left of what I left behind, after my deportation by the Germans, five years ago." I explained to her. I had an urge to give this German woman an account of what her countrymen had done to my people.

We have it tough now too, my husband was killed on the Russian front. Since the Russian invasion there's no food available to feed our children." She complained.

"That's the consequences of that horrible war Hitler unleashed on innocent people - destruction and misery we reaped as a result. I said.

At this point however, I felt to give her a piece of my mind in terms of German brutality and cruelty they inflicted upon our people.

"You depraved Fuhrer and his Nazi hoodlums unleashed this genocidal war. Hitler singled us out not because of what we did, but, who we were - Jews. Killing millions of Jews, who had nothing to do with Germany's territorial ambitions in Europe. Those who were not instantly killed were put in slave labor camps, including myself. Terrorized and starved to death on a meager food diet that no one could even survive a short time, even without hard labor. I survived only by chance that horrible hell on earth created by your bloody Nazis. It reeks of the most heinous evil, conceivable."

"Ironically, your entire nation, who till then was considered the most civilized, cultured and educated in the world, had so eagerly succumbed to this evil, murderous regime. Thereby, became an accomplice in the context with mass genocide of most Jewish communities in Europe.

"And yet, you deemed it justified in terms of no matter what atrocities were perpetrated to accomplish Germany's goal of world domination and enslavement."

"Yet, you're complaining that you have a hard time now. In fact, you have nothing to complain about, after all you were left with your children, your home and everything you own. Unlike I, who has been left with nothing and nobody, but a deep and painful wound in my heart that can never heal. And horrible memories that will hunt me for the rest of my life."

"I know, none of you Germans like to listen to these irrefutable facts, and would most certainly attempt to evade the responsibilities, amid expelling the concept of guilt associated with it. Which should rest heavily upon the entire German people. As for you claim that you weren't aware what was transpiring in your own backyard. This however, is incompatible with reality. In fact, many of your people - if not all of you did not want to know. It's because, all of you Germans participated in the drumbeat against Jews. However, time has come to face up to reality in terms of that justice has finally caught up with those who perpetrated those enormous crimes against humanity. To pay for it with their own lives." I concluded my account.

Finally, she left the room disconcerted, after making my bed. Of course, she could not listen to the truth - the truth hurts.

I undressed and got into an immaculate clean and comfortable bed, for the first time in more than five years. It felt so wonderful that as soon as I hit the pillow I was sound asleep.

When I woke up, the muted morning sunlight flooded the room with its dazzling light. I got up refreshed and ready to move on.

"Did you have a good night sleep?" The woman asked me when she opened the door. "Very good indeed. How far is it to Gleiwitz railway station from here?" I inquired. "It's about ten kilometers." She replied.

"I thank you very much for your hospitality. I am sorry that I am in no position to reciprocate for your kindness. Because, I am barehanded now as I was the day I was born. However, I will always remember your good deed. Good by, and God bless you."

The soft golden glow of the warm spring rising sun crept up stealthily from behind the skyline of the gothic style slanted buildings. As I set out to reach a train station. The sight of war litter was relatively diminishing as I inched closer to the outskirts of Gleiwitz. The city itself, though not destroyed - the rubble of bombed out buildings was quite visible.

The train station was crowded with refugees, waiting for a train to take them eastward. Finally, a shrilling sound heralded the approaching train as it rolled into the station and came to a stop, in front of the crowd. Who began to surge their way to the open doors.

I edged my way to the open doors to board the train. However, by the time I tried to figure out how to get aboard the train - I was carried off by the onward surging crowd inside the train car. Which had been filled up already over its capacity, not even enough space to stand on.

The train rolled off crammed with people like sardines in a can. Picking up speed as it sped across the Silesian coal mines countryside, arriving in the city of Katowitz by noontime.

Here, I had to change trains, and take a train going north, in the direction of the capital Warsaw. This station was also crowded with deportees returning home. Going through the same routine as on the previous station in terms of getting aboard the train.

The train sped through familiar countryside that brought back nostalgic memories associated with my childhood years. As it rolled past the town I grew up in.

Finally, the train reached the outskirts of the town where I spent most of my teenage years - Czenstochowa. As I looked out the window it seemed to me as if I was seeing for the first time in many years a world of free people on the familiar sites that aroused nostalgic memories.

As the countryside flew past the speeding train my heart beats began to accelerate to the rhythm of the clacking train wheels, in terms of uncertain forebodings associated with the liquidating of our people in this town. The train rolled into the station and stopped, getting off the train I turned to the street exit.

In retrospect, these streets joyously resonated with vibrant Jewish life. Amid the traditional images that provided the Jewish context in every aspect of their existence, that so shamefully was destroyed by the bloody Germans. However, all those wonderful years belong to the past now.

Reminiscing the indelible avalanche of our misfortune which set in motion a sentimental overly nostalgic feeling and survival guilt, I began stroll the familiar streets. Those were the joyous days when these streets were full of familiar faces - all gone now - gone forever.

Yet, the graphic images left a haunting echo that will never be stilled, as it kept coming back.

A sense of eeriness crept over me, as I began to feel terrible loneliness that loomed over me, amid bereavement of all who were dear to me.

The last time I past here was after the German invasion. The Polonia Hotel, vis a vis the train station. This luxurious hotel was occupied by high ranking German officers. Now, the hated German uniforms vanished from the land. There was only a discoloration on the sidewalk where the security box used to stand in front of the entrance of the hotel.

Wandering the streets, in the midst of these Jew-haters who participated in the drumbeat against Jews, whose only dream was to get rid of us, in terms of to get hold of everything we left behind aftermath deportation. They got their wish, more than they bargained for.

Seen in the perspective of history in the context of centuries of persecution, it culminated with extermination of European Jewry.

The stark images of relatives and friends was evident everywhere, parading before my eyes. The sun over this town will never again greet Jews on their way to the synagoge in the morning. Neither, would be heard the sound laughter of Jewish children playing outdoors, that fell so shamefully silent - silent forever.

I was hoping for some solace in terms of finding someone familiar before setting out in search of some. However, I was faced with the bitter reality that destroyed my last hope.

Wandering aimlessly, trying to figure out how to pick up the pieces of my shattered life, in the midst of these streets that reminiscent better days in the past.

Through all those horrible years of my incarceration, I lived in a veil of illusion in terms of that if I ever manage to survive that horrible phenomenon. I will go back to my home town where I hoped to find my folks anticipating my return. I refused to accept the stark reality in terms of total genocide inflicted upon our people by the bloody Germans. That there was nothing and nobody left to return to of what I had left behind.

Tears welled up in my eyes, staring a passion of burning hatred that was so consuming which left no room for nothing else. Suddenly, I felt like an avenging Phoenix rising from the ashes of emotion Germans had murdered in me. Sounds which triggered fear in the past echoed all around, as the smell of death still lingered on.

"Dear God, I know that it's not right to question Thou actions. However, in light of destructive encounter of our people we feel bitterly betrayed. The blood of many millions of our people, including over a million of innocent children cries out for the injustice committed to them. What in the world had they done to deserve such shameful destruction - Why?"

"It's written in our prayer books time and again, and it's full of promises that Thou shall guard and protect us from our enemies who seek our destruction. And I quote: "Yishmor Hashame et kol Ohavov, ve et kol reshaim yashmid." Thou shall guard us - we who love Thou, and destroy all the wicked." It's also written in the twenty third Psalm of David; "Yea, though I walk through the valley of shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me." Unquote, we who put our undivided trust in Thee, loved and worshiped Thee, following all Thy commandments in terms of the Laws of Moses.

"On whose side were Thou anyway. Doubtfully, if any merciful God could stand by and watch the destruction of His own creation. As for the claim that the innocent has to share punishment of the guilty sinners is however, synonymous with collective guilt - Nazi version of justice. Only the guilty should pay for their sins. What kind of sins have innocent children committed

Death to Jews - get rid of the Jews." Screamed the graffiti from every billboard in this country, and the of many newspapers in pre-war Poland.

Fostered by the Catholic Church, where the cancer of anti-Semitism was born, nurtured and spouted their venomous hatred to its worshipers. That culminated with the advent of Nazi Germany. Thus making Poland the most suitable ground to be selected by the German criminals for extermination of the European Jewry."

The concept of a Judenrein country - ethnic cleansing, in terms of to take hold of Jewish property was always quite alluring to the Poles. That's their dream for centuries, before the advent of Nazism in Germany.

However, they had no idea how to expedite a comprehensive plan as mass genocide in terms of getting rid of their three and a half million Jews, was beyond their wildest imagination. Yet, the Poles, were quite efficient in terms of perpetrating pogroms on Jews quite often. Their aspiration however, was far more comprehensive than the conventional way of marrying Jews. So, along came Hitler and his Nazi henchmen, who utilized all their scientific achievements associated with mass extermination. Which ultimately cleaned out all Jews from Poland, for good.

Given, the reality one can only wonder how could Jews in Poland - subjected to bigotry, degradation and constant hostility were so oblivious of the grim reality had accepted persecution, oppression and discrimination in its severest form. Had been enduring it for many centuries without an outcry for justice or protest. Yet, never attempted to stand up for their basic human rights that were constantly violated.

All they reacted with was degrading obsequiousness turning the other cheek and go down on their knees begging for mercy.

Jews lived in a veil of illusion that their ethnic problem might die down on its own accord. However, it was a foregone conclusion that there's much worse to come in terms of the firestorm that loomed over the horizon. As the Jew haters relished the prospect of disappearance of Jews.

And disappear they did, when virulent anti-Semitism culminated with genocide of most of European Jewry.

As seen in the perspective of history in the context of centuries of persecution that we had encountered is however, no wonder that it occurred. Because after all, nothing had been done to prevent it. Not even, Jews around the world had done anything in terms of helping European Jews to escape that tragic fate.

Snapping out of reverie, I was faced reality and vexed questions in terms of where am I to turn to now? Where do I belong to?

But even now, as the once formidable Nazi regime crumbled before my eyes. The survivors reaction was rather mute than jubilant in terms of the given enormous losses incurred in the process of premeditated annihilation.

I wandered helplessly the streets that reminisced better days in the past. In a desperate search for surviving relative or friend, amid an attempt to pick up the pieces of my shattered life. In a desperate effort to reclaim my place in society as a human being. That was denied to me.

"Hi Velvel, I am very happy to see you." I exclaimed as I noticed an oldtime friend approaching me, as if fallen out of the sky.

"So am I, very glad to see you. Where have you been all those horrible years. I haven't seen you for quite a long time?" He curiously inquired. "I just got off the train, returning from Germany, where I spent five years in a concentration camp. You're the first person - the only one I happen to run into while wandering the streets for hours in a desperate search for a surviving kin or friend. "Where have you been all those horrible years?"

In the aftermath of selections in which most of the Jews in this town were deported to extermination camp in Treblinka. Those who were left were spared for the time being were mostly young people, who were crammed into into a small ghetto, which reeked with filth and disease. Comprised of a few slum streets. Then shortly afterwards came the final liquidation of the Ghetto. I was lucky enough to be among the few thousand who were spared for labor, in terms of being incarcerated in several concentration camps just at the outskirts of town. That's where I spent those horrible years till last January, when I was liberated by the Soviet Army. "He said, ruefully.

"By the way, do you happen to know if there's any survivor of my folks?" I inquired with anxious foreboding, still hoping for some solace in terms of finding some relative or friend which I desperately anticipated.

"I certainly do - your sister is alive and well. In fact, she was in the same camp I was. She resides on the same street you used to live before the deportation, but, I don't know the number of the building. However, at your address you might be able to find out your sister's whereabouts. I wish you luck." He informed me.

"Thanks a lot Velvel, That's good enough for me. I will find her." I said animated, almost jumping from joy. Exalted by the discovery we departed.

Impetuously, I set out in the direction of my old residence where I used to live, in a desperate search to find my sister.

At the next corner I turned to Wilson street. So far everything was the same as when I left town, in terms of the effects in wake of the destruction. However, as I reached Garbaldy Street, I stopped for a moment to take look at the magnificent architecture of the Jewish Temple, that was so shamefully desecrated and reduced to burned down hulk. Following by a rampage against the Jewish neighborhood by Polish hoodlums who joined the bloody German criminals.

It was one of those familiar infamous acts perpetrated by German criminals, and joined by Polish hoodlums the night of September 24, at the inception of the German oppressive tyrannical regime. That dreadful night shall never slip into oblivion, as long as I live. In terms of which it bore all the earmarks of the Krystalnacht in Germany and Austria. That's the epitome of evil bigotry, which spawned the fires which had reduced to smoldering ashes thousands of synagogues in every invaded European country.

In retrospect, the apartment house at the next corner used to present a great dilemma for me whenever I had to pass by, prior the outbreak of the war. In terms of being taunted, stoned and beaten I was by Christian youngsters who used to live here. Spouting their hatred for Jews, which had been passed on from one generation to generation by parents, teachers and by preasts in their sermons from the pulpits in the Churches all over Poland.

Turning right at the next corner of the street I used to live on. I could see the shadows of images of relatives and neighbors who used to live around here.

Vacillating - my pace slackened, my heart skipped a beat as walking through the gate into the unpaved yard, which turned to mud each time it rained. As I approached the obscured two story building, I looked around, everything seemed the same as before deportation. Yet, it didn't feel the same - it felt abandoned and deserted by all Jewish neighbors who used to live around here for years. Before they were uprooted and deported to extermination camp, including my folks. I stood mute, inundated by a flood of horrible thoughts, in the midst of eeriness that loomed over me. As I was seized by nostalgic memories, as I looked up to the second floor windows of the apartment where I spent my teenage years.

Sounds that triggered fear in the tragic past of the bloody German regime resonated all around. In the midst of hovering images of my folks and neighbors. The home in which we once dwelled, and the walls that housed our lives is now only a familiar site which radiated many painful memories.

I was mesmerized by the abominable past - all that was left was despair. I felt a profound emptiness in my heart filled with pain and sorrow, while reminiscing the agonizing details of the bygone years. The stark images paraded before my eyes.

I walked up the dark staircase and knocked at the door of my apartment. "What do you want? A woman who opened the door ajar asked.

"I used to live in this apartment before the Germans deported me to a concentration camp. I'm looking for my for. I was told that she lives around here. Perhaps you could help me to locate my sisters whereabouts?" I replied, hoping to find some solace in a positive answer.

"Go back where you came from." She said indignantly.

"You see, to go back there I certainly would not. There you may go yourself for a change. I had more than enough of that. However, I most certainly wouldn't like to stay here in this God forsaken country of yours. Which I loath and despise more than anything in this world. For the pain and agony your people have inflicted upon us for centuries." I said, as she slammed the door in my face.

As I walked down to the yard, a woman looking out a window on the grand floor called me over. "Who is it you're looking for, may be I could help you?" She inquired. "I am looking for my sister, I was told by a friend of mine whom I met this afternoon, as I got off the train that brought me back from Germany, where I spent five years in a concentration camp. He told me that my sister lives around here on this street, but, he doesn't know in which building." I explained, as she seemed to be promising in terms of my quest to find my sister.

"There's a man living in my apartment, he is the landlord's son, who used to live here with his parents in this apartment before deportation of the Jews by the Germans in this town. His name is Pinek, he might know where you can locate the whereabouts of your sister. Do you remember him?"

"Of course I do, how could I forget him - we grew up together in this house. I used to live on the second floor right on top of your apartment. But, I am sorry, he isn't home right now. He will be back later this evening. You may come inside and wait for him, if you wish." She said invitingly.

The apartment looked different now than before when the Lefkowitz family lived here, occupying the entire grand floor of the building. Lavishly furnished, including a grand piano and telephone, that only the most affluent people could afford.

"Have a seat, would you like something to eat, you must be hungry? We live through a tough time now. Food has become very scarce. The black market is flourishing, as prices are sky rocketing." She complained, as she left to fetch some food. I devoured anything she put in front of me with relish. Yet, it was hardly enough to quench my chronic hunger, that's plaguing me ever since the Germans invaded Poland.

"I have no idea what's happened to Pinek tonight?" She said amazed, as it was getting late, and he failed to return.

"I will tell you what, I can see you must be very exhausted from your long journey. Here is his bed, you can go to sleep now if you wish. When Pinek comes he will sleep in the other room." She suggested.

"It's very kind of you, I very much appreciate your hospitality." I was glad to go to bed. As soon I hit the pillow, I was sound asleep.

When I woke up in the morning, the muted sunlight filled the room dazzling light, which marked a new day as a free man.

I got out of bed refreshed, and ready to resume the search for my sister.

"Good morning, did you have a good night sleep?" The woman asked as she walked in. "Yes indeed, I was very exhausted from the long hiking journey. Pinek however, hasn't showed up yet, who knows what happened to him." She said.

Suddenly, there's a wrap at the door, and there he was. Hy Pinek, good to see you." I greeted him and shook his hand. "So am I glad to see you. It's been a long time since we have seen each other the last time. Where have you been all those horrible years?" He inquired.

"Yesterday, I arrived here from Germany, where I spent five years in a concentration camp. As I was wandering the streets in desperate search for a relative or friend. I ran into an old friend of mine, who told me that my sister Eva has survived, and lives somewhere around here on this street. But, he doesn't know exactly in which building. Would you know her whereabouts?"

Of course, I know, she lives in one of the buildings down the street. Come along I will show you in which building." He said, as he opened the door.

"Thank you very much for your hospitality, Mrs. Cramer. Which is in sharp contrast with that of your neighbor upstairs. But, I am sorry that I am in no position at this juncture of my life to reciprocate for your kindness. Because, I am as barehanded as the day I was born - penniless." I apologized to the woman who invited me in. "Don't mention it, you're quite welcome." she said as I closed the door.

"Is there any survivors of your family, beside you?" I inquired as we walked out. Yes, my brother Aaron and my sister Fela, with her husband who returned from Russia. Where they escaped to aftermath the German invasion. All the rest of my five brothers and my mother were wiped out." He said.

"Here it is, - your sister lives in this building on the grand floor!" He pointed at a familiar three story building I used to pass several times a day. "Well, thanks for your valuable information. I will see you around. We are still neighbors, though not as we used to be. Those days are gone - gone for ever." I said as we parted.

My heart began to accelerate in the surprising anticipation to meet my sister. Walking up several stairs I knocked at the door. Excitement crept over me as I visualised the happy encounter of meeting my sister.

A young woman opened the door, "Please, forgive me for my intrusion. I am looking for my sister Eva, I was told that she lives in this apartment."

"You're in the right place, come in. Your sister shares this apartment me. I am sorry, she is not in right now, she left to do some errands, and will back soon. Please have a seat, this will be quite a pleasant surprise for your sister when she returns." She said.

"Where do you come from, if I may ask?" She inquired.

"Yesterday, I arrived in town by train from Germany, where I spent five years in concentration camps. As I got off the train, while haplessly wandering the streets, in a desperate search for a surviving kin, relative or friend. I ran into an old friend of mine, who told me that my sister is alive, she lives on the same street we used to live before deportation. But, he has no idea in which building. So I went to the old address to inquire my sisters whereabouts among the neighbors. Fortunately, the woman who took over our landlords apartment told me that the landlords son Pinek, a survivor lives in her apartment. But, he wasn't available last night. I had to wait till this morning. He was the one who brought me here." I explained.

"Suddenly, the door opened, and there she was - my sister - beautiful as ever. Choked up with deep emotion we fell in each others arms. Amid tears of joy that touched off an illuminating moment of nostalgic memories.

The sense of sadness had dissipated by the sight of her, that gave way to euphoria, in terms that I finally managed to find someone of my kins so dear to me. By virtue of unremitting search had paid off after all.

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"I am so glad to see you my dear sister, that I simply cannot find the right expression to describe the joy that fills my heart." I said, after a while. I vowed not to leave a stone unturned in terms of my quest to some surviving member of our family. If I ever got out of this hell on earth I was in. And so I did - the first thing after liberation."

"It was worthwhile after all to venture such a perilous journey to find you alive and well." I said cheerfully.

"It's indeed a pleasant surprise for me too to have found you my dear brother. Given the kind twist of fate that decreed to bring us together so unexpectedly is most remarkable. She said animated.

"Let's go to my room, I will prepare something to eat, you must be hungry." My sister said, opening the door across the hall.

"The room is small, and it's used as a livingroom, bedroom and kitchen, all combined in one. That's how we survivors commence our shattered lives again. Rising from the ashes of destruction in terms starting from scratch aftermath the Holocaust the Germans inflicted upon us." She said trying to conceal her embarrassment.

"First, let's have lunch, then you'll tell me about your tragic experience. My husband Meyer who also survived, isn't here now, he went on a business trip to Radomsk, he will be back in the evening."

After lunch I tried to give a short account of my tragic experience.

"What can I tell - except that it's a long drawn account which is filled with inconceivable agony, misery, torture and starvation, a human being has ever been exposed to. It's the epitome of human evil, which is too familiar to all of us survivors of the Holocaust. Each survivor has his own tragic story to tell. Yet, they're very much alike - full of horror. Given the lingering pain of bereavement each of us survivors is driven by is compelled in terms of searching for a surviving kin."

"Yesterday, I arrived from Germany, where I spent five horrible years, in concentration camps, ever since I left home.

"Getting off the train I set out in a desperate search for a surviving kin. While wandering the streets, I ran into an old friend of mine Velvel, who told me the good news that you're alive and well. That you live on the same street we used to live before deportation. But, he has no idea in which building. So I rushed to the old address in terms of inquiring among neighbors your whereabouts. A woman who took over Leikowitz's apartment told me that Pinek lives in her apartment. But, he wasn't in, so she invited me in if I wish to wait for him. He failed however, to come back last night. So I had to spend the night at the woman's apartment, and slept in Pinek's bed till this morning. When he showed up, and brought me over here."

"You do not look as if you were liberated from a concentration camp." "I certainly don't - not anymore. So did the Russian soldiers tell me too, whom I have encountered on the road, on my long hiking journey, till I reached Gleiwitz. To whom I had a hard time in explaining the strange phenomenon in the context of my liberation. Narrowly escaping death by my own liberators who mistook me for a German spy.

"Actually, I escaped twice from the Germans during the evacuation of the camp I was in, back in January, this year. As a result of the retreat of the German Army. As we were herded on a death march to interior Germany for the purpose of exterminating all Jewish inmates. Amid whipping out all the vestiges of their criminal and evil activities of mass genocide.

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"The first time I escaped, it was not successful, which resulted in getting caught, amid beatings - narrowly escaping death. However, I was not willing to give up hope in terms of getting rid of my tormentors."

"I decided again as we went along the next day, while staying on a farm, where I escaped and was hiding out on a farm for three months. Being well fed, and well taken care of."

"Given, the good care I received which consequently resulted in my recuperation to the point of losing the image of a concentration camp surviving inmate. This however, didn't act in my favor in terms of my personal safety."

"Now my dear sister, tell me about your tragic experience, and the fate of the rest of the family." I inquired.

"It's utterly a kind twist of fate that I managed to survive with my husband Meyer. All those horrible years after the tragic death of my first child Kuba, whom you used to see very often when you visited us in that squalid room, which served as livingroom, bedroom and kitchen. He perished in the ghetto, from diphtheria, amid the horrible conditions which prevailed in the squalid ghetto, that reeked with filth and disease, and narrowly escaping the gas-chambers." There's more than the eye meets.

"However, there were very serious ramifications - as yet unforeseen in terms of the looming disaster that had befallen us." My sister began to unfold her tragic account in wake of opening the floodgates of our destruction.

"After you left town in 1940, the situation of Jews kept growing worse. Amid rampant starvation, malnutrition, disease and smitten with terror, turned ghetto dwellers to subhumans, to facilitate our demise."

"However, this was just the beginning, there's much worse to come that's in store for us in terms of the "Final Solution" of Jews. That began with a systematic liquidation of the ghetto."

"It was in this context that many Jews were anxious to secure a job in the major German war industry plants. The ghetto became the slave market which supplied slaves for forced labor without pay such as; Hasag, Pelcers, Warta, Czenstochowianka and Rakow."

"Jews maintained that in order to avert deportation it's necessary to become a "Nutzliche Jude" a useful Jew." Deportation and gas-chambers - that weighed heavily on everyone's mind."

"It was in this context that most ghetto dwellers maintained that a "Sondercarte" stamped for labor. A cart that showed employment with these companies, had been deemed the key to life. That was supposedly to avert deportation to gas-chambers."

"However, Jews were still sceptical and unwilling to accept horrible reality that they were about to encounter the "Final Solution". Sondercarte or not - all Jews were bound to meet the tragic end."

"Wishful thinking was converted into shallow expectation in terms of escaping the tragic end that was about to come."

"However, under a veil of secrecy, with the collaboration of the Judenrat, the Germans succeeded to convey the impression that Jews will be transported East, in terms of new job opportunities. Under a cloak of deception, Jews were lured into a web, through a cunning maze of illusion."

"Amid crushing rumors in the ghetto in terms of liquidation in stages, was looming closer. Deportation to the gas-chambers was imminent. Despite assurances of the Judenrat to the contrary, they had gotten from various German sources, that there won't be any deportation."

"However, frenzy preparation of the S.S. guards on the Eve before Yom-Kippur, September 1942, indicated to the contrary."

Although, the streets in the ghetto seemed to look the same as usual - people walking in groups to their jobs early early morning. Amid the sound of their wooden clogs.

"Yet, a sense of profound depression had been looming as an eerie, at the arrival in town of the black uniformed Ukrainian and Lithuanian militia. Who were assisting in the process of deportation, escorting the box-car train filled with Jews to the extermination camps. These thugs were quite famous of their cruelty and brutality."

"On a big lot adjacent to ghetto border, every once in awhile the traffic of military vehicles of questionable character . . . moving in and out of the lot. What seemed to take place was a conference in terms of the expediting the deportation scheme between, the S.S. officers and the Gestapo agents, which couldn't go unnoticed however."

"Yet, even at this juncture of events, in terms of diverting attention of the ghetto dwellers the infamous Judenrat, spread another of their false rumors. In terms of that they had some good news from reliable German officers that there's nothing to fear - there definitely won't be any deportation."

"However, at the crack of pre-dawn hours of Yom-Kippur, all the flood lights which were recently installed on the empty lot, and around ghetto perimeter were suddenly turned on, which illuminate the entire ghetto area. Despite, the blackout regulations being in effect in terms of air-raids."

"At pre-dawn hour, military and S.S. units accompanied by the Ukrainian and Lithuanian militia, moved into the ghetto. Stopping in front of every building, posted a sentry at the entrance, as others patrolled the streets."

"The Jewish ghetto militia was also called . . . in terms of taking part and assisting in the process of elimination their own people. As they appeared at the police station they were ordered by the German Commandant Degenhart - the chief criminal in charge of the deportation

that was about to take place."

"Anyone of the militia who will hesitate to carry out my orders will be shot to death on the spot." The Commandant warned.

"However, Germans did not just rely only on the Jewish militia in terms of expediting the deportation procedures. The ghetto streets were full of German troops, Ukrainian and Lithuanian militia. And of course, the bloody S.S. troops, joined by a horde of Gestapo agents, all waiting for their prey."

"The Commandant Degenhart, took his position at the selection site. Like a victorious conquerer he faced the terror stricken Jews, waiting in horror for the judgement of this heinous villain who sat in the last judgement of who should live, and who should die - for the time being." us

"Oh, my God. Why in the world did you have to deliver us into the hands of these bloody hyenas? Why did you have to pour out Thy wrath upon us who served Thee faithfully for thousands of years." The religious prayed.

"Why couldn't Thou pour out Thy wrath on those who devoured millions of our people who faithfully observed Thy Law, and laid waste to our dwellings

"Then, Commandant Degenhart, ordered the Jewish militia to enter the ghetto dwellings, and let the Jews know to take along only a few belongings. Then leave the keys of the apartment in the door . . . unlocked. And tell them that they have nothing to worry about in terms their personal belongings. It will be shipped to them. Besides, they will be provided with everything; new homes, furniture and anything they need, and of course, good paying jobs. However, if anyone who tries to hide he will be shot on the spot."

"Another of their deceptive ugly lies that the Germans spread with the help of the Judenrat and its militia. Yet, the gullible Jews fell for it anyway,

"Then the murderers stormed into every home including the Jewish militia and uprooted the Jews. Amid meticulous searches for money, diamonds, gold . . . valuables. Stealing anything valuable they could put a hand on."

"Old folks, babies and the sick who were unable to walk where . . . shot on the spot. To save them a journey that terror chartered its course. As the selection momentum developed.

"Huddled together a forlorn people who had a dark premonition of this horrible phenomenon, that this might be a journey of no return."

"Hushed and grim, they embraced their loved ones, telling them not to cry - "Soon we all be in Heaven, turning their painful eyes to Heaven, with the prayer of "Shema Israel". Oh, Hear Israel, on their lips, and went to face the executioner Degenhart for the selection. Who had the final word in terms of who shall will, who shall die."

"Every once in a while a young male or a female was picked out by the Commandant Degenhart, by pointing his baton to the person he wanted to be left behind for the use of slave labor."

"Amid the most horrifying scenes of human tragedy Jews had encountered in the midst of every ghetto in every European country conquered by Germans

"In this tragic saga of enormous human suffering ever encountered by humans in the annals of human history. Which brings into sharp focus the enduring characteristics of the inert human evil, limitless and inconceivable

"It's in this context of this evil phenomenon inflicted by the bloody Germans upon Jews. In terms of to force them into a subhuman state, which will eliminate resistance, and render into total submission. In order, to achieve their concept of genocide."

In fact, the Germans succeeded in great measure in terms of destroying sensitivity of their victims towards each other. Even, towards their own kins, as mothers abandoned their own babies, in order to save their own life. Because, mothers with children had no chance whatsoever to be left behind for forced labor."

"This was the first transport of seven thousand Jews, who were packed into box-car train and shipped to Treblinka extermination camp."

"Then, shortly afterwards another selection was performed, which included among others the residence of the street we used to live on."

"I am quite sure in terms of that our father and our sister Goldy were among the deportees of this transport. Goldy, must have noticed me on the balcony of the room I lived in, which was located on a street that wasn't yet included in this selection, as the transport was herded by. Spurred by the sight of me as she looked up, she made a daring attempt to escape. But, she was gunned down by the guard who escorted them."

"That was the eyewitness account of a Jewish militia man who happened to know Goldy, as he delivered to me a bag she was carrying, containing some bread and some clothing."

"The fate of our oldest sister Gettle and her children was pretty much the same in terms of this tragic end. Except, that they attempted to hide in a bunker dug out by her husband in his mother's shop in the rear of the yard where they lived."

"They were lured out however, by ^{Germans} who came to take them away for deportation. One of her children died the same way my baby did - starvation, malnutrition and disease, in the midst of the disease reeking ghetto."

"Her husband, though, he managed to escape gas-chambers several times. He was gunned down however, as his labor commando he was with was decimated as a reprisal for an attempt to kill a German officer. The gun they managed to acquire, unfortunately jammed."

"Grandmother, who used to live with father and Goldy, after you left town, was also gunned down during the selection. She wasn't quick to get out of the house, as the Germans ordered to line up in the yard, to be herded out with the deportation transport. She rolled down the stairs as she was struck and pushed down, she died from the assassin's bullet."

"Moishe Chaim - Geetles brother in-law, who served in the Polish Army, at the time of the German invasion. When he was taken prisoner of war, transported to a P.O.W. camp, in the aftermath of the Polish Army's defeat. From where he was released a few month later."

"Managed to survive all selections. But, later at the last stage of ghetto existence, at which time some resistance began to organize - he also joined. Going in and out of ghetto with a concealed gun. In a desperate attempt to make contact with Polish underground resistance, in terms of to join them in the woods of Zloty Potok."

"However, the Polish underground not only refused to help Jews to escape from the claws of Germans hyenas. In fact, they weren't any less hostile to Jews, than the Germans were."

"Relishing the prospect of eliminating the Jews, Germans will do for them. In fact, they very much enjoyed to kill Jews themselves, whenever they had a chance. Yet, they weren't as efficient as the Germans in this respect."

"However, Moishe Chaim - whatever he did in terms of resisting the bloody Germans, he deserves to be remembered along with those who dared to stand up against the shamefull murder of our people. He also was caught and executed in a raid on the woods of Zloty Potok."

"In the aftermath of several selections in terms of purging the ghetto of its fifty five thousand Jews. Who found their tragic death in Treblinka's gas chambers. All it was left of this vibrant Jewish community was only five thousand young people, who were selected for slave labor in the ammunition factories just at the outskirts of town."

"In wake of this developement at this juncture of the "Final Solution", except of the five thousand Jews, who were selected for slave labor for the time being. For whom Commandant Degenhart, ordered the shrinking of ghetto to a small size. Selecting the site of a few small slum streets, surrounded by barb wire. Posted sentries with machineguns at these search towers."

"Meanwhile, the Judenrat organized the clean up action of the possessions the victims left behind."

"It was in these clean up actions that was discovered many inconceivable hideouts of ghetto dwellers. Most of them however, were delivered to the Germans by the Judenrat. To be send off to gas-chambers."

"In light of the limited dwelling space by the shrinkage of the ghetto the Judenrat squeezed into one room as many people as possible. Distributing some junky furniture, because the good furniture was shipped to Germany, for the use of Germans. After all, they took the liberty of becoming the heir of everything Jews owned. Even to yank out their gold teeth in terms to fill the coffers of the German treasury. Everything was utilized with German efficiency. Even, the victims hair was used to fill German mattresses,"

"In the aftermath of this tragic developement at this juncture. Some of these young men and women - reminent of the Zionist movment who began to organize the last stage of organized resistance by the name Garncarska Kibbutz. In a desperate attempt to acquire arms and explosives in terms of preparing an open rebellion against the German murderers."

"In a desperate last ditch effort to rid themselves from the bloody German claws. Choosing their own way to die - with a gun in hand."

"They stood their ground, and made the final decision not to give in anymore to our tormentors will, as the momentum for an uprising grew."

"Of course, the underground determination to maintain their position of an open rebellion was met with strong opposition by all members of the Juderat. It's in this contex that they showed a growing concern for their own hide. They simply preferred to continue deluding their people and themselves."

"That by collaborating with the bloody Germans, they will save their own hide, and will survive when all Jews will be gone.

Even now, when there was compelling evidence based on two eyewitnesses account - Pacanowsky, and by the son of a worker^d our brother-in-law. Known by the nickname "Bomba". Who made a daring escape from Treblinka extermination, hidden a box-car train filled with clothing, took off before being herded to the gas-chambers.

"Unfortunately, their tragic account of the ultimate fate of our people was met with great disbelief, from the start till the bitter end - when it was too late. In fact, these eyewitnesses were pronounced demented in the ghetto.

"Thus, how far Jews were deceived and betrayed by their own kind. In terms of paralyzing their will and the ability to reject the tragic reality. This definitely defines the rooted gullibility Jews harbored even towards their sworn enemies. Which brought in its wake the greatest disaster in the annals of human history. This phenomenon however, is symptomatic of other failin

"Jews never learned through adversity they had encountered for centuries from their sworn enemies, who weren't to be trusted under no circumstances."

"Ironically, even the Judenrat and the militia who collaborated with the Germans with blind obedience to the last minute. Even they, could not escape the ultimate tragic fate, their people had encountered from the Germans they served so well. However, as soon these collaborators outlived their usefulness in terms of providing Jews to feed the extermination mills - they were thrown into the gas-chambers themselves."

"This is to underscore the greatest coup de grace the Jewish people had encountered from their leaders in Europe and worldwide, including Jews in the United States. In terms of failing to render some help to their beleaguered people in Europe. In their struggle to escape destruction."

"As the specter of death kept hovering over them. It's much more to it than it met the eyes in this shameful betrayal of our people. In a widespread insidious canard to evade the truth, what transpired in occupied Europe."

"To lend credence in the most evil villains, whose avarice and demonism knew no bounds of killing Jews - was sheer insanity."

"History is strewn with the wreckage caused by many leaders of nations who refused to lend credence to the veracity of the worst scenario case assesment that ever came to pass. The tragic encounter from human evil - Jews had incurred tops them all, as it dwarfs any national tragedy in the annals of human history which had no parallels."

"To lend credence in many who maintained that revolt was possible but, suicidal because, it would provoke bloody German reprisals. What an absurd reasoning, given the evil nature of mass genocide initiated by Germans. What does suicidal mean at this score, when there's practical no chance of survival either way from these bloody executioners of our people. Who were hellbouned to wipe us out. In fact, it was far beyond any conceivable mind to accept such a diabolic aspect of reality. Revolt however, would have been the only way in terms of the freedom to choose how to die - with a gun."

"In wake of this resolution in terms of to rise against the murderers the leaders of the underground spent sleepless nights of figuring out a way of how to get money to buy guns and ammunition."

"The basic discussion on the agenda was; active preparation for an ghetto uprising. And the transfer as many Jews as possible to the woods for partisan activities in terms of sabotaging logistic or military installations outside the ghetto."

"It was in this context that a special messenger was dispatched to the Warsaw ghetto underground in terms to get some leads how to organize the uprising. To share their knowledge where to acquire guns, ammunition and explosives to produce hand grenades."

"There's no time to loose, extreme caution had to be taken in terms of secrecy to prevent leakage to informers, of whom the ghetto was crawling with."

"Meanwhile, Motek Silberberg - the commander of the underground, and Zvi Wiernik, were put in charge of establishing a lab for the production of handgrenades. The shells were stolen by some Jewish workers at the Vulkan casting plant, and smuggled into ghetto. Explosive powder was also stolen by some women forced labor workers at the ammunition plants. Molotov cocktails were produced according to the specifications they received from headquarters of the Warsaw ghetto underground, transferred by some messengers."

"In one of the bunkers - the location of the underground headquarters atunnel had been dugout which led to the Arien side. To be used in case of emergency, as an escape route in terms of an encounter with the bloody Germans."

"In one of its first activities of the underground, since the establishment, one incident was quite remarkable in terms of teaching a lesson the Jewish militia, which left an indelible impression on its members."

"The underground member Hipek Haiman, who returned from a trip, acting as contact with the Warsaw ghetto underground carrying all kind of forged documents for underground members use. Was caught by a German sentry as he made his way to sneak into the ghetto one night. He was arrested and handed over be into the custody of the Jewish police, to keep him under arrest till he will be delivered to the Gestapo in the morning."

"However, as the underground members found out about it, they decided to free him. A group of underground members arrived at the police station where Hipek was locked up."

"The underground members whose strange behavior drew derision from the police captain who was soon overwhelmed however, as he and the policemen in charge heard the order "hands up, face the wall".

"Amid great confusion, with one gun in their possession the underground members pointed at them. As the police surrendered, the cell door was burst open to set Hipek free, and hide him in one of the bunkers."

"Sabotage activities had also been carried out by some members of the underground, who belonged to a labor group called "Ost Bahn".

"In light of the fact, that the lack of the considerable amount of explosives necessary to blow up trains, carrying soldiers and military hardware to the Russian front. The saboteurs had to take a recourse and use wrenches to take apart some railroad tracks in terms of causing derailment. In order to play havoc on military logistics."

"One day, the saboteurs - amid the march with their labor commando on the way to work made a daring attempt to sneak away. Ready for action, equipped with some guns and necessary tools for the job, taken apart railroad tracks. In order, to derail military trains filled with soldiers and military hardware, headed for the designated point of action."

"Unfortunately, to their great misfortune they ran into some Polish guys who notified the Gestapo that some Jews roaming around the railroad tracks. It seems that they're trying to derail military trains."

"As the Gestapo arrived shortly afterwards a battle ensued as they exchanged gunfire. Underground members fought desperately, until they ran out of ammunition. When they did, three underground members were death, one succeeded to get away, and made his way back to ghetto."

"However, the leader of the group Zvi Lustiger, an old friend of mine got caught as he was wounded in the encounter. He was brought to the Gestapo headquarters in terms to undergo torture, the terror of the Gestapo's infamous interrogation system."

"Due to the fact, of his serious injuries he encountered in the gunfire exchange, he was sent to a hospital, and had been kept there under heavy guard till ready to be interrogated by Gestapo agents."

During which Gestapo vultures resort to most cruel means imaginable in terms of bending their victims to their will. To spell out all they wanted to know in their quest for a complete account of the underground activities.

"Amid enormous painful torture, which included the process of pulling nails of fingers and toes. And burning the skin all over the body with cigarette buds. In terms to force their victim to divulge his comrades in arms, and by whom he was ordered to do sabotage."

"By virtue of unremitting devotion to the underground resistance. This courageous youngster who inexorably and heroically resisted despicable brutality. He would under no circumstances betray the concept of armed resistance, and his comrades in arms."

"Some of the forced laborers who worked at the Gestapo headquarters - knew to tell of the tragic end this hero had encountered by the hands of those German butchers. In terms of that he was virtually cut up piece by piece in the process of interrogation. Yet, all the Gestapo agents got out of him was silent contempt for them. May he be remembered as one of the dedicated resistance fighter, may he rest in peace."

"Yosek Glikstein, - who had been with resistance leader Motek Silberberg, to the last minute in terms of the uprising, knew to tell many details what transpired in the bunker. Prior and after the tragic encounter with the bloody Germans. Which put an end to the armed resistance in the ghetto."

"A few days prior to the tragic encounter, a tense mood prevailed in ghetto. Amid the apprehensive anticipation in terms of some action. All underground members were mobilized to their posts. Ready to meet the bloody Germans face to face."

"After twenty four hours of relatively calm, an order to disperse was given, and to return to their regular duties. The bitter surprise did not fail to come, as the apocalypse disaster loomed closer."

"On the 25th of June 1943 the Germans surrounded the ghetto. Converging in full force on the house of Nadrzeczna 88. Amid the raid they stormed into every apartment, rounding up all dwellers. Upon a tip of an informer they knew exactly the location of the main bunker."

"Storming into the bunker they forced Zalman Weltman to open the entrance. The Germans however, did not dare to approach the opening of the bunker, before tossing in some handgrenades. Zalman was forced to descend first, followed by his captors. As they reached the bunker, they found Motek Silberberg dead. Trapped by the unexpected raid - the underground fighters opened gun fire as battle ensued."

"Lotek Glickstein, wounded some Germans, killing one in the midst of a fierce battle. Taking advantage of guard changing, he succeeded to escape through an adjacent yet undiscovered tunnel into the darkness of the night."

"Armed with two guns, he made his way into the woods in the vicinity of Koniecpol, where he joined a fighting unit of partisans. Regrettably, he was brutally murdered in an encounter with the A.K. - the Polish anti-Semitic underground fighting unit. Who distinguished themselves more in murdering Jews than fighting German conquerors. Harboring a great deal of oldtime hatred for Jews, much more than for Germans."

"Another remarkable figure in the resistance movement was Rivka Glanz - by virtue of unprecedented courage and perseverance in terms of fighting the bloody Germans."

"She arrived in the ghetto in 1941, in order to organize the resistance movement. Soon she became the inspiration of all members, as she succeeded to distinguish herself in many clandestine operations against bloody Germans, where others failed. Quickly gained respect of anyone she came in contact with. Aftermath liquidation of the big ghetto, she became one of the dominant figures of the resistance movement."

"In terms of keeping constant contact with Warsaw ghetto underground, and the Zaglemia region. She mastered in acquisition arms and ammunition, distributing underground literature. Her Arien appearance seemed to enable her to slip through the most dangerous spots outside the ghetto - unscathed.

"On that fateful day, of the final stages of liquidation of the small ghetto, she was also in the bunker with Mark Polman - a messenger from the Warsaw ghetto underground resistance movement. As the Germans stormed into the bunker, both were trapped inside. In a desperate effort to hide in a deserted house. To their bitter surprise however, they were soon discovered in the midst of a German raid in the area. A fierce battle ensued as Mark tossed a few handgrenades towards the Germans, killing some of them.

"Amid confusion in the ranks of the attackers he managed to escape. Rivka, however, who kept firing her gun to the last bullet, unfortunately, was pinned down by heavy gunfire could not escape. She fell heroically killing some Germans in the process, wounding several others in this encounter."

"Failures of the underground resistance ventures against the German murderers, kept piling up like snow on a mountain top. Grossly compounded by a wide network of informers who kept the Germans updated of what was transpiring in the midst of the underground resistance movement."

"There were many more of brave and courageous young people in the midst of our community. As: Machel Birenzweig, Manik Plamenbaum, Alek Herszberg, Jerzy Rosenblat, Heniek Richter, Yosek Canter, Yanek Krause, Szlamek Szein, and many more. Unfortunately, we weren't psychologically prepared to defend ourselves against genocide of our people, which is an outgrowth of the wrong education in terms of turning the other cheek, instead of standing up for our human rights. Which ultimately led to our destruction."

"This tragic phenomenon and many other lamentable failures is symptomatic of the tragic existence in the midst of their sworn enemies."

"Given, these tragic failures - the members - and what was left of the underground resistance, decided to transfer them to the woods and Zloty Potok and Koniecpol. And also to acquire some guns and ammunition. There wasn't much success however, in neither one. Only a few guns reached its destination."

"Another disappointment surfaced, a "reliable" Polish contact - a member of the Socialist Party, who had been of some use in terms of preparing the Warsaw ghetto uprising. He proved himself useful in terms of procuring guns and ammunition, given his contact with one of the managers of an arms manufacturing plant, by the name Krzak."

"He even volunteered to take charge of this venture himself. Thereby, to prevent the exposing the life to danger of one underground member."

"Without a trace of suspicion in terms of dishonesty in this guy - he was entrusted a considerable amount of the precious money necessary to buy the guns and ammunition."

"However, to be on the safe side, a underground member went along with this cunning gun buyer by the name Icik Windman, whom Krzak murdered on their way to buy the guns. He disappeared in the thin air with the money, never to be found."

"The group who was transferred to the woods in the Koniecpol area, went through hell in terms of making contact with Polish partisans. Although they succeeded in getting friendly with inhabitants, suffering a great deal from the hands of the Polish A.K. partisans. Whose hatred of Jews equaled that of the Germans, reveling in the blood letting of Jews themselves, in terms of murdering anyone they found."

"Notwithstanding, even so that the open revolt had failed. Yet, the concept of armed resistance became a reality in the ghetto against the German tyrants."

"These courageous youngsters however, their exploits - even so wrought with many failures, became the lightening rod that illuminated the way in this bloody struggle for freedom. Amid the darkness of despicable horror - they chose to take their stand and die with dignity, on their own terms - with a gun in their hand. They certainly deserve to be remembered."

"Somewhere along the lines our lives veered off the last track, turning our existence into a irreversible commute to hell. Which had become the defining phenomenon that gave momentum to the ongoing situation. It jerks our mind into a sense of *deja vu*."

"Thus, concluded the tragic saga, unprecedented in the annals of human history. A tragic phenomenon of a doomed people in its desperate struggle to survive in this cruel and evil world. Which denied us our inalienated right to exist on this earth."

"The horror story in terms to depict our traumatic experience however, will take countless pages of writing to define this horrible phenomenon. The account on these pages only scratches the surface. It defines epitome of unprecedented evil the master race inflicted upon us, in terms of mass genocide. This tragic phenomenon however, will haunt us for the rest of our lives." My sister concluded her tragic account.

In the evening, her husband Mayer returned, and we kept reminiscing our tragic experience, till late into the night.

The next day, I went out to take a closer look at the remnants of the ghetto destruction. All there's left however, in terms of this vibrant Jewish community, was full of rubble and painful nostalgic memories.

Here, lies in ruins and destruction of a doomed people deprived of all basic human rights. Who obsequiously accepted oppression, tyranny, despotism and persecution inflicted upon them by their host country. Without the slightest outcry for justice and protest. A people who lived for many centuries at the mercy of its foes - steadily growing in numbers as well as in intensity. In desperate struggle to survive under circumstances of dire portent. Yet, never did they even attempt to resist the violent attacks of bloody pogroms inflicted upon them.

They always kept answering every act of persecution with the same kind of behavior that kept abetting anti-Semitism, that flourished for centuries. Amid turning the other cheek, praying and begging for mercy. Traits hardly appropriate for survival in this human jungle.

Hence, we became an easy target for those frustrated hoodlums predators who sought our destruction. As they filled rivers of our blood for many centuries. Finally, our enemies got their wish - more than they bargained for. In terms of, that they got rid of the three and a half million Jews. Poles always dreamed of, as the Germans did the job for them. They reaped the benefits of taken our properties, and anything we owned, including our shops and factories.

We have reaped the harvest of unrestrained anti-Semitism, that culminated with genocide of our people. Permeated with wanton cruelty and malice conjured up for many centuries. Dating back to the advent of Christianity, amid an unjust reproach - an eternal stigma in terms of being the Christ killers. Bestowed upon us by the preachers of the Christian Church.

It's in this context, that the seeds of hatred were planted and nurtured as it became rooted. It blossomed in full force. Grossly, compounded by extreme jealousy of our ability in terms of economic achievements in every aspect of our lives. Except, of course, in terms of civil rights, where we scored very poorly, because of unjust treatment of our host country.

Consequently, we engendered violence and bloody pogroms fostered by the Catholic Church, where the cancer of anti-Semitism was born, and instigated by venomous sermons of their preachers. Also indoctrinated in their schools.

The quest for revenge burned into my soul, dominating my mind. As reminiscing the appalling tragedy over the rubble and ashes of the ghetto. in the midst of the echoes of this massive bloodshed, which has no parallels in the annals of human history, that will never be stilled - unless revenged.

Hate for my tormentors and thirst for revenge was all that kept me alive through all those dark years of my miserable life in hell on earth. Patiently anticipating the day of reckoning to come - and it finally did.

Revenge - for this despicable mass genocide. Revenge - that has been crying out from the ashes of destruction. From the mute walls of the gas-chambers. From the pits of countless Jews buried alive. And finally, revenge for a million and a half innocent children murdered in cold blood.

As the great Hebrew poet Nachman Bialik rightly put it; "Even the devil himself hath not devised a fitting revenge for the blood of an innocent child yet." But, Hitler did.

I also reserve the right in my behalf to demand justice for the countless victims who pined away in torture, starvation and terror, along with me for five years, in the infernos of concentration camps and ghettos.

Upon my return I told my sister that I have made up my mind in terms of leaving the country.

"I have no intention to remain here in this cursed country any longer. How can I live here in the shadow of our horrible nightmare. In the midst of these bloodthirsty Jew-haters, who called and participated in the process of our destruction? How can I walk, the earth holds countless tons of ashes of our exterminated people? With rivers of blood that cries out for revenge. I have no intention to start my life on this graveyard. In the midst of bloodthirsty Jew-haters who had their share and revelled in the destruction of our people. What's even worse - they do not seem to be satisfied with the final results of the Holocaust, as they watch the resurfacing of survivors, the people in Poland voice great disappointment in terms of the German failure to complete the "Final Solution" for Jews, as they see some returning survivors they deemed to be dead. Hitler failed to kill all of them after all."

"Can't you see my dear, we're unwelcome - in fact, we never were. That's what they were waiting for, for centuries."

"However, in light of the return of some survivors, they think we came back to retrieve our properties and belongings we had left behind, they had stolen from us in the aftermath brought on in wake of deportation to the extermination and concentration camps. Those Jew-haters wouldn't quail to do away also with these few survivors. Who by some kind of twist managed to escape death, amid all odds against them."

"There's that depressent mood in terms of the haunting nostalgia and desolation, that seemed to be the immutable condition in the midst of the people in this cursed country. They haven't changed at all as far as Jews were concerned, in terms of their undiminished hate of Jews. We anticipated however, as a result of our tragic impasse we had encountered in this from the bloody Germans, and the Poles collaborators. In their quest to get rid of the Jews. In fact, leopard never changes its spots, nor does the venomous serpent its cunning."

"Those courageous youngsters, by virtue of unremitting bravery who dared to rise up against German tyranny. Will become the inspiration of the survivors, who will have to pick up where they left off."

"However, not in this country and not in Europe any more, in the midst of these villains. Our place is in the Land of Israel - that's where we belong. That's where the drama of Jewish history will work itself out. The Land of Israel is waiting for us to retrieve it, whether the British like it or not. We have to fight for its independence. We won't get it for free."

"We came to the crossroad,amid a fresh start for a new life again. The concept of which was born as a consequence of the horrible trauma we had encountered from our host countries. Where our people had spend their wretched existence for centuries - abused, degraded and stripped of all human rights long before they were murdered. This can only underscore the horrible phenomenon we had incurred in the midst of these despicable enemies."

"It's in this context unfortunately, that our generation had to pay that horrible price. In terms of the two generations Zionist lack of foresight of our founding fathers - they failed to think ahead of time."

"The only path leading to our future is; the Land of Israel - the only place under the sun where Jews can be cared for, not in spite of the fact that we're Jewish, but because of it. That's the only corner in the world left for us to go to, in terms of to build a new life in the midst of our people. A life that will protect our people from annihilation. A life of dignity that will afford us the quality of a free people."

"How can any of us fail to stand up and be counted in terms of to take part in this wonderful renaissance of Jewish history that will be written in blood of our people?"

"Amid a swirl of rumors circulating in the midst of the survivors in terms of a clandestine illegal immigration to the Land of Israel. In charge of this operation is the Bricha - which means "flight" in association with the Mossad le-Aliyah Bet. They're the organizers and a clandestine body of emissaries from the Land of Israel. With a large contingent of the Jewish Brigade soldiers in Europe, who were guiding Jewish survivors of Holocaust across Italy, France and Yugoslavia."

"The Mossad le-Aliyah Bet, the committee in charge of illegal immigration in terms of buying boats, outfitting them. In order to fill them with as as many survivors as possible, regardless of its condition. Just to get them to the shores of the Promised Land." I finally concluded.

"In fact, I wouldn't mind to join you on this journey to the Land of Israel. But, I don't think that Mayer would like to leave this country. However, I happen to know someone who might be interested to venture this trip with you." My sister suggested. "That will be fine." I replied.

A few days later, my sister introduced me to this guy, who desperately thought a way to flee this country as fast as possible.

In fact, he has been on the run ever since he deserted from the Russian Army, brought on in wake of stealing horses from the army, and selling them to civilians. Now however, the ground has been burning under his feet. He has to flee in terms of averting prosecution, that might result in deportation to the Soviet forced labor camp of the Gulag in Syberia.

Given, his precarious situation under these circumstances he was in dire need to cover up his desertion. In terms of teaming up with a concentration camp survivor, pretending also to be a concentration camp inmate.

In fact, I wasn't very excited about this character. I did however, agree to take him along on this journey. Because, I was so anxious to leave this damned country that caused me so much agony. As long as it is still possible to leave. Who knows what might happen soon, they might close the border. In that case, I might loose my last chance to escape to freedom.

This totalitarian regime ruled by tyrants, who are very unpredictable in every aspect of their government. Who in terms of staying in power are enslaving its people by using the most brutal means of law enforcement.

In wake of this developement in terms of getting to shores of the Promised Land. The concept of which I became greatly inspired to join the exodus of the last vestiges of the European Jewry - the survivors of the Holocaust. On their way to freedom in the Promised Land of Israel.

Given, this important purpose, I could not afford to miss it.

My sister, might have been glad to leave this cursed country, Her husband flatly rejected the idea of leaving the country. He was more than happy to pick up where he left off as a result of the deportation and destruction of his business. He looked up his old accounts in his hometown in Radomsk, in terms of establishing himself again, on the ashes of destruction. I had no intention to get ensnared in this death trap. As long as there's still time to leave this graveyard as soon as possible. In terms of to get rid of this nightmare, once, and for all.

I talked it over with this guy - Mietek, in terms of outlining our itinerary plan, and decided to leave the next morning. In a compelling quest of making contact with Bricha organizers, and join the exodus.

Part Three

The Promised Land

Thus, we joined the remnants of European Jewry, in the exodus to freedom in the Promised Land, in Israel. In whose veins ran the blood of the wandering Jew, in our quest for a national home. Lost in a continent of anti-Semites, inexorably bent on its destruction. I vowed to leave this country, put behind our traumatic experience and this cursed country. Which has been our death trap; neither had it given us anything but, grief and agony.

The train rolled into the station and came to a stop in front of a forward surging crowd towards the open doors. By the time we tried to figure out to get aboard the train we were carried into the train car by a surging crowd. Who packed the train like sardines, and left no room enough to stand on.

Aftermath, six agonizing hours we arrived in Warsaw. The most calamitous sight unfolded before our eyes we had never seen before, as we walked out to the streets of this once flourishing city.

Warsaw was completely flattened to the ground. A ghost town without an undestroyed building. Piles of rubble - was all that was left. Dotted with many deep craters it assumed an eerie aspect of the moon surface. Nothing left, but gaunt shells of burned out hulks - a large ghost town.

"Excuse me, could you please direct me to Mila Street?" I asked, a man passing by. I wanted to take a close look at the area where the heroic drama of the Warsaw ghetto uprising took place.

"Follow me, I will show you the way how to get there. But, we will have to walk, because there's no transportation available at this juncture, as the whole city infrastructure had been knocked out." The man explained.

"Where you here in Warsaw during the German occupation? I curiously inquired." "Yes I was. I managed to survive outside the ghetto walls, under Arien identification papers." He replied.

"Over there is the ruined train terminus at the Umschlag Platz. - he pointed his finger at, as we reached the ghetto area. He began to recount what transpired on those fateful days of the ghetto uprising and its tragic end.

"From there, box-car trains packed like cattle to the slaughterhouse where departing with Jews, on their last journey of no return for the gas-chambers in Treblinka."

"There were only forty thousand Jews left in the Ghetto on that fateful month of January 1943, when the first rebellion of the armed resistance encounter with the bloody Germans took place."

"In wake of this tragic development aftermath German determination to finally eliminate the rest of what was left of the vibrant Jewish community in Warsaw. A segment of Jews - a remnant of the Zionist movement who began to organize into an underground fighting force, determined to stage an open rebellion."

Jews

"In defiance of German determination to liquidate the ghetto, and send the rest of Jews to the gas-chambers. It was in this context that these- in a most desperate attempt to put an end to this mass genocide. Desperately appealing to the rest of the ghetto dwellers to defy German orders to go the trains, which will take them to the extermination camp."

"In a desperate last ditch venture for an open rebellion. Through bribery and ingenuity - the Jewish underground resistance managed to obtain some guns and ammunition. And to produce Molotov cocktails (bottles filled with gasoline and flammable wicks), in terms of using them against German tanks. In order, to meet the demand for an open rebellion against Germans."

"Of course, everyone was aware that this was a lost battle. However, all underground members decided to act according to well known motto; "If we have to die, we will take with us as many Germans as possible." As Samson did in the Assyrian Temple - crushing the structure of the Temple on his head, and on the heads of the Assyrians."

"By virtue of intrepid courage in terms of choosing their own way to die. As the fateful day loomed closer, heralding doom by the arriving of almost a thousand German troops, for the final liquidation of the ghetto. And escort the rest of the Jews to box-car trains, destined to extermination camps. That's what triggered the uprising, opening the floodgates of the most audacious, undaunted venture in the annals of human history."

This time however, the bloody Germans were met with a surprise they had never anticipated. Shocked and dismayed, they scurried for cover. As they were met by a hail of bullets and Molotov cocktails, instead of supplication."

"The battle raged on for three days. Finally, it wasn't the Jews - but the Germans who were forced to retreat. The Germans were outraged!"

"Given this set-back - the Germans launched a counterattack under the command of one of the most bloodthirstiest murderers - General Jurgen Stroop, who was determined to launch a devastating blow in terms of turning the ghetto into a pile of rubble."

"The Jewish underground fighters, desperately prepared to meet the German onslaught, converted cellars into bunkers, creating a confusing network of intercommunicating passages, leading to the city sewers. As a last resort in terms of getting out of this inferno. And mining the streets upon retreat. The Jewish fighters however, did not expect to hold out very long."

"It was in March 1943, that the Germans launched a counterattack using artillery batteries that flattened building by building. Before they dared to go into the ghetto. To deny the resistance fighters any cover."

"This however, forced them to take refuge in the cellars and sewers, into which Germans poured tear-gas, flame-throwers and handgrenades."

"In desperation the Jewish fighters appealed to the Polish underground - the Home Army, for help, but in vain. The Poles couldn't be more pleased with the results of the German concept of the "Final Solution" to the Jewish problem. They hoped the Germans will conclude the job. Relishing the prospect of eliminating the Jews, in terms of making Poland Judenrein."

"However, those incredible acts of heroism unparalleled in the annals human history. As a handful starved and desperate Jewish resistance fighters who fought bravely to the bloody end, under the leadership of this great hero - Mordechai Anielewicz. Without a decent weapon, attacked German tanks, and held at bay the mightiest military force the world has ever known - for forty days. Until there wasn't no one and nothing left to fight with. It was a forgone conclusion under these horrible circumstances, that the resistance could not endure much longer."

"It will only underscore what a handful can accomplish in terms of resisting tyranny - if it's the right one, even though that there was no hope"

"However, this tragic phenomenon is reminiscent of what the Romans inflicted upon Jews - two thousand years ago. The only difference was, that the Romans weren't as sophisticated and efficient as the Germans in mass genocide."

"Thus, the tragic end laid to rest the concept of open rebellion against the German embodiment of evil. Yet, Jews fought alone and died alone as the whole world silently stood by. Watching indifferently the genocide of our doomed people. Paying no heed to the uprising of a handful of Jews, fighting for their life in this human jungle."

"It's estimated that the Germans used more artillery shells in subduing the Warsaw ghetto uprising, than they did in initial conquest of Warsaw in September, 1939, when the Polish Army, desperately defended the city."

"Nevertheless, the Warsaw ghetto uprising did have some effect, in terms of sending shock waves through Germany."

"The chief executioner Adolf Eichman - wrote in his diary; 'A chill of fear swept through Germany upon the news of the raging uprising in the Warsaw ghetto. It didn't seem possible. For many nations fell beneath the German onslaught within hours, even with their well trained and well equipped armies. But, an armed rebellion against the German regime was usually rare - especially unimaginable when it was done by a handful of desperate Jews.'"

"Goebbels - the propaganda minister of the Third Reich, who went to his death and his family in Hitler's bunker in the flaming rubble of the thousand year Reich - wrote in his diary; 'Armed Jews are very dangerous, it shows what is to be expected of Jews when they are in possession of arms.'"

"However, there's nothing finer in entire history of heroism, and soul stirring in the annals of a doomed nation fighting for its survival. Than the exploits of a handful of starved and desperate Jewish fighters. Rising up against their tormentors, who chose to die nobly in terms to defend the dignity of their doomed people."

Nevertheless, Jews whom Hitler boasted to eradicate completely - failed. Despite of all the murder and bloodshed - it did not impede the march of Jewish history, aftermath a long dark night that lasted many centuries, and culminated with the rise of Hitler.

On the contrary, it invoked the inspiration for the national awareness. Now, a new dawn was beginning to break, in terms of awakening a new renaissance, entirely unknown ever since the uprising of the Maccabees, two thousand years ago. National consciousness awakened from the long nightmare.

Amid the realization that the time is long overdue and take up arms - right if necessary, in order to retrieve our homeland in the Promised Land. Which had been invaded by our enemies who turned it into a wasteland. Including the nefarious British tricksters who had been entrusted with the thirty years mandate over our Land and named it Palestine. Who dared to carve out our country, hand over three quarter of it to a Bedouine tribesman. Who illegally establish the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

The bloody British, who were entrusted with the mandate over Palestine, where they stirred up pogroms against peaceful Jewish settlers, for political expediency. The pioneers who came to Palestine with indomitable courage and tenacity of faith in the concept of modern Zionism, in terms of turning this barren wasteland into a blooming fruit bearing lush splendor.

Most survivors maintained that the Holocaust and its aftermath has deepened their conviction in terms of leaving behind the decaying European continent, where we paid an enormous price for our existence.

Amid a constant struggle to survive in the midst of despicable anti-Semitic nations who share bigotry, and the highest level of contempt for different religious faith. Whose goal has always been to destroy us, and lay a hand on anything we owned.

It's at this juncture that a new era began to dawn, that we finally began to realize that the time had come to throw off the shackles of the degrading and decaying European continent.

However, what's the most ironical phenomenon of Jewish history, that Hitler - the greatest bloodthirsty murderer in the annals of human history had to be the one to make us realize the reality of what it meant to be without our own country. And not Moses, who should have been the guiding light associated with this phenomenon.

Thus, our mutual course of a journey that anxiety chartered its course. However, there's no Mossad representatives at juncture of events in this ghost town. The next stop on our itinerary was Lublin.

We got aboard a train that rolled past hamlets, thatched shanties, surrounded by rye fields, where men and oxen strained against the plow leash - women were doubled in stoop labor, carried on the most primitive way. Almost unchanged from feudal times, as the countryside flew past the speeding train, which was the most fertile part of the country.

It's this area which was chosen by the German murderers, as the extermination sites for the Jewish people, beside Auschwitz and many others.

The whole area had been dotted with extermination camps and concentration camps for Jews - exclusively. The soil had been drenched with countless murdered Jews who were brought here by using deceit in terms of attaining their ultimate monstrous goal of the "Final Solution" to the Jewish problem. The ashes from burned Jewish corpses darkened the skies of Poland.

Upon our arrival in Lublin, we went to the Refugee Center, where we're met some survivors who wandered around, discouraged in their search for a surviving kin, or a home to settle down. In a quest for a permanent anchorage. Unable to find neither in this respect - many had given up hope, where on their way to the D.P. camps in Germany.

Our survival - that we so desperately struggled for had been overshadowed by the trauma that began to unfold as we returned. Opening the floodgates of the horrible bereavement, as we were unable to find nothing and nobody. That was once an integral part of our lives.

As far as the Bricha was concerned, we were told that we have to get across the border of Romania. There we might be able to get in touch with them.

The next day, we took a train south, which was crowded with refugees traveling to Rzeszow. There we found a lawyer who for a fee agreed to make a phony document, stating that we were Romanian born - returning home from concentration camp. In terms of to enable us to get across the border, in case we were apprehended.

Having the document in our possession we decided that we should go back to my sister and her husband, and ask them to join us.

As we arrived at the train station, we edged our way through a surging crowd. As a box-car train rolled into the station the crowd began surging towards the open doors. Then suddenly, I was pushed away from the door as the full packed train began to roll out of the station, with Mietek on board, and many people barely hanging on the outside.

In a few days, Mietek was back in the company of my sister and her husband. Waisting no time we went to the train station to get a train to Sanok that arrived at a deserted train station near the Czechoslovakian border. We were told however, that there's no train available to take across the border. We tried to tip off the station master in terms of to get some transportation - but of no avail. The only transportation he offered us was; a ride on the coal box of the steam engine that was bound to leave across border. Having no choice - especially at this particular time, aftermath the devastation of much of the European continent. Which hasn't recovered yet from destruction at this juncture of events.

We accepted the offer, and climbed to the top of the engine coal-box. Amid a shroud of steam and smoke the steam engine rolled out of the station.

This was the most appalling train ride we had ever encountered that will never be forgotten. The coal fired engine sped through a hilly countryside, leaving in its wake a dark cloud of dense smoke mixed with steam and soot. Grossly compounded by a strong wind that was constantly blowing in our faces. By the time we reached the first Czechoslovakian town Humene, we were smudged beyond recognition.

Yet, with the exception of my brother-in-law we were more than happy to have gotten rid of the Polish Jew-haters and their damned country.

Now we were glad to get any transportation that would come along - anything on wheels that moved. In order, to reach our destination in this war torn continent. It's in this context, that our traveling prospect was bleak.

However, we managed somehow to get on a train to Debrecen, a town in Hungary, that bore the full brunt of war, that laid waste to it. Devastated by air-raids and artillery shells turned all buildings into raving hulks.

Changing trains between stations of the never ending box-cars, a reminiscent of Hitler's box-car trains that transported European Jews to the extermination mill.

Passing through the most devastated countryside in Europe, where the Russian Army rendered a devastating blow of defeat to the bloody German invincible Army, and their Hungarian collaborators. We finally arrived in Oradia Mary - a town sandwiched between Hungary and Romania, composed of a mixture of both nationals.

Here, in the midst of some displaced wandering survivors, with whom we shared our frustration. And joined them for free meals at the Refugee Center kitchen. Which consisted of a bowl of cooked beans and a piece of bread. A continuation of our post liberation wandering saga.

Following registration we were allotted lodging in a building which once served as a hospital.

As for my sister and her husband, this accommodation was not acceptable because, they did not like to be separated. As in this set up men could not lodge in the same room. So they rented a room in a private home.

About a week or so, subsequently to our arrival, I got into an argument that put me in a collision course with my brother-in-law.

"It's because of him that I left Poland, I don't need him around." He said to my sister one day, as we were strolling around town. His remark triggered an unwelcome vision in my mind.

However, neither was I ever glad to be around him - that made us even. In fact, it was my sister, that I was anxious to find. Yet, I felt right at the beginning, when I returned. I noticed that he wasn't glad to see me back.

In fact, he was quite disturbed that he will have another mouth to feed. He was also suspicious in terms of that my sister was giving me some money. This however, wasn't all, he also had been accusing me that I had been urging my sister to leave him.

However, he was wrong on all accounts. Neither, have I ever urged, or even suggested anything of that kind. Nor was I the type to accept any handouts.

In fact, ever since my return, I voiced my intention to leave this damned Polish country, and go to the Land of Israel. My brother-in-law however, hated me for this too - he would have had me rather not to show me up at all.

In fact, he missed the town where he used to be a shopkeeper. Where to he returned after liberation, eager to pick up his old accounts, in terms of making a new start in building his future. In the midst of this unmarked graveyard for our people.

you

"There's nothing to be gained by dwelling on this subject any longer. You may rest assured that I won't be in your way any longer. That will spare the worry and suspicion, in terms of the accusation that my sister has been passing on your money to me as a handout, which she certainly did not. I won't be around anymore - I am leaving." I said to my brother-in-law, as I bade farewell to my sisters and left.

In fact, I couldn't bear the impression of being a fifth wheel to a wagon. From there the paths diverged, as the gap between us never stopped widening. I certainly wasn't the one to be blamed for.

After several days of travelling and changing trains I finally, arrived in Bucarest - the capital city of Romania. Upon arrival, I looked up the Refugee Center - a fenced off two story building which housed the center, at Cala Moshilu 128, where I was registered and accommodated with a cot and a blanket. In one of the rooms, to share with seven other refugees.

Bucarest - a beautiful city called; the Paris of the Balkans. The city was unscathed from the curse of war. Cala Victoria Blvd. runs through the center of the city - packed with elegant shops, fine hotels and restaurants teeming with shoppers and lunch strollers. Except for some minor shortages in some commodities, no one could tell that there's still a war going on.

Equally inspiring was the Royal Palace of King Carl II. However, His Majesty the King and his family were gone - gone for ever.

The famous and infamous King Carl II, who cooperated with the bloody Jew-haters, and the British, in terms of their ban on Jewish immigration to Palestine, at the most crucial juncture of the European Jews, who desperately attempted to escape Nazi terror. At the same time he also acquiesced to a purely national anti-Semitism, fostered by his Prime Minister Goga. Under whom the power of the bloody Iron Guard - a ruthless Nazi organization. That swelled to monarchy shaking proportions, in terms of endangering the throne and removing King Carl. That day, arrived too when he was ousted by his appointed Premier, General Antonescu, who replaced Goga, and turned the country over to the bloody Iron Guard. Who massacred many thousands of Jews, hanging them on hooks like slaughtered cattle in the slaughterhouse.

Nevertheless, this strange phenomenon - ironically as it seems. Despite, of all massacres which took so many Jewish lives, the Romanian Government under Antonescu however, can claim to its credit for thousands of Jews it saved from the gas-chambers. As a result of Antonescu's power and ability to stand up against Hitler's demand for total extermination.

One day, a police raid took place at the Refugee Center, who locked the gate and surrounded the building, in terms of searching the survivors for hidden gold and U.S. dollars. Having neither in my possession - I had nothing to worry about.

It's in this context that the Authorities in every country in Europe, desperately tried to restrict Jewish survivors sources of livelihood.

Soon I managed to make contact with Bricha people who organized the clandestine operation in Europe in terms of to guide Jewish refugees across the border of Italy via Austria. To put them on boats, get them illegally to Palestine, in defiance of the nefarious British tricksters.

All those destined to join on the illegal vessels sailing to the shores of Palestine, were transported to a collection point, and subsequently transported in small groups to Gratz, Austria, and from there to an undisclosed seashore in Italy, to be shipped to the shores of Palestine.

Soon enough, my term also came to be transported, as I was to join group that boarded a train to Budapest.

I took a last glimpse at the awe inspiring Royal Palace - the four story structure of white marble with tall arched windows, fluted columns and a long second floor terrace which runs in front of the throne room. As we passed on board of a streetcar on our way to the train station.

After two days of travelling and changing trains, we finally reached the bridge on the Danube river, ~~that~~ links the two cities - Buda and Pest. As the train rolled slowly across the temporary wooden bridge, blown up by the retreating German Army.

One part of the united city - Buda, bore the full brunt of war. It lay in a heap of rubble and burned out hulks. Devastated by artillery shells and air-raids.

On the otherside of the bridge sprawled an untouched city of Pest. Where we had to stick it out for awhile, untill we were able to get a train to Gratz, Austria. While staying in a high grade hotel.

Upon arrival in Gratz, we were ushered into a elegant luxury hotel. There's however, no food available in the luxury restaurant - all there's available was bad tasting ersatz coffee, and a slice of stale bread. Hardly enough to quench a post starvation hunger of survived concentration camp inmates who still had not a chance to consume a decent meal.

We could however, enjoy all the other comforts this luxurious hotel had to offer, as the most comfortable room accomodation; sleeping in a most comfortable bed. And take a bath in a luxury bathroom, that was still an unreachable dream for us, as we kept wandering from one place to the other - penniless.

At the first crack of dawn that penetrated the dark sky - an army truck arrived to pick us up. That's the first time I had the pleasure to meet two Jewish soldiers from the Jewish Brigade, wearing a Star of David shoulder patch. It was the most inspiring episode I had ever encountered in my life. It filled my heart with a great measure of pride and joy.

The Star of David - degrading insignia of the ghetto - but not anymore. No Jews - except at the Warsaw ghetto uprising had ever fought under the Star of David, for the last two thousand years.

It wasn't till September 1944, that the British War Office made an annoucement which electrified the Jews in Palestine; "His Majesty Government has decided to accede to many requests of the Jewish Agency in Palestine, in terms of forming a Jewish Brigade unit, in order to take an active part in combat operations against the Germans"

A week later, Prime Minister Churchill delivered a speech in the House of Commons that was carried by the BBC to every soldier on land and sea, to every home in Palestine; "I know there're vast numbers of Jews serving with our forces and the American forces throughout all the armies. But, it seems to me indeed appropriate that a special unit of that race which has suffered incredible torments against the forces gathered of bloody German finall overthrow. I have no doubt they will not only take part in the boody struggle, but also in the occupation that follow."

German reaction to the formation of the Jewish Brigade was incredible. On the German news broadcast they sounded as as though they had gone beserk. They said; "Churchill has let mad dogs loose on Europe."

In wake of this developement, the concept of which was very inspiring in terms of the realization of the great visionary Zev Jabotinsky's dream to have our own army in a Jewish State in the near future.

This however, has been the bond which held us together when the pogroms and the Holocaust failed to destroy us.

Elated - with national pride restored we mounted the truck. Amid a swift and hushed departure from the hotel. The truck tarpulin was rolled down, as we drove off silently into the darkness.

After a few hours of drive through mountain winding roads in the Austrian Alps, being stopped at some British military checkpoints we reached the first Italian town - Tarvisio, just across the border - uneventfully.

The truck rolled through the gate into the camp compound, and stopped. The barracks sprawled out in rows. Each room was filled with long rows of bed-bunks alongside the walls, with a stove in the center.

It used to serve as a P.O.W. camp, surrounded by a double high barbed wire fence. Reminiscent of our nightmare which seemed to be haunting us like a bad spirit infinitely. Wandering from one country to the other, possessing nothing more than the tattered clothing on our backs. Having no decent meal to eat, and comfortable bed to sleep in.

Bearing the scars and the stigma of German cruelty and brutality, starvation, hard labor under terror. That burned deeply into our mind and soul for the rest of our lives. We quickly discovered however, that our present situation that was brought on in wake of our liberation was only an extension of our persecuted existence in occupied Europe. Amid the horrible phenomenon associated with our past. Thus, the durative aspect of the never ending trauma was to continue.

The camp was crowded with survivors in whose eyes dwelled the shadow of despair in terms of the uncertainties encountered. This was a scene of misery and silent suffering. With pain and agony written on their wasted bodies, waiting patiently for salvation. Eagerly anticipating to board a boat sailing to the shores of the Promised Land.

Although, the living conditions was reminiscent of the concentration camp days - remotely satisfactory. There's however, plenty of food supplied by the soldiers of the Jewish Brigade, conforming with the prevailing standards of the British Army provision.

However, this camp was only transitory, and given our imperative goal it justified the means in terms of a way out of our exhaustive impasse.

At the first crack of dawn the next morning, several trucks rolled into the camp compound to pick us up. The trucks sped through winding roads, shrouded by a dense fog that clung to surrounding hills.

Several hours later we reached the outskirts of Milan, Rolling ahead with difficulty through the streets the truck stopped in front of a five story building in the midst of a narrow buisy street, via Unione 5.

As we got off the truck we noticed that the other trucks of the convoy that followed us as we left the camp compound were gone. According to rumors floating around in the Refugee Center, they diverted the trucks to a D.P. camp in Modena.

In fact, I was glad that we didn't wind up in another camp, of which I had more than enough of this never ending camp life that seemed to haunt us constantly since our liberation.

All rooms were filled with army cots, by survivors whose influx kept growing, with no place to go to - except to be shipped to Palestine. Unfortunately, there weren't enough vessels available to our disposition. Even, if there was - to many refugees couldn't possibly sail at one time.

In light of the illegality of this exodus, all Mediterranean Sea and its shores was blocked by British warship constantly patrolling the seashore.

Meanwhile, we had to register at the U.N.R.A. office in order to qualify for some relief allocated to survivors of the Holocaust, in terms of support.

We spent some of our free time touring this beautiful city of many tourist attractions. Marveling at its awe inspiring historical sights of architectural splendor. We also took frequent trips with the streetcar to an army base of a Palestine military unit of Jewish soldiers, just outside Milan. Where I met a few landmen of mine, and was treated with a free meal.

One morning, a familiar face passed me by in the hall - what do you know it's the capo of the labor commando I used to work with in Markstadt concentration camp. At the spur of the moment something utterly violent took hold of me. Amid of being swayed by an impulse to tear at him and rip him apart. However, I had managed to control myself as a better idea flashed through my mind, I turned around to him.

"Do you remember me?" I asked composed, trying to conceal my rage. "Of course, I remember you - you worked with my labor commando in Markstadt camp." He said disconcerted, presumably shocked by this unexpected encounter. "Where do you heading to now?" I curiously inquired.

"I was on my way to join the exodus to Palestine. However, I changed my mind as I learned that my wife is alive in Poland, so I must go there to find her." He said evasively.

This however, was a perfectly crafted ruse in terms of evading a confrontation with those who might seek revenge for the torment inflicted upon them by the German collaborators.

In fact, he had been on the run, apprehensive of survivors who might recognize him from the camps, where he mistreated them. However, given the heavy stream of survivors that has been passing through Italy, he suddenly realized that he was heading in the wrong direction. He might be trapped by those whom he desperately tried to avert. That's when he decided to turn around and go back to Poland, relishing the prospect averting a confrontation with survivors.

"Where is your partner - the other capo Zeilig Lerer, with whom you shared the job of torturing starving survivors. In order, to curry favor with the bloody Germans, while indulging yourselves with plenty of good food as a reward for collaborating with our enemy."

"I have no idea of the other capo's whereabouts. Do you have any grudge against me in terms of mistreating you?" He asked me.

"Oh no!" I replied evasively in terms not to arouse suspicion, to take some action against him, in terms to frustrate his disappearance. Which he apparently contemplated in order to avert passing judgement of his guilt.

"Guess, into whom I just ran into in the hall now?" I said, to my roommate as I walked into the room.

"Who was that?" He inquired. "It's a guy who used to be my capo in Markstadt." I replied.

"That's the same one I met in the hall this morning. I know him also, he happen to be my capo too in Kletendorf. I already contacted the Haganah boys at the army of the Jewish unit. They will be here soon to get him."

"Meanwhile, we have to put an eye on him that he won't disappear." I cautioned. "Regretfully, that his partner Zelig Lerer, isn't here with him, that villain was even worse. He used to lash me and other inmates on many occasions. Even, for scrapping out a few spoonful of leftover soup from the cans for German employees on lunch hour. Because, I was late to return to the job. He obediently collaborated with the Germans." I added.

The Haganah boys arrived with an army truck, and we showed them into the capo's room. He was ordered to take his belongings, as he was escorted downstairs to the truck.

"Keep an eye on him." The driver said as we mounted the truck.

"Please, let me go. I haven't done anything wrong." The capo pleaded to set him free, as we got to the highway.

"That's for the survivors whom you mistreated, to judge. However, if you feel that you're innocent - then why are you afraid to face your accusers. Don't worry, you'll get a fair trial." I assured him.

The truck slowed down as we approached the D.P. camp in Modena. As the truck rolled into the camp compound a crowd of survivors gathered around us, curiously looking on as we got off the truck. Their silent suffering and painful agony clearly written on their faces. Patiently and anxiously waiting what future holds for them in the midst of the extended persecuted existence that had been brought on in wake of our liberation.

Recognized by some survivors, who also claimed mistreatment by this capo. They were ready to lynch him on the spot. But, the security guard stepped in and took him into custody.

As much as I wanted to watch the result of this case. We couldn't however, stay any longer. We had to go back with the soldiers to Milan.

However, I am quite sure that the capo got a fair trial, and got what he rightly deserved for mistreating his own kind.

Shocking news kept coming out of Poland, brought along by fleeing survivors, who imparted an eyewitness account of violent pogroms against returning Jewish survivors. That had been taking place in many cities in Poland, after liberation.

To invoke the specter of hate for Jews - the Poles kept fanning the flames of blatant venomous anti-Semitism, even aftermath the firestorm of Holocaust. That eliminated all Jewish communities in Poland. Which had been their age-long dream for a Judenrein Poland.

However, in light of the surfacing of some survivors the Poles voiced a great disappointment in Hitler's concept of elimination all Jews. Now they became apprehensive in terms of that the returning survivors came back to retrieve their belongings and properties they had stolen from them.

Unaware that there lurks the specter of death as a result of the intrinsic hatred of Jews, whom they robbed of everything they owned. That had been looming as large as ever. Which opened the floodgates of pogroms.

However, the crisis rooted in this tragic phenomenon, had been matched by an upsurge of anxiety in the midst of the Jewish survivors. Who did not anticipate that under these circumstances their situation could become very fatal. In an encounter with these bloodthirsty murderers.

In retrospect, it's the same old recourse of unscrupulous fiction of libelous accusations of ritual murder: a Christian boy had been couched to say that he was kidnaped by Jews, imprisoned in a cellar and abused. Where he saw bodies of Christian children killed by Jews in the process of ritual ceremonies, in terms of using their blood.

That triggered an onward surge of a bloodthirsty mob who went on rampage in the city of Kielce. Where forty two survivors were massacred in cold blood. These pogroms were all over Poland.

These were Jewish survivors who returned to Poland, with the intention to start all over again - in terms of rebuilding their shattered lives on the ashes of destruction on this unmarked graveyard.

Deluding themselves into believing in the propaganda that the world had changed, in terms of, that anti-Semitism is no more in existence.

Nothing however, had changed in terms of the violent Jewish hatred. The leopard never changes his spots, nor does the venomous serpent its cunning.

This can only underscore the durative aspect of anti-Semitism in Poland, in terms of being an endemic chronic disease, nurtured by the church. In order, to keep the legacy of Jewish hatred alive even aftermath exterminating almost all Jews in this country. Having no qualms to pick up where the Germans left off. In a mutual conspiracy to eliminate all Jews.

This tragic event dwarfed anything Jews have ever encountered in terms of their miserable existence in the midst of these cutthroats. However, given the somber reality under these circumstances in this context, survivors could by no means afford to dispose with caution at this juncture. That Poland has become a safe place to live in.

Nothing however, could have dramatized their bitter disappointment more than these agonizing events that had taken place after the Holocaust.

Blood libel - very popular all over Europe, ever since the beginning of the twentieth century. Polna - a small town in Czechoslovakia, became notorious concerning an incident which had taken place in 1899, when a Jew - Leopold Hilsner, who was accused of killing a Christian girl in terms of using her blood in Jewish rituals such as baking Passover matzos.

News media and politicians stirred up an anti-Semitic frenzy. The case became known as a Czech-Dreyfus affair, particularly after Thomas Masarik - later the founder and the first President of Czechoslovakia, who stepped in to defend Hilsner. It's in this context that he was condemned to death and pardoned. However, this wasn't an isolated incident. There were countless libelous accusations of Jewish ritual murder all over Europe for centuries.

In the ashes of the smoldering rubble however, there's nothing to suggest that anti-Semitism had disappeared. As Nazi terror receded into history. These violent outbreaks of pogroms by Polish mobsters against survivors offered a stark look at the chilling specter of Poland's continuous persecution of Jews. Even so that there were only a handful left. Which reopened centuries old wounds that never healed, caused long before German prompting. The local indigenous Polish anti-Semitism was back at work again. In fact, it never diminished, even so that there weren't Jews around.

More of those graven images to be added to the charnel house of images that we constantly carry in our memory. This was a development of a nature so pregnant with tragic memories of the Holocaust, calamity still fresh in our mind. Which consequently had an ominous ramification on survivors, who were still attuned to the echoes of the Holocaust.

The aspect of this tragic phenomenon had been matched by an upsurge of anxiety in the midst of terror-stricken survivors.

However, life of the returning survivors was about to take up a whole new dimension concerning their plan to start a new life on this unmarked graveyard for Jews again. That certainly might have had an ominous ramification as yet unforeseen in the harrowing days ahead. As Poles relished the prospect of disappearance of the rest of the Jews.

However, this tragic development had laid to rest the hopeful aspect for survivors to begin a new life in this cursed country.

It's difficult to chart those moments when the unimaginable becomes the possible, and the possible becomes the certain.

It's in this context associated with the pogroms to murder the returning survivors that manifested itself in inspiring survivors to leave this cursed country, en masse for the Land of Israel.

This tragic phenomenon was symptomatic of the lamentable failure of Jewish inability to fight back and stand up for their basic human rights.

Then one day, we were approached by a representative of the Mosaad le Aliyah Beth, who wanted to find out our opinion concerning the concept of kibbutz life in the Land of Israel.

"You see, we're organizing a group of young people for 'hachsharah', a preparatory nucleus for life in a kibbutz community in Palestine. When you'll land there. Would you be interested to join?" He inquired.

"Of course, we would like to join. In fact, that was my dream ever since I was a little boy, which has been grossly compounded by the Holocaust tragedy. Which inspired us to set out on this long journey, wandering from country to country in a desperate effort to reach the shores of Palestine.

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"Then be ready in a few days, as soon as transportation will be available we will take you there, along with some other fellows. The hachsharah is located not far from Milano. You will be staying on a farm & doing some work in the fields, learn Hebrew and lectures of modern Zionism, including all kind of sports activities. Until your term comes to an end, board a boat sailing to the shores of the Promised Land, that might be soon. You will be given an opportunity of living a life style which will have some aspects of the real kibbutz."

"Of course, I can assure you that you will be much better off than in D.P. camp, surrounded by barb wire and prevailing unsanitary conditions. Of which I am sure you had more than enough, I presume." He explained.

In a few days, subsequently to our meeting with the Mosaad, who offered us an opportunity we couldn't refuse. An army truck arrived to pick us up. After an hour drive through a lush countryside the truck rolled into a farmyard and stopped in front of the farmhouse.

As we got off the truck the boys and the girls came out to meet us. The driver introduced us to the supervisor - a soldier of the Jewish Brigade who showed us to a room filled with army cots. There was also a room for girls.

After we got our cots assigned, we went down to the diningroom to have some lunch. The diningroom was lined with tables and benches alongside the wall, and a kitchen adjacent. Where food was prepared by our own people and given out in an army style.

In wake of liberation we turned into a real image of the wandering Jew - the legendary character condemned to roam the world without rest, while living on handouts. However, given the noble purpose we strived in terms the shores of the Land of Israel. We deemed all the hardships in this context to justify the means associated with the saga of national renaissance. And establishing homeland the final results.

After lunch, we went for a stroll around the premises. The farmhouse was a small two story building, an adjacent barn, stable and a lake in the rear of the yard that was surrounded by a sprawling forest that stretched beyond.

"Yosef", I said to my roommate, "I am beginning to like it here, don't you?" I said scanning the landscape. "It's by far much better to stay here, than to be confined to obscured barracks reeking with filth in D.P. camp, surrounded by barb wire - reminiscent of the concentration camps."

"Look Yosef, at the lush landscape, the beautiful trees, and the lake where we can swim. A perfect spot to enjoy the splendor that this place had to offer. We can also engage in some sport activities, such as playing ball, or take a swim in the lake on our free time."

"That's an ideal spot to enjoy all the wonderful aspects nature has to offer. That's a place where to draw inspiration to feel alive again, aftermath those horrible years of concentration camp confinement." I said lost in reverie, from which I snapped out as I noticed the approaching supervisor, who somehow failed to gain my sympathy.

"How do you like it here so far? I am sure that you'll find it here much more to your liking than in D.P. camp." He said reassuringly. "No doubt about it". I concurred as he left.

At dinner time, the supervisor announced that a meeting will be held right after dinner time, to meet and welcome the new friends in our midst.

"Dear friends," the supervisor opened the meeting. "First, let me introduce myself to those who arrived here today. My name is Uri, I am a soldier serving in the Jewish Brigade fighting unit. I am also a member of kibbutz Dgania, in the Land of Israel, where I have been living ever since my arrival there."

"I have been selected to run this place as a hachsharah - a preparation for life in kibbutz. However, this doesn't mean that you'll be required to join one upon your arrival in the Land of Israel - the choice is yours. Nevertheless, I am authorised to run this place on a collective basis in terms of our daily living necessities. In other words, everyone of you will be required to turn over to us his rights to collect his monthly relief check from the UNRA Relief Agency, by our treasurer Haskiel. The money goes to a mutual fund to cover all our expences, in terms of food, medical bills and miscelanious, which is required to keep this place viable in imperfect condintion - sanitary and otherwise."

"This farm belongs to a Jewish owner who employs a caretacer who is in charge of the farm. We do not have to pay for using the facilities around here. However, we have agreed upon that everyone will be required to do some work around the farm, or in the fields, as well as in the kitchen. In terms of paying gratitude for granting us shelter, and the use of the facilities. Each of you will be assigned to a job. The scedule of which will be displaid on the bulletin board every evening. Each of you will be rquiered to obey the rules and regulation associated with this community. By virtue of authau-rity vested in me I expect your full cooperation in this respect. I hope I made myself perfectly clear. Is there any question anyone would like to ask?" There wasn't any - the meeting was closed.

The next morning, I went out to work in the fields with a group I was assigned to. Our job was to collect the bundles of fresh cut hay, and load it on a horse pulled wagon.

The wheather was great and the fragrance of the fresh cut hay was almost intoxicating. The air was charged with the power of positive thinking and inspiring in terms of the new concept of we had chosen.

At the end of the day, we took a swim in the lake, and plaid ball. In the evening we had Hebrew lesons and lectures about modern Zionism and life in the Promised Land. Followed by social dancing and singing to of Zigi's accordion, who was one of us survivors.

Although, we couldn't speak the native language, which was Italian, we did however, learn enough in terms of the poverty and destitute of post-war Italy. As we took a hike to the village Cheriano la Getto, with the permission of the supervisor.

Then one day, something happened that set me on a collision course with the supervisor Uri. It was at lunch-break one day, when I walked into the barn to lie down for awhile on a pile of fresh cut hay, to relax for a while. As I had a terrible headache as a resulted from being exposed to the sun for too long.

I must had doze off after awhile, when suddenly I was woken up overwhelmed and confused by sharp jab in my back. As I opened my eyes in bewilderment - trying to collect my thoughts - there he was - the supervisor.

"What in the world are you doing at this hour of the day? Why havn't you returned to your job, it's way past lunch break?" He snapped at me.

"I am sorry, I have a terrible headace, I don't feel well. At lunch break I walked in here to lie down and rest for while, I must had dosed off inadvertendly." I replied apologetically.

However, my apology didn't seem to satisfy him, as he seemed determined to make a big issue of it. "Do you realize what you have done?" He said, furiously dashing out of the barn.

His furious charge at me, was an unreasonable recourse to rightious imagination. Yet, my euphoria gave way to rising aversion following this encounter. Baffled by Uri's arrogance, I walked out of the barn, heading for the lake.

Sitting down on its bank I tried to figure out the nature of the "crime" I committed. Yet, I couldn't come up with the right answer in terms of this accusation. Am I not entitled to take a sick leave when I get sick in this joint. Even in boot camp one is excused from his duties when sick.

I stared at the fading surface of the grey ladden lake, and watched the ducks peacefully swimming across the lake. Only disturbed by chattering of birds. "Where have you been all this afternoon?" Yosef inquired, as I walked into the room. "I haven't been feeling well today. At lunch-break I walked into the barn to lie down for awhile, I must have dozed off."

"Then suddenly, I was wakened up by a stab in my back. Who do you think it was? If not Uri, who was furious to find me in the barn at this hour."

"In vain, I tried to explain my predicament to him. My excuse didn't seem to satisfy Uri's suspicious mind, as he furiously stormed out of the barn. Indicating his intention for impending action against me." I said ruefully.

"Don't worry about it. In case he will try to blow up this incident into a big issue, in terms of to serve as a deterrent for all of us we'll fight it. Judging from the strict discipline he acquired in the army, which he tries to impart on us. Nevertheless, we're not in a boot camp here. We came here to learn the kibbutz way of life, which is by no means governed by military rules and regulations - but rather by the concept of democratic principles."

"Yet, even in the army one is excused when not feeling well. After all, I haven't committed any crime. However, his autocratic conduct doesn't befit a kibbutz member, because it's incompatible with the essential principles of democracy we are trying to emulate around here. I only hope he isn't setting an example of what it's laying ahead for us in the Promised Land. As I told you if he is determined to expel you, we will stand behind you and fight against." Yosef assured me.

"Look, neither do I approve of his conduct. In fact, we didn't pick Uri for this job, he was selected by the Mosaad." Yosef explained.

Words of a meeting got around at dinner time, to be held right after dinner. Attendance of all was required without excuse.

"Yosef, I have a hunch that I am to be the topic of tonight's meeting." I said. "Look whatever it's will be about, there's nothing to worry about."

"Dear friends, may I have your attention please." Yuri opened the meeting. "It has come to my attention that some of you fail to carry out their responsibilities towards this community, in terms of such as; disappearing from their jobs they assigned to, going to the village without my permission etc."

"This afternoon, I caught one of you sleeping in the barn, when he should have been at his job."

"By virtue of authority vested in me I will absolutely not tolerate this kind of unruly behavior by anyone in our midst. Therefore, I declare this fellow whose name is Pinchas - expelled."

Uri spilled out his verdict too fast. He jumped to the wrong conclusion in terms of prosecuting someone, while transgressing upon our democratic rights for a fair trial to defend himself.

A fellow by the name Hershel, raised his hand for permission to speak - permission was granted, and he began.

"Dear friends, let's not jump to any conclusion in terms of prosecuting anyone, without giving a chance to defend himself in terms of to get a fair trial. By virtue of justice, he is entitled a fair trial, in terms of to be heard his side of the story. Your verdict Uri, is by no means too harsh under these circumstances. After all, he has committed no crime. It would be unfair and incompatible with democratic principles we supposedly are to adopt in our midst. Therefore, the accused should be accorded the dubious luxury to contest the charge against him."

"Furthermore I call upon you to stick to our democratic guiding principles, which are; "one is innocent untill proven guilty."

"Given a sound judgement in terms of this case, it's only fair to listen to what the accused has to say on his behalf. Then let's put this matter to a vote at conclusion of this inquiry." Hershel concluded.

All members unanimously concurred with the motion engendered by Hershel. I was granted permission to speak next. Amid an inability to conceal my agitation as I began to speak. In a introspective manner that captured the aspect of accumulated frustration in terms of becoming a target of Uri's version of justice.

"Dear friends, in all candor - I am rather astound by Uri's impetuous dogged determination to expell me from your midst - however unjustly. Just because I fell asleep in the barn, I wasn't feeling well, and could not return to my job."

"It would hardly be fair - after all I committed no crime whatsoever. I realize however, it's done not only in terms of personal dislike, but also to serve as a deterrent for all of you in the future."

"I would like to put myself in your humble judgement. Because only you are capable to conceive the true nature of my "crime".

"However, in light of the fact, that we are all survivors of the Holocaust, puts us in a different light under normal circumstances."

"Nevertheless, anyone who has not experienced the tragic horrors of that impasse have rather a vague conception of what transpired in German occupied Europe. It's entirely inconceivable to the normal mind such a mass genocide perpetrated by a civilized people."

"Infact, we are regarded with a great measure of ambivalence - a mixture of suspicion and pity. Alternating between hospitality and paranoia, wondering in what merits we survived as others did not."

"Dear friends, I came here by virtue of my own conviction. Not because I had no place to go to. I have chosen to join the exodus to the Promised Land. Which has been feeding my dreams ever since I was a little boy. As I have always been an active member of the Zionist movement. Mine - were dreams mixed with yearnings of our Biblical glory that once existed before the destruction of Jerusalem, and the exile of the Jews. I have been reading about the courageous exploits of the first pioneers, that opened my heart and mind. I grew up in the midst of these enchanting stories regarding these galant exploits of our ancient kings and prophets. I fondly recall the magic of these stories conjured up."

"With each story I took a journey to this enchanted Promised Land, met the wonderful characters of galant exploits. It's in this context that I began to realize the concept of Zionism, and absorb all its values."

"However, I would like to point out certain salient facts that will shed some light on the aftermath effects brought on in wake of our traumatic experience we had encountered. Uri should have no illusion that we came here directly from our comfortable homes. Where we left our families and relatives, and everything that was dear to us."

"Given Uri's indifference to our problem, by refusing to realize the indelible imprint our trauma has left on our lives. I am not quite sure that he cares to realize the magnitude of that calamity the world had ever known. We just came out from the worst hell on earth man has ever created. Yet, upon our return home we found nothing and nobody we have left behind, as if they never existed."

"We hardly had enough time to come to terms with the aftermath of our shattered lives, and put it back on the right track. To get rid of the bad habits we unwittingly acquired in the dehumanizing process the bloody Germans had inflicted upon us, during the long dark years of incarceration in the ghettos and concentration camps."

"And now, wandering across strange countries seldom possessing more than the tattered clothing on our backs, and bearing the scars of Nazi

atrocities on our minds and souls. We quickly discovered that our wandering from one country to country was merely an extension of our persecuted existence in Europe."

"In fact, not only do we have to deal with our physical problems, but also mental as well, in terms of our chronic anxiety and nightmares which is plaguing ever since. Which is causing a great measure of impediment in terms of readjustment to normal life. Which required a great deal of understanding, compassion and sensitivity. Our lives hinges upon overcoming the aftershocks of Nazi terror. Doubtfully, if we ever will succeed fully to recover from this bloody exhaustive impasse, even with all the help we can get."

"Sounds that triggered fear in the past, echoes all around all the time. The wounds the German murderers inflicted upon us have not begun to heal yet - doubtfully if they ever will. We had hardly a chance to rest up properly. Our liberation by the Allied Forces, we so desperately anticipated has delivered us from one barbed wire camp to other, without even having a decent meal to eat, or a comfortable bed to sleep in. And we're still a far cry from our destination."

"Nevertheless, we're eager to join our brethren in the Land of Israel, at any cost, even at the risk of our lives that we struggled so hard to retain. By venturing such perilous journey across the Mediterranean Ocean, on decrepit old ships of dubious seaworthiness, regardless of conditions acceptable."

"However, given the great importance associated with the vital campaign in terms of transporting as many Jews as possible to the shores of the Promised Land. Constitutes a great important aspect in terms of the saga of national renaissance."

"Yet, the more of us bedraggled survivors the Mosaad manages to get to the shores of the Land of Israel, the more we will have a chance to swell one day into a fighting force. Strong enough to chase the nefarious British trickster rulers out of our land - wagging their mandate behind them."

"However, we have to realize that if a Jewish state is ever to come into being - we will have to fight for its existence. The survivors smuggled into the Promised Land now, we will need later. When the curtains will rise for the final drama of a Jewish State, amid the great uncertainties which lay ahead."

"In fact, our lives have taken up a whole new dimension in terms of readjustment to normal life, on the road to rejoining the human race. However, summarising all irrefutable facts in this context - nothing like this travesty of justice should warrant any such punishment inflicted upon me. In fact, an unjust approach towards a survivor of the Holocaust, might result in negative effects in terms of our integration into the kibbutz community in particular."

"I am however, well aware that we cannot be governed by anarchy - we have to comply with the rules and regulation of the community we live in. Yet, we're only human under any circumstances."

"Nevertheless, you know as well as I do that the concept of kibbutz is not based on dictatorship, intimidation, coercion or punishment. But, rather on education in the spirit of democratic values, trust and understanding. Don't we try to emulate all guiding principles of democracy?"

"Of course, we all know by now that a hachsharah is by no means a boot camp. And a kibbutz is not a military base - Uri should know best - he lives in one. We would never accept it if it was." I concluded.

Vexed by the effects of my speech has evoked - Uri called for a vote. Who is for expelling comrade Pinchas from our midst raise your hand?" No hands were raised for that one. Who is against it? ALL hands were raised for that one. That wrapped up the inquiry."

"Ironically, the British - who were so adamant in terms of interdiction Jewish immigration to the Land of Israel. Even now, when most of European Jews were exterminated the nefarious British keep the doors of our land tightly locked for the few survivors of the Holocaust."

"However, little do they know what's going on behind their backs.... That the fuel to run the illegal ships was their own. This is our only chance to get as many Jews to the Promised Land. Our national future hinges upon it." I said.

Thus, we did everything in the context of our assignment which has been strictly executed to the satisfaction of our superiors.

Then one day, I noticed a charming girl in the dining room, I had never seen around here before. Her charm attracted my attention to the point that I couldn't resist my temptation to walk over to her to meet her.

"Pardon me, have you just arrived here today? I curiously inquired. That's right, my cousin - who is a soldier in the Jewish Brigade drove me over here this morning from Milan." She replied, in an accent of a Yiddish spoken in the eastern part of Poland.

"What's your name if I may ask?" My name is Carmela." That sounds rather like a Sabra's name, doesn't it?" I remarked surprisingly.

"Yes it does - that's why I adopted it. My name I was born with - is Kayle." She replied.

"Your accent indicates that you're from the eastern part of Poland." I remarked. "That's right - I am from Tuchin, a small town in southeastern Poland." She replied.

"Forgive me for prying in your private life. However, since a horrible tragedy that swept upon us like a firestorm, which has left us survivors with nobody. We became very inquisitive in terms of searching for some surviving kin, or relative. That each of us might run into."

"In fact, this became an everlasting memorial of our misery. As we all know, misery likes company."

"That's a long tragic story which is too familiar to each of us survivors, who has his own tragic story to tell. That's the fallout engendered we have to cope with." I explained.

"Where have you been during the German occupation?" I kept inquiring. "That's my tragic story, that opened the floodgates of my suffering." She said ruefully, as she began to unfold her tragic account of a nightmare.

"When Poland was sliced in two by the demarcation line after the German and Russian invasion of Poland in September, 1939. We fell under Russian occupation. Yet, our life in general was still bearable. Despite shortages of food, clothing and other commodities, coupled with all kind of restrictions of freedom and civil rights. That isn't recognized by these totalitarian regimes. Even, when a knock at the door at dawn heralded something more than the arrival of the milkman...."

"The harrowing aspect of our existence had been grossly compounded by constant round ups of people who were transported to the Urals, in terms of doing forced labor in the coal mines or in the heavy industry. To live on meager food ration and wear tattered clothing."

"However, we didn't realize that the worst was still to come - and so it did. In June, 1941, when the Germans - in a surprise attack invaded the Soviet Union, which also included eastern Poland, right from the demarcation, heading to Moscow."

"That marked the beginning of our nightmare. Life became unbearable for the Jewish population, which heralded the end to our existence in the midst of bloodthirsty Ukrainian anti-Semites who became the true Allies of the bloody Germans."

Ironocally, Hershel - who was the first one to object to Uri's demand for my expulsion, as he spoke out against it. Was about to be faced with a rival suiter he hardly anticipated, while doing what he had done in the context of objecting my expulsion. Had he known however, what's in store for him in terms of my relationship with the arrival of a new girl - Carmela. He would certainly be more than happy to have gotten rid of me.

But, that's what life is all about - full of surprises, good ones and bad ones - to be taken at stride.

Sevral days subsequent to this episode, Yuri was ordered back to his kibbutz. He was replaced by another soldier by the name Manes. Who stood in stark contrast with Uri's arrogance. As he managed to gain our confidence.

In wake of the arrival of more people, we ran out of space in the main building to accomodate all of them.

So I was selected along with some other guys to work on a renovation project of a small delapidated house in the rear of the yard. Which required plastering the walls, painting, new floors, and fixing doors and windows.

Then one day, I was approached by Manes - the new supervisor.

"I would like to talk to you about an important subject." He said, putting his hand on my shoulder, as he walked over to me in the farmyard. "I want you to know that what I am about to reveal to you is a matter of great importance, and highly confidential. It's intended to be that way all the time. It should by no means be divulged to no one - except to those involved in this project of this operation. I want you to take charge of this operation. Come with me - I will show you what this is all about." He said, as he led me towards the woods. "Look down there on the right side." He pointed to a large camouflaged pit. "This is a fuel dump, which is vital for our illegal ships sailing to the Land of Israel, loaded with survivors of the Holocaust." He explained.

"As you will take charge of this operation, your duty will consist of to see to it that the arriving trucks carrying barrels of fuel oil and gasoline, to be unloaded or loaded at any time, day or night, as quickly as possible. I am sure that you realize why the circumstances warrant strict security measures. This area must be camouflaged and well guarded, day or night, in two hour shifts by two guys. Are you ready to take charge of this operation?" He asked.

"Of course, I am ready, and I will carry out all my duties associated with this operation, to the best of my abilities. In fact, your offer conjures up a great inspiration and pride in terms of becoming a part of this operation, which is vital to our national survival." I replied.

"I am very pleased to hear that. Here is a list of the guys who suppose to work with you. Contact them anytime you will need them." He said.

"Listen to this - Manes just offered me a job - to take charge of the fuel dump." I said to Yosef, as I walked into the room. "He gave me a list of the guys who suppose to work with me, including you." I added.

"Did you accept his offer?" Yosef inquired.

"Of course, I did," I replied. "It won't be an easy job though, in terms of unloading or loading the heavy oil-drums without a loading platform." He said sceptically.

"It won't be easy, I agree. It has to be done however, and we have to do it. It's our imperative duty to give a helping hand in this vital operation." I replied.

"I heard that these fuel drums come from the British army fuel drums." Yosef said suspiciously.

"What difference does it make where it comes from, as long it is available to run our ships across the ocean to the shores of the Promised Land."

"Who will help them to eliminate the Jews, relishing the prospect of taken over their properties and everything they owned."

"This however, dwarfed so far anything we had encountered before from the Soviet regime."

"Each day, brought in its wake new oppressive decrees for Jews; expropriation of businesses and property. Mobility restrictions, To do forced labor for the German ~~musters~~, and ultimately to be murdered."

"Beatings and killings by Germans and Ukrainian collaborators, was on the daily agenda. In light of this tragic development, my parents made the most crucial decision in their lives - in terms of to turn me over to a Ukrainian family, to keep me in hiding. As long as it would be necessary. Of course, not for free - for a substantial amount of money and valuables it was agreed upon to hide me out on their farm. In a village several kilometers away. To keep me there till this nightmare would be over - so we thought. The cruel twist of fate however, had a tragic surprise for us - yet to come."

"The nightmare loomed closer as German troops stormed into town every once in a while, opening the floodgates of Nazi terror."

"Like packs of wolves they swept over town, smiting carnage all over, as they stormed into Jewish homes to collect their prey. In terms to satisfy their bloodthirsty desire for Jewish blood, and to revel in carnage."

"However, Jews weren't destined for instant liquidation - not yet. The Germans preferred to do it systematically - in stages. First by starvation and terror, and exploitation by forced labor. Amid the fury of the taskmasters whip. In terms to suppress our will to resist the master race's will, and to remain submissive."

"In the first month of the German occupation, they ordered the establishment of a Judenrat - the Jewish Authority. In terms to execute all the aspects of life; as food rationing, to supply slaves for forced labor contingency daily. And to surrender all valuables and furs."

"Each day, brought new atrocities. Each day and night - Jews were dragged out from their homes, supposedly to forced labor, but they never returned home, because they were slaughtered in cold blood."

The death knell struck on Yom Kippur, 1942, when the German Commandant of the Gestapo arrived at the ghetto gate. Yet, nobody was aware what was behind this order. Huddled together, we had a dark premonition that, that's the end; the liquidation of the ghetto."

"Suddenly, in wake of this demand, some resistance began to develop. As a man by the name of Tuvia Tchubak, along with a handful of young people began to organize against German demand."

"Don't listen to the German criminals, don't believe them - they warned. Responding to their call for resistance, Jews began to fill the synagouge, where Tuvia got up to the pulpit and began; "Brothers and sisters, we're facing the darkest days of our lives. Don't give your throats to the bloody German cutthroats. Rise against our sworn enemy. Be aware that our graves have been dug already for all of us, next to the Kotowsky woods, just out of town."

"As the fateful hour was approaching, have ready nafta and matches. At a given sign torch all the ghetto dwellings. That will cause confusion in the midst of the German and Ukrainian guards, which will enable us to break out of the ghetto, in terms to make a run for our lives."

"Tuvia Tchubak inspiring message evoked some hope in the midst the ghetto dwellers. Which opened a flicker of hope in terms of escaping from the bloody executioners claws, who won't settle for nothing less than our lives."

"With the appearing of the first star in the sky a torch was put to the ghetto dwellings. Conflagration engulfed home after home and lighted the skies. Amid confusion - pandemonium broke out in the midst of the German guards who surrounded the ghetto."

"The confused guards opened fire at random. Some of the boys, armed with axes attacked the guards. Suddenly, a call to break the barbed wire fence was heard. Instantly, two thousand people broke out of the ghetto, and made their way to the woods. Many of them were caught and gunned down."

"Yet, the Tutchin ghetto was one of the few who rose up to resist German murder of our people. That's how many escaped to the woods."

"It's on this fateful evening that I left my heart broken parents never to see them again. Amid a furious conflagration kindled by the ghetto, which spread rapidly, opening the floodgates for revolt."

"I felt a profound sense of remorse and guilt in terms of having succumbed to my parents request to leave them in order to save my life. To hide out at a Ukrainian peasant's farm. Wouldn't it rather been more plausible to have shared my fate with them? Couldn't they realize that without them my life will be meaningless and miserable."

"Turning my head over my shoulder towards the flames of the burning ghetto. I was driven by a compelling impulse that snapped me out of my reverie, and began to run, fearing that the Germans might catch up with me."

"It took a hike of several kilometers to reach the farmhouse of the peasant where I was to be hiding out. I knocked at the door that opened ajar by a middle aged woman. What is it you want?" She asked suspiciously."

"My father Boris, send me over to keep me here." I said frightened. "Come in, How are your parents?" They inquired. "I don't know - we got separated as the Germans surrounded the ghetto. We all ran as the ghetto went up in flames. In a last ditch effort to break out of the ghetto." I said.

"They offered some hot soup and bread, then they showed me a place where I was to sleep - on top of the stove to keep me warm."

"Here, I became a slave - bereft of all basic necessities. From dawn to dusk I had to labor hard - work I have never done before in my life."

"I had to attend the farm animals at the crack of dawn. Feed the livestock, draw water from the well with a rope attached to a wooden bucket, which was drenched with water that I could hardly pick up when empty. Far less when full of water."

"If this wasn't enough, I had to prepare all meals. Wash the tough peasant laundry. To knead the bread dough, made with coarse flour that caused blisters and callouses all over the palms of my hands."

"And on top of this, I lived in constant fear in terms of being discovered by the Germans as well as the Ukrainian collaborators. Who might have stormed in here any moment."

"However, given the grim aspect of my situation under these circumstances, I wondered what cruel twist of fate had decreed to bestow upon me that kind of torture. Despite this privation I had to put up with, I was still glad that the farmer family was willing to keep me in their house - but, not for long."

"Autumn gave way to the harsh winter very early in this neck of the woods. Overnight, the village was blanketed with deep fresh snow, temperature plummeted below zero. Which isn't at all unusual in this part of Poland."

"Several months subsequently to my arrival here I was told to leave the premises. Because, they were apprehensive of the Ukrainian terrorists, who collaborated with the bloody Germans. They had been suspecting the farmer of harboring a Jewish girl in his house."

"I wish I knew where to turn to now?" I thought out loud.
 "Could you do me a favor, before I leave here?" I pleaded with the farmer.
 Please, get in touch with my friend Nachum - tell him to come over here and take me away as fast as possible."

"In a few days, Nachum arrived, and took me away to another peasant. Life wasn't any different than at the previous peasant. I didn't mind however, as long as my friend Nachum visited me, and spend a few hours with me once in a while, whenever possible - but, not for long."

"Then one day, an awful tragedy occurred to me that shattered my last hope. It struck a fatal blow that left an indelible imprint for the rest of my life. In terms of to carry the full brunt of this tragic phenomenon that fate had bestowed on me."

"It happened one evening, when Nachum visited me and spent a few hours with me. As his visit drew to an end, and he was about to leave, the peasant beguiled him - in terms of trying to persuade him to stay overnight. Because, of a snow storm that loomed over."

"Without any vague notion of suspicion - Nachum let himself to talk into - and stayed. Not anticipating a bloody ambush that was set up!"

"Shortly after midnight, there was a rap at the door. As the peasant opened the door, three Ukrainian terrorists - members of the Bandera terrorists organization stormed into the house."

"Amid our great confusion and apprehension, they went straight and seized my boyfriend Nachum, dragging him out to the yard - they pumped three bullets into the back of his head - point blank, blowing his brains out. Before having a chance to use his gun he carried in his pocket."

"I shrank back in horror, as I had seen him falling on the snow covered ground, in front of my eyes. Kneeling down next to Nachum's dead body, amid hue and cry with tears which came rolling down not only from my eyes, but welled like blood from my heart torn with anguish. Overwhelmed by the grim aspect of this insurmountable woe, which left me utterly abandoned to profound grief and unconsolable despair that shattered my world."

"I wished that they had killed me too, that would have spared me unbearable pain and agony. That had been inflicted upon me which was worse than death to bear. This shocking encounter has delivered a fatal blow to me of which the scene has been etched into my mind and soul for the rest of my life"

However, I wasn't quite sure that the peasant wasn't privy in this plot, by contacting the Bandera bloody terrorists of Nachum's arrival that evening, and eluded his departure. All the evidence lends credence to the veracity of this conclusion. Yet, it still puzzles me why they didn't kill me.

"The next day, I was told by the farmer to leave, claiming that he is no position to keep me any longer. Because, the terrorists warned him to get rid of me right away. I wish I knew where to turn to now? Like a haunted animal, in terms of being unable to find refuge in a world marred by evil and tyranny, indifferent to the pain of a doomed people."

"At pre-dawn hour next morning, I left the peasant's house. Smitten with terror I trotted across the snow covered fields. As the ghastly wind furiously tore at my tattered clothing that barely covered my frozen body, carrying an eerie whizzing sound."

"I wish I was dead," I thought out loud. Only death could put an end to my misery. I had reached a point where I began to question myself if life was really worth to go through this kind of torture and an endless struggle for survival. I had a dark premonition that I won't make it." Yet, the human body can take a lot of punishment till it perish. Life has to go on, whether you like or not, as it's written; "By force you were born, by force you will die." This is the law of nature.

"However, driven by a compelling force, and swayed by a phenomenal impulse that chartered the direction, and dictated my every move - decreed; don't give up, keep moving. Before daylight began to filter through."

"Winter fell with surreal harshness to this region this year. For miles across the high plains. The malevolent winds raked the snow from the ridges, piling it up against the fences and huts."

"Trembling in the clutches of haplessness, mortal agony. Frozen, starved and staggering with exhaustion I reached the sprawling Pustomit forest. That loomed as an eerie, as I penetrated deeper into the terrifying aspect of shrouded in a pitch dark and death silent forest."

"The gray shadows of dawn receded as the daylight tentatively inched its way through, illuminated by the rising sun that pierced the tall pine trees. Raking my face, yet providing little warmth - heralding a new day, as I inched forward with difficulty."

"Suddenly, the sound of approaching footsteps evoked a sense of apprehension. I scurried for cover behind dense shrubs, and listened. As they came closer I discovered that it was a group of Jews, roaming around the woods. I approached them to find out if they by any chance ran into anyone of my towns people."

"Fortunately, they did come in contact with a few of them. However, they had no idea where I can locate them now. Animated by the good news, I set out to search for someone. Yet, to search for anyone in this sprawling forest was like looking for a needle in the haystack. It's more to it than it met the eye in this terrifying aspect sprawling forest. That's about to become my home under inhuman circumstances."

"Finally, after an exhaustive search I found a girlfriend from my hometown. We were very happy to have found each other. That at least alleviated a bit our misery - misery likes company."

"Life had taken up a whole new dimension for us, in terms of to be living in the midst of looming eeriness that pervaded in this spooky forest. Buried in a foxhole, as being reduced to a life of subhuman creature, denied all basic necessities of a civilized human being."

"Unless, one could meet the basic demands of survival under these horrible circumstances in this harsh winter without food and water. And above all, constant exposure to frequent German raids. The chances of survival were very slim. The strange phenomenon of survival in the midst of the forest wilderness was beyond any conceivable mind."

"It's in this context that the possession of a gun was very imperative in terms of obtaining food, and securing personal safety. Anyone who got hold of a gun could sneak out of the woods at night to get to the nearest village. At gun point demand food from the peasants. Of course, you ran the risk of being ambushed by Germans or Ukrainian terrorists. That's what survival is all about under these circumstances."

"Nevertheless, most of these forest inhabitants managed to get a gun, and did go out of the forest to get some food, despite the danger involved. Because, survival knows no boundaries when starvation is involved."

"The situation of women however, was in stark contrast with the one of men. In terms of that women weren't up to undertake this kind of venture. Therefore, their situation was more severe, because they were dependent on man's handout, thereby, often subjected to great disadvantages."

"With guile and deceit Germans attempted to lure us out of the woods. Promising us to be allowed to return to our towns, and to retrieve our homes that were untouched by the ghetto conflagration - and be free."

"One had to be crazy to trust these bloody German liars."

There were however, some who found it very difficult to adjust to these subhuman conditions, let themselves to be fooled by these bloody German tricksters. They came out of the forest and turned themselves in - only to be gunned down. However, to be so gullible and still trust these bloody cutthroats aftermath their bloody mass genocide was beyond any conceivable mind. This however, stems from the Jewish gullibility phenomenon that contributed a great deal to our destruction."

"Wandering from place to place in terms of security reasons, we run into Nachum's brother - Natan, who provided us with some food from time to time, which mitigated our chronic starvation."

"Then one day, we encountered a Russian partisan unit who seemed to be friendly to Jews, along with whom we crossed the Slutch River, which seemed to be frozen. Yet, not frozen enough in averting to yeald under our weight, as we crossed the river, falling into the icy water. With the help of the partisans who came to our rescue and fished us out of the water to get us to the other side of the river."

"Nevertheless, we were glad of having a chance to join the partisans at this juncture of events. Subsequent of having some basic training with guns and explosives, we were assigned to some kind of guerrilla warfare. Our mission consisted basically of harrasing the bloody Germans, in terms of paralizing their logistic system and supply lines."

"Although, our lives were in constant danger of being caught - and getting caught meant not only being shot to death. Which was a luxury under these circumstances. In comparison with the torturing process inflicted in particular on Jews and partisan victims."

"Nevertheless, we were proud and grateful for having a chance to take part in fighting our despicable enemy to revenge our destruction. We staid with the partisans till we were liberated by the Russian Army at the beginig of 1944."

"However, I wonder quite often - and it's still an enigma to me where a little pampered girl like me derived the courage and the endurance entailed in the contex of the survival phenomenon. Evidently, the human body is capable to withstand a great deal of punishment before it perishes."

"That's right," I concurred. "A humanbeing when standing in peril of life, his or her senses become unusal acute. In fact, one can shake off quickly all life sustaining essentials, when forced to, and still stay alive. Yet, strangely enough, the more one is reduced to subhuman conditions the greater becomes the will to live. That's the strange phenomenon of human life that defines our survival."

"In fact, we're very adoptable in terms of getting used to almost anything, except death. Our urge to live is streghten at the cost of our live contens. When we're subjected to the first stage of suffering we strive to return to the starting point. However, when we're pushed further down the ladder - we no longer dream of returning to a state of non-suffering; we dream of getting back to the immediate previous suffering. We have almost forgotten what went on outside and beyond this last stage of suffering. And the aspect of this phenomenon is one that sheds much light on many of this grim and evil age we live in." I ruefully concluded.

"But what's the use?" She said, as she continued to recount her tragic experience. "I lived in a veil of illusion that if I ever managed to survive that hell on earth. I will return to my home where I will find my parents waiting for me. I refused to accept the stark reality, in terms of that there's nobody and nothing left of what I had left behind."

"Grossly compounded however, became my bitter disappointment when instead of my mother - a hostile Ukrainian woman opened the door of my house and told me to leave. That I have nothing to look for around here, shutting the door in my face. She knew very well that the house belongs to me."

"The home in which I once dwelled in, and the mute walls that once housed our lives was now only a familiar site - a painful nostalgic memory. Conspicuously, mesmerised by the tragic phenomenal impasse - all that was left was despair."

"I left the house heartbroken, wandering through the streets that reminisced better days in the past. The stark images of my parents, relatives was conspicuously apparent everywhere, parading before my eyes. I was hoping for some solace in terms of finding someone of my kins."

"However, I was faced by the stark reality that destroyed the last faint hope of mine. Lonesome and smitten with survival guilt. Shunted and reviled, in a world that offered no entity."

"Amid the sorrow of bereavement, I couldn't find the strength to resist the shadows of despair that darkened my life. Unable to come to terms with this somber reality. A conspicuous sense of eeriness loomed over me, in terms of this phenomenal horrible aspect that had been creeping over me, setting in motion the grossly compounded nostalgic memory."

"The sun over this town will never again greet the Jewish people on their way to the synagouge, or on their way to work. Neither, will we hear the sound of laughter of Jewish children, playing outdoors, that fell so shamefully mute. I wondered in what merits did I survived, while my parents did not. For me to go on living without them was sheer torture. The conglomerate phenomenon associated with the horrible agony was so consuming that it was too much for me to bear in this respect."

"The liberation that I had so much yearned for so long was overshadowed by this enormous tragic loss that left me with an overly depressed mood."

"Noticing tears welling in her beautiful eyes - I said. I realize that nothing I can say would mitigate your pain and sorrow."

"However, as we're sifting through the emotional ashes of that frightening firestorm - the unphatomable phenomena called the Holocaust - we survivors share much more beside the anguish of the moment. For us survivors the Holocaust will always be a vivid and painful memory, as the echoes of the firestorm will never die. No matter how desperately we're trying to awaken from. We're destined to carry that horrible phenomenon till we die. Nothing however, could bring back the splendor associated with the happy days that vanished like a dream. Yet, we should cherish what's left."

"The consequences associated with cruelty and ruthless brutality, do not abate with passage of time. Yet, given the full scope of those tragic circumstances that had befallen us forever. To be pathetic and passive now is to doom our future. We have to control the memories of our tragic past."

"Of course, we should keep remembering the most evil iniquities the bloody Germans have inflicted upon our people. However, we should never permit the floodgates of the memories of the horrible past to open and drown us. Hopefully, there will still be enough happiness to cushion the fatal blow inflicted upon us."

"Nevertheless, we must realize that we find ourselves in the midst of few survivors who barely hung on to life - not so much for our sake, but that we could sound the alarm in this indifferent world. Who failed to capture the full spectrum associated with the phenomenon of human tragedy in terms indifference and paralyzed inaction that helped our implacable enemy to destroy us."

"Therefore, we have to get out of this cursed European death trap as fast as possible. In which we have no longer any confidence in terms of the human rights which were constantly violated in the midst of this degrading phenomenon. Our life is a never-ending saga which resulted in enormous losses

"We must confront this queer phenomenon in order to get back on the right track. Yet, the determination with which we survivors are facing our plight by virtue of unremitting perseverance to rebuild our lives from scratch is rather a remarkable phenomenon." I said, encouragingly.

"Next thing for me to do was to apply for a job." She continued to recount her tragic experience. "In order to avert being rounded up in terms of being transported to some forced labor camp in the Urals coal mines. From where there's no return. I had to secure some government job I happened to have found one in the Post Office in the capacity of a switchboard operator. Which was a part of the postal service. At this particular time, and place however, the telephone and telegraph communication service had been reserved exclusively for military use only."

"My job consisted of sorting out the mail and dispatching telegrams also, besides being a switchboard operator."

"Very often, while sorting out the mail I came across some letters from my hometown friends who escaped to the Soviet Union as the Germans invaded the Soviet Union in 1941,"

"Regretfully, the addresses of most of these letters to whom it was mailed to was not in existence anymore. So I took the liberty and opened up these letters. Of course, with the permission of my supervisor. In which they desperately inquired about the fate of their families and relatives. I answered these letters to the best of my knowledge. Revealing to them the stark reality of the horrible tragedy that engulfed us. Some of these survivors who were around I helped to get in contact with their relatives by letting them know their whereabouts."

"However, from the wages I could barely stay alive, as being unable to pay sky-rocketing prices for food on the black market.

"I was entitled however, to eat in the communal dining room where they served an ugly smelling watery soup-free. In which I had to fish for a piece of potato, doubtfully if I could ever find it, and a piece of soggy bread. That's a continuation of the never ending starvation I had encountered in the woods seemed to go on and on."

"However, it dawned upon me now that the prospect of our future on this graveyard for us looked very grim and hopeless."

"In the ashes of the smoldering rubble there's nothing to suggest that anti-Semitism has disappeared - quite to the contrary. The situation of the returning survivors became increasingly dangerous. Grossly compounded by the bitter disappointment of Ukrainians in terms of the reappearing of Jewish survivors - whom they presumed dead. As a consequence of old-time hate they were resentful of the fact that the Germans failed to eliminate all Jews.

"There were some survivors however, who came back in terms of attempting to retrieve their properties and the belongings they left behind. That the Ukrainians took over in aftermath the murder of our families and relatives. Yet, the anti-Semitic phenomenon was alive. Despite of the world assurance that's no more in existence, it's on the rise again."

"In fact, I definitely had no intention whatsoever, to settle down and start my life there in the midst of those bloodthirsty Ukrainian cutthroats, and Nazi collaborators, who walked around with impunity, on this cursed soil permeated with the blood of our people."

"However, before I decided to leave I vowed to settle some accounts in terms of to bring to justice some of those Nazi collaborators, I could find. In order, to get some revenge for the murder of our people."

"One of them was the notorious Nazi collaborator Trofimchuk, who took an active part in the murder of Jews in our town."

"With the help of several witnesses we managed to put him on trail, who was convicted and sentenced to death by hanging in the marketplace. To the great satisfaction of all survivors who saw him dangling on a rope."

"In spring of 1945, I decided to move. I managed to obtain a doctor's certificate, stating I was sick, unable to work for several days, just in case I was apprehended. Thus, ended the epic saga of this tragic phenomenon

"Thus, I departed from my birth place, which became a graveyard for our people. The same day, I got to the train station where I boarded a train which took me to Lodz, a industrial city in the western part of Poland. Where I came in contact with the Mosaad boys, who transported me to Italy via Austria, with the unrelented help rendered by the Jewish Bigade."

"That's the conclusion of the tragic account that charted the course of my journey to the Promised Land. To leave that cursed European continent where Jews were going through life counting graves. Constantly exposed to the epitomy of evil and scapegoating."

That night I was laying wide awake for a long time, wondering at the kind twist of fate that cross my path, which led to this charming girl. It's too early however, to tell what the future had in store for me.

That girl's charming look of her beautiful brown eyes has been electrifying, that reached my very heart and soul, infusing a keen desire to be near her. Everything that proceeded meeting her, and what followed was riveted around this accomplished, original and charming girl in every aspect of her youthful life. Upon whom I looked with anything, but increasing admiration. Hoping and praying that she will one day become a part of me.

However, she didn't carry herself like the tipical small town girl; instead she seemed unusual selfpossessed, even lady like in her behavior. Equally yealding readily to the tender emotion. The bygone years of suffering failed to extingct the charming spark in her eyes that could melt an iceberg, and charm the stars out of the sky.

Her sanguine disposition made her socially very substatial, never to be dampened by sorrow that was deeply imbeded in her heart. Though, she commanded a phenomenal ability to disguise her feeling while around people.

Very often in the evening we gathered in the diningroom where she danced and sang beautifully with her lovely voice everyone admired.

Yet, no one could ever tell that this girl, who made the impression of a worriless and cheerful individual was full of grief and sorrow that gnawed at her very soul. The years that followed had enhanced a vivid presence of authority she commended.

I marveled at phenomenal energy she had at her disposal. Despite of some health afflictions. However, she wasn't the kind of girl to settle into illness, and this staunch refusal to do so made her all the more exciting,

Although, she has been hiding a destructive loneliness that manifested itselfs by the loss of her parents and fiance, beneath her charm. A girl - compelling as she was could not go unnoticed.

I entertained the conviction that one of theae days something extraordinary will turn up in terms of gaining her favor. Thus endowed - in her - I was sure to have found a perfect mate to share what was by definition the most important set of values to fill the void of my life.

That's when I discovered that Hershel was also after this girl. This however, did not discouraged me in anyway in terms of wining her heart.

One sunny morning, we went on trip to Laggo de Como - a tourist resort in the Italian Alps. The weather was great, and the wind was calm as we passed miles of breathtaking scenery began to unfold, which the distance lends enchantment to the magnificent view. Ever new and exciting, heralding the breathtaking sight suddenly unfolded around the curve, in the mountain road.

As we entered the boatyard on the bank of the lake. The driver parked his truck, and rented a boat. We stood at the bank of the lake, marveling at the subtleties of the colorful reflection of the sun. The serenity of the majestic mountain which commended the lake. The soar and the poise of flying hawks, bazzards and eagles sailing the crystal blue sky.

Sailing around the lake - its crystal water rehearsing the skies, which reflected flamboyant colors as we basked in the golden sun.

Equally, awe-inspiring was the cablecar ride up the mountain peak. Unfolding its magnificent view of breathtaking scenery which graced the shores with its lush splendor, and genteel elegance.

The sun sank slowly into the mountain, framing the lush splendor as we descended aboard the cablecar on our way back to the farm.

I was only sorry that Carmela - the new girl I have met, wasn't able to come along on this trip - she was sick - she had some cabbage. Which didn't agree with her, a day before.

The summer drew to an end, giving way to fall with its magical carpet of golden leaves that quilted the ground with vibrant patches of red, orange and yellow, of fallen golden leaves and pine needles that covered the ground. Blown together by sharp winds into piles, then scattered it again all over the farmyard, matted into a carpet.

However, the arrival of autumn brought us good news though; the first transport of "Olim" was about to leave and sail aboard an illegal ship to the Promised Land, by the name of Hanna Senesh - named after a courageous Jewish girl, who parachuted into German occupied Hungary.

By virtue of unrelenting courage and bravery, Hanna Senesh, was an Hungarian Jewish girl who escaped Nazi terror in 1939, settled in a kibbutz in Palestine. In 1944, the 22-year old Hanna insisted to be parachuted along with 31 Jewish men into German occupied Hungary on a British mission to save Allied pilots. At the same time to try to save some Jews.

Unfortunately, she got caught by the Germans who mercilessly tortured her to death, and did not divulge anything associated with her mission.

The heroic girl, Hanna Senesh who wrote - and I quote; "Blessed is the match that is consumed in the kindling the flames of freedom." She herself became the match that was consumed in her heroic exploit, I quote.

Due to the importance of my job in the fuel dump I was involved in, the entire crew was not included in this transport. I was assured however, to depart with the next transport.

Fortunately, it all turned out in my favor, in terms of that neither was Carmela included in this transport - that was good news.

Although, there's nothing serious between them, yet, the fact that Hershel was about to leave with this transport - was also good news. In terms to keep him away from Carmela.

Buoyed by this good news, which translated that eventually, everything will work out in my favor. In the context of developing a sound relationship with this charming girl, who inspired in me a belief in a wonderful future to come. She completely captured my imagination. As I began to draw near her, inspiring the very essence of love that began to grow in terms to fill the void in my lonesome life.

Finally, at the end of 1945, the news of another transport arrived.

To fill another illegal ship, this time I and Carmela were included.

The fact that I was able to venture the journey with Carmela, caused me pleasure, as my dream began to turn into reality.

Shortly after dawn, an army truck driven by a soldier of the Jewish Brigade, rolled into the farmyard to take us to a secret rendezvous somewhere the Mediterranean sea coast, to board a ship anchored off shore.

As we mounted the truck, we were told to keep our voices down during the ride. The tarpaulin was let down as we rode in darkness through winding roads, till we reached the secret shore.

The entire area was cordoned off from traffic as we embarked, where many Olim waited to be transferred to the freighter ship anchored off shore, in rubber dinghies.

In defiance of conventional wisdom, in the midst of great uncertainties we stood in small groups, with an air of hushed and revered expectancy. A knapsack with not much in it, and our dreams - that's all we possessed on our way - in our quest for a Jewish homeland.

Finally, our term came to be transferred to the freighter *Encio Siren*. Our group clung together, as we boarded the ship and being hushed and rushed down the hold.

We caught a last glimpse of appreciation at the country who extended to us undo favor in terms of conniving at our illegal emigration activities. In the context of transit on our way to the Promised Land. Without which this operation would not be possible.

We were glad however, to get out of this European death trap as fast as possible. In whom we have no longer any confidence, because we were constantly betrayed and finally annihilated.

There's no waving of fund wellfare wishes as we sailed into the ocean darkness on a voyage venture that uncertainty chartered its course.

It wasn't until that morning as we descended into dank suffocating hold, that we began to grasp the full realities of the illegal operation in terms of the grim circumstances under which we were smuggled to the shores of our Promised Land.

The hold was filled with tiers of army hammocks hanging down from top to bottom, tied to wooden polls about two feet apart.

In fact, this was about the strangest phenomenon in the annals of maritime transportation of human cargo. Only survivors of the Holocaust - obsessed by their keen desire to reach the shores of the Promised Land at any cost, could have consented to venture a journey of crowding about thousand people into a small decrepit old tub of dubious sea worthiness of safety condition; acceptable. To venture such perilous journey under subhuman conditions. Cargo of human debris unwanted by anyone.

However, given the grim circumstances under which the illegal emigration had to operate. There's not any better way to be found.

Yet, we weren't disappointed - didn't expect the Queen Mary. For us survivors it didn't really matter at this juncture of events. We were inured and desensitized to hardship and danger. Besides, we weren't forced into this dangerous escapade - the decision was our own.

Everyone on this vessel had his own horrible story to tell, a sound reason that compelled each one of us to wrench up everything for a new beginning. The common thread that bound us together was our tragic past, and our hopes for the future in the Promised Land.

The dank hold was crowding up as we slipped between the hammocks and stretched out. It's impossible to sit up at the time when the person above was lying on his hammock. It was under these inhuman conditions we set out on a perilous journey of unknown duration.

"How do you feel Carmela?" I inquired with a great measure of concern.
 "Not to good at all." She replied ruefully.

"You don't sound to happy in terms of the unusual accomodations on this old tub. In fact, neither do I, but, considering however, we couldn't expect anything better. Yet, there's one thing though that should cheer you up - which is; that we're finally leaving behind that cursed European continent which has brought us so much grief and sorrow. Be glad that we're off to anew life in the Promised Land."

"In fact, I should have left six years ago, that would have spared me a great deal of agony. In hindsight, I should had joined my brother."

"Despite the fact that he never asked me to join him, as he ventured an illegal journey to Palestine. With a transport of Olim, organized by Stavsky - one of Beitar's leaders in June 1939,"

"But, when they reached the Romanian border the government invalidated their visas, refusing them entry to Romania."

"That's the result of British influence in the contex of the blockade on the sealines against illegal ships, sailing through the Black Sea."

"Thus, the whole transport of fifteen hundred "Olim" were stuck on the border. Most of them decided to return home. My brother however, refused to return home - a home which he was all too happy to get away from."

"He decided to wait it out - wait for the right opportunity to come along to cross the Romanian border - and so it came."

"A few month aftermath German invasion of Poland, I received a post-cart from my brother that he crossed the border together with the Polish hierarcy, who fled the German onslaught. And he was waiting in Bucarest for an transport to be shiped on a illegal ship to take them to Palestine."

"In defiance of the British blockade, and torpedoes they used to sink any illegal ship, packed with Jews escaping Nazi terror."

"In his postcard - my brother assured me that as soon as he will get to Palestine, he will send an entry permit to join him there. This however, was an absurd promise based on ignorance."

"Neither, was he able to send me such a permit. In light of the fact that there were severe restrictions for Jewish emigration to Palestine, imposed by the White Paper of the British mandate."

"Nor, could I get out of Poland in wake of the German invasion. However, had he suggestvto join him at the Romanian border, he could had saved me from the claws of German murderers."

"But, that's hindsight, of course, he could not forsee what was about to happen. That's the last time I heard from him. I have no idea whether he reached the shores of the Promised Land. I will search for him when we get there. I hope that I will find him."

The rusted anchor creaked up and banged against the sides of the old tub. The old engines sputtered and reluctantly churned into action. Enshrouded by a dense fog the old tub chugged away from the shore of Italy.

The bouncing of the old tub, and the lack of fresh air in the dank hold turned most of us dizzy and nausiated. The Haganah boys distributed lemons to stave off a major epidemic of vomiting, The lemons however, failed its objectives, as vomiting became widespread.

As the morning tentativly inched its way across the sea, the heat increased and the air inside the hold grew more rancid. Grossly compounded by the stench of sweat, vomits and excreta, became increasingly unbearable.

Climing up the stairs to catch a breath of fresh air. I felt a breeze caressed myface, and the smell of fresh air mixed with saltness of the sea tickled my nostrils - restoring my wellbeing, as vessle plowed through a gentle sea towards the shores of Promised Land.

There's however, no room on this freighter deck for all seeking a breath of fresh air to alleviate their suffering in the dank hold.

Yet, for security reason we had to be kept below deck, in terms to avoid to be spotted by a British patrol. Only the unconscious were taken up the deck.

There's only two toilets available to be used, to accommodate about thousand people.

Given this aspect under these circumstances there's no wonder that the queues at the toilets were endlessly lined up all the time.

Failure to hold on tight to the rail while waiting for your next, or when being inside the toilet, might very well result in being tossed around from one side to the other of the deck like a ball.

There's however, no provision of water to wash ourself - water was a precious commodity on every illegal ship. In light of the awareness of the duration of our uncertain journey - water was rationed, and distributed exclusively for drinking only.

For washing ourselves we had to use the salty ocean water, which could hardly wash away filth and body odors - it left the skin sticky like glue.

If all that wasn't bad enough, there's an announcement by the captain on the loudspeaker on the third day of the voyage, that we're stormbound. As dark clouds scudded across the sky, and gusty winds tore at the old tub.

By afternoon, the sky turned dark as clouds amassed, veiling the sun, and the rough sea has grown dark and stormy by nightfall. Forceful winds built up gigantic waves, sending up curtains of spray as the old tub bobbed like a toy, amid ominous forces of nature.

The old tub seemed to burst at its seams as it kept crushing into giant waves. Each wave seemed to be the one that would crash it, rising from one wave to the other, creaking and groaning as if it was about to fall apart.

In the hold down below people were tossed around in their hammocks. Some writhed in hunger pains, others wallowed in nauseating vomits - too weak to cry out. Lay oblivious to the misery around them. The lack of fresh air, and acrid stench of vomits fouled the air in the semidark hold that reeked of filth and unbearable rank odor. Grossly compounded by the closed hatch - the only opening on the deck through which some air could flow through.

However, given the severe storm that might flood the hold with water, as it washed the deck with an enormous amount of ocean water and heavy rain - the hatch had to be closed.

"How do you feel Carmela?" I inquired as I came down.

"Misérable, do you think that this old tub will ever make it through this storm, and be able to reach our destiny?" She asked ruefully.

"Well, if it doesn't we won't have to worry of being caught by the British patrol, who might be tailing us already." I replied.

"I just wonder if it's worthwhile the struggle we encountered, to perish now in the dark cold ocean, and become a picnic ground for the ocean fish." She said ruefully.

"You see my dear, destiny of a nation demands sacrifices. In order to become equal with others some of us have to sacrifice their lives. Take for instance the Haganah boys on this ship - who are in charge of this illegal operation. I am quite sure that they left comfortable homes in Palestine, to put their young lives on the line, in term to smuggle in survivors of the Holocaust to Palestine. Without an influx of Jews however, there could be no security for Jews in Palestine, if they plan to become a Jewish State in the future. When the British mandate expire and they will be forced to leave. Jews have to be prepared for that crucial moment." I said.

"I better go up the deck again to catch a breath of fresh air, before I start vomiting - I feel nauseous." I said, hardly being able to control myself as I climbed up the deck - just in time to retch.

The old tub kept crushing into gigantic waves, sending walls of water over the deck, washing away anything that got in its way.

To reach the toilet was virtually impossible, without the risk of being swept off the deck by the forceful winds that ravished the old tub.

Although, the storm raged through the night and well into the second day - it gradually began to abate, as the gusty winds and stormy waves subsided.

Thus, the bizarre, surreal drama of the uncertain voyage culminated with the sweeping sea storm we encountered, which grossly compounded our misery.

People began to crawl out from the hold to queue up to use the toilet, and to get some water. Our wretched appearance reflected our misery as the voyage was filled with more of the same of never ending dramatic saga.

On the next day, good weather was encountered as the ocean gently swelled. Though, spirit revived somewhat, yet, there's a great deal of apprehension in terms of being detected by a British patrol boats. While the condition grew unbearable, grossly compounded by the unsanitary conditions that turned the hold into a cesspool. A classic example of illegal maritime journey. As starved victims, gasping for a breath of fresh air. An epitome of human suffering.

However, the meager food and water rations was hardly enough to sustain life - and its supply was running out. Therefore, the supply had to be frugally distributed, because of the unawareness of the duration of the voyage.

As an illegal ship, with the British on its tail, we were forced to take a far off course in terms to avert detection. Hence our voyage might have taken much longer as it normally takes.

However, there was the landing to be reckoned with also. Even, if we manage to escape detection by British patrol boats and reconnaissance planes. We had the final precarious means of clandestine landing on the beaches of the Promised Land.

For the British saw to it that the capture of every illegal vessel was well publicized, in terms to preclude and discourage future efforts to smuggle illegal emigrants to Palestine.

Not only were His Majesty's destroyers and patrol boats - on twenty four hour duty within Palestine territorial waters of three miles limit. Should however, an illegal ship manage to get to shore, there were many beach patrols of British tommies on duty, in terms of preventing the landing of illegal ships carrying Jewish emigrants, at any cost, of which restrictions were growing in intensity.

The Arabs also made their business to catch illegal Jewish emigrants, organizing their own beach patrols. In terms of robbing the victims they caught of their possessions. Then turning them over to the British, who rewarded them well for their collaboration.

Nevertheless, the striving against all odds did not distract in any way, nor did it dampen the enthusiasm of neither the Olim, or the organizers to abandon the concept of illegal emigration to Palestine.

On the contrary, the stricter restrictions over emigration became, the more ships were launched on their way to the shores of Palestine.

On the fourteenth day of the voyage, one of the Haganah boys addressed us over the loudspeaker - hear this; "with luck we anticipate to go ashore at Caesarea, in a couple of days. That's where the revolution against the Roman tyrants ended with the slaughter of twenty thousand Hebrews and their leader Rabbi Akiva, who called his people to fight for freedom with the hero Bar-Kochba, met martyrdom. In terms of the desperate attempt to regain national freedom. The Crocodile River was still flowing to the sea where Akiva was alive."

"Unless, you listen carefully, strictly following orders, we were about to be apprehended by a British patrol. We will risk confinement behind barbed wire in Atlit detention camp. All papers, documents and pictures must be destroyed. Haganah boys will be on shore to meet and take us away.

"The British however, should not be underestimated in terms of their quest of putting an end to this exodus. There're no means that they will not resort to. They vowed to crack down on illegal Olim with the outmost severity in terms to preclude an influx of Jews to Palestine. Which is incompatible with their political expediency in terms of their interest in Arab oil, and their friendship with Arab shieks. On which the British Empire depends."

"Once night had fallen we must keep complete silence and act by stealth alone. We're reaching the most crucial moment of our voyage."

The Haganah words of caution somehow restored our confidence, heightening our spirit. We began to sing and bask in joy of friendship. Bound together in the context of mutual belief in terms of protective shell that has been a means of survival. As we hoped to manage to escape British nefarious practice.

But, euphoria wasn't long lasting. The next day, suddenly, out of nowhere a reconnaissance plane appeared on the horizon, looming closer as it hovered over our heads constantly.

"Clear the deck right away - get down below." Captain's order came over the loudspeaker. There's no doubt that it's the British patrol indeed - hovering over us, not letting us out of sight. Heraldizing the end of the odyssey saga, in terms of winding up in a detention camp.

By noontime, a British cruiser appeared on the horizon and bore down joined by a destroyer. They surrounded the old tub as it chugged along. Strictly guarded to preclude an escape attempt.

"It's all over now, we picked up a royal escort. The British sighted our vessel and were following us. The instant we enter the three mile limit of Palestine, we will be bordered by the British marines, and towed to Haifa harbor." Was the Captain's call.

On deck, we hooted at the warship and cursed Bevin - the Prime Minister of His Majesty Government. A large sign was hoisted which read; "Hitler murdered us, and the British won't let us live." The British paid no heed to.

A stir of excitement ran through the boat in terms of the Captain's announcement that we were about to reach the shores of Palestine next day.

The grossly compounded tension produced a strange silence that lasted through the day. That night, nobody slept - many stumbled through the darkness to reach the rail on the deck for a glimpse of the shore - the first look at the Promised Land.

Nothing could be seen however, we were still a bit too far off the shore, shrouded by a dense fog as the boat rocked on the swift waves.

I went back down the hold, where the repulsive stench reeked on.

"Are you asleep darling?" I asked Carmela. "No - I have been thinking what was about to happen now, as we got caught by the British?" She asked ruefully.

"There's nothing to worry about anymore. It's all over now. The British marines will board our vessel as soon as we reach the three mile limit. Then we will be towed to Haifa harbor. From where we will be driven to Atlit detention camp. As the British usually do with illegal vessels they catch. The Jewish Agency will eventually negotiate our release to set us free. Subsequently a deduction from the meager yearly quota of emigration certificates." I explained.

"I wonder what life will be like in the Promised Land?" She said.

"Of course, it won't be easy. In terms of the growing struggle, as the curtain rises on the Palestine drama. The actors are getting ready to spring to life. That's where the main drama of Jewish history will be decided, in terms of a Jewish homeland."

"Nevertheless, despite of all odds involved, we sure hope to overcome all obstacles which we're bound to incur in this process."

"Carmela - now as we're approaching our final destination - have you finally made up your mind as where you intend to live in the Land of Israel, upon our arrival there? Is it with your relatives, or with me in a kibbutz?" I curiously inquired. "Indeed, I did make up my mind - in kibbutz with you, that's where I have decided to live in."

In fact, I don't think that as a survivor of the Holocaust I would be comfortable in the midst of people who are in no position to conceive our tragic experience.

Furthermore, I don't think that anyone who hasn't gone through this horrible nightmare is able to conceive a mass genocide of such magnitude could have been perpetrated by the most cultured people as the Germans, whose capacity for evil was limitless and unimaginable. Which highlights the epitome of evil, and the greatest tragic phenomenon in human history."

"Splendid, that's what I have been patiently waiting for. To live with you - this way we can be together, and enjoy each other's company." I cheerfully replied.

The next morning, the British destroyers edged closer, looming over the hapless tub. As the breathtaking scenery of the majestic Mound Carmel unfolded. Which graced the shores with its lush splendor genteel elegance.

Panic struck at the sound of the British voice on the loudspeaker, demanding our immediate surrender, to be escorted peacefully to Haifa harbor. And from there to be driven to Atlit detention camp. Failure to cooperate with the British authorities might result in grave consequences.

The marines crowded the deck of the destroyer, ready to board the tub. We had our plan ready; we had cans and bottles, ready to fight back in case we were to be taken off the boat by force.

Of course, we realized that this wasn't an effective weapon to combat machine guns. Words, empty bottles won't stand against guns.

Nevertheless, on this boat, as well as on other illegal boats we had to put up a resistance in terms of fighting back British tyrants. There're no means that we should not resort to in our struggle against them. So the world should know how they treat survivors of the Holocaust, who have no place to go to. Even now, aftermath the extermination of European Jewry.

Thus, we waited for our captors. Finally, the warships loomed closer for the marines to leap over our deck.

Amid curses, blows and a hail of trash, empty bottles and cans, we met the marines. Who used tear gas to disperse the crowd. Shrouded by a maze of eye biting tear gas we scurried for cover.

The following captured the moment experienced by most of the survivors who came here to make their home. That seemed to compound the graveness of our neverending odyssey. Giving expression of deeply buried impulses.

As the tear gas dispersed, one of the guys in the crowd pulled out a blue and white flag, and hoisted it to the top of the mast. Bursting with a sudden manifestation of profound emotion we began to sing the Hatikva, amid an awe inspiring solemnity.

Hardly had the final note of the Hatikva ceased resonating through the boat - a Haganah man got up on one of the water drums on the deck, and began with an inspiring speech in defiance of British tyrants.

"Dear friends, we have taken our stand and made our fight - we're pleased about it. According to the British we have no right to come here to these shores of our land, they fight us - unarmed survivors with machine guns. But, take heed my dear friends. No one will ever again dare to destroy us."

"However, given the annals of Jewish history of which the Bible has quite explicitly kept track of every detail of Jewish inheritance. We definitely are the people who have the God given right to retrieve this land, you British have conquered in terms to expand your political influence. Neither, do we need British and Arab permission to come here."

"We're returning to these shores aftermath the Romans, Assyrians, Babilonians, Greeks and Crusaders who uprooted us had been ground to dust. And we will be here when we see the Germans and British, burn in hell."

"What you British do not seem to realize however, that no guns or tanks can ever destroy the human spirit, need for freedom. It's in this context that we will pursue our struggle."

"The Star of David will become endowed with magic and power. No more will it serve as a stigma degradation humiliation for an excluded and doomed people. Whom you British helped to annihilate by blocading all escape routes to preclude the escape of Nazi terror. In order not to leave any surviving Jew to come over here. This conspicuous phenomenon is symptomatic of British rule. Fortunately, the Germans ran out of time in terms of concluding the "Final Solution of the Jewish problem." Leaving some alive who will not rest until repatriated, in the interest of our national accord."

"It's against this backdrop of feeding the flames of Jewish nationalism that will rise against the British rulers."

"How blind are you British tyrants; have you not learnt yet whom you are fighting in this struggle, unprecedented in human history? Do you really believe that we're frightened by death - we who for years heard the rattle of the box-cars that bore our families, parents, brothers, sisters and the best of our people to the gas chambers. In terms to annihilate entire European Jewry, while the whole world was standing by with deliberate indifference, glad to get rid of this unwanted lot."

"We who ask ourselves so often; how are we better than they - the millions who were murdered with cold blood by the evil Germans? In what lies our virtues? For we could have been among them."

"However, the gnawing guilt goes endlessly on. To this recurring questions however, our conscience gives one reply; we weren't spared to live in slavery and oppression and to wait for a new Auschwitz."

"We were spared to ensure a life of freedom and honor for ourselves, our people, for the next generation, and for the generations to come."

"We were spared in terms to see to it that there should be no repetition of what transpired in German occupied Europe. As the entire world was standing by, watching with indifference how the Germans were solving the Jewish problem for them in purging Europe of their Jewish plague."

We listened - charged with high emotion and awe inspiring solemnity, as the speaker was gushing out words like a volcano spewing out hot lava. In the midst of anguish, his words rang forth with defiant heroism. A moment resonating with triumph and exaltation, opening the floodgates of euphoria.

"Ours were dreams mixed with yearnings for our homeland, for the Biblical glory that once existed in this war torn land. We grew up with stories about the exploits of our ancient kings and prophets."

"But now it's for real - we finally came here to reclaim our national freedom we once commended, regardless of the British attempt to perpetuate their rule. We finally came to the conclusion that it's better to die for our cause of freedom than to live on our knees."

"It's in this context, that the tragic aspect of our traumatic experience became the catalyst which will lead to our final victory over our foes."

This moment of emotional expression remained the highlight of the sea odyssey. The Haganah guy was enthusiastically applauded at the conclusion of the speech by the crowd who gathered to listen with profound reverence.

Meanwhile, the marines who were searching the boat for concealed weapons, while climbing down the hold, were astounded by what had transpired below the deck. They couldn't believe their own eyes under what horrible circumstances survivors of the Holocaust are capable to travel on illegal decrepit of unseaworthy ships. And to what extent they will go in terms of reaching their Promised Land. These were desperate people, they had nothing to lose.

Unable to stand the horrible stench below, that hit them like a poisoned gas explosion - they came right up.

Thus, the saga of the sea-odyssey came to conclusion. Our voyage was filled with more of the same of the neverending traumatic experience and uncertainties. This marked the end of the longest journey of the darkest night.

The boat was towed to Haifa harbor. The area was cordoned off, as we mounted army trucks to be driven to Atlit detention camp. Amid cheers of welcome to the Land of Israel, by a crowd of wellwishers at the harbor entrance.

The Captain of the boat and its crew mingled with our crowd in terms to avert prosecution in case being apprehended. It might also have a bad effect in terms of acquiring illegal ships.

The gate was unlatched as the trucks stopped at the entrance, and the convoy rolled in to the camp compound.

One more camp in the wake of our tragedy and passion. This one though, reminiscent of German concentration camps, was different - it's in the Land of Israel. However, it wasn't built for the purpose of forced labor, by British invaders. Solely for illegal emigrants detention.

The inmates stood in small groups, wearing their tattered clothing talking, arguing and shouting. Some sitting and apathetically staring, exhibiting no emotion to what's going on around them.

It's a familiar sight, reminiscent of what I have encountered in all the years of incarceration in the camps. Everything they were going through had been indelibly engraved on their faces.

Nevertheless, most of them exhibited the durative aspect of tough minded survivors, cunning in the path of survival, who became inured and desensitized to hardship. That's the conspicuous phenomenon of the survival aspect that enabled us to live through aspects of a struggle between life and death.

However, we weren't depressed finding ourselves incarcerated again. though, we arrived with our durative aspect of horrible memories of the past and dreams for the future.

To put our lives in proper prospective, in terms of to shape our destiny constructively. However, given the fact that we have finally reached our long awaited destination; the Land of Israel, has been inspiring - the realization of an age-long dream.

Dirty barracks sprawled in long rows with scattered army tents here and there. Everything looked dirty and dusty, even the tall palm trees looked faded and gray. It's a vivid reminder of the eerie aspect of German concentration camps. At the right near the entrance was the delousing station with stalls. Where British soldiers were delousing all new arrivals, spraying from head to toes with DDT powder and put in the barracks.

Women were put in separate barracks on the left side of the camp down the road. The camp compound was surrounded by barbed wire - a camp within a camp. British sentries with machineguns perched in their searchlight towers outside camp perimeter.

Each one was furnished with an army cot, blanket and cold rations - There's no kitchen to provide cooked meals.

However, the spirit was high, even there's little obvious solace to have been drawn from the promises in terms of our release.

Nevertheless, in terms to fend off depression, whenever we were bound to be inflicted with, we created our own recreation; dancing and singing on the camp compound. And soon the whole camp reeled under the impact of the growing Hora ring dance and songs that resonated in the surrounding hills.

After supper, I stretched out on my cot, trying to get some sleep, but it was impossible. The smell of rancid food filled the air inside barracks.

But, I could not go outside in light of carfew regulations from dawn to dusk, prohibiting inmates presence out-doors.

Looking out the window the camp lay in darkness, except for the eerie circles of the towers searchlights, illuminating the camp compound from time to time. Grossly compounded by the echo of jackle howling which split the stillness of the night, that's a familiar sound in this neck of the woods.

The next day, I went out to visit Carmela. Although, we were in separate barracks we were allowed however, to hang around there at day time.

The worst disease around here was boredom. All day long inmates strolled aimlessly up and down the camp compound, endlessly anticipating release.

Walking down the path to the women's barrack, I glanced at the hills outside the camp perimeter, which separated us from the sea. It's on these hills that most of the search towers were posted, looming over the camp compound with sentries aiming their machineguns.

"Shalom Carmela, how are you?" I said, walking over to her cot. "How do you like the accommodations of His Majesty Government? Splendid isn't?" You have never been in a concentration camp before? Well, you're in one now. Except for starving, terror, beating, and hard labor - looks the same."

"Many people come here to meet their relatives, outside the gate - they're not allowed inside the camp. Do you expect your brother to come to see you?" She inquired.

"I hope so - as soon as he finds out that I am on the list of the arrivals captured by the British patrol. The listings of all captured is being published in every Jewish paper in Palestine."

"We have to register our desired destination to be going-subsequent our release, whenever that will be." She suggested.

"We're registered already. According to what you told me I understand that you're coming with me and the whole gang to a kibbutz. Isn't it?" I asked.

"Listen to this." Carmela said, when I came to visit her the next day. This morning, Hershel was outside the gate with a box of candies. He was very happy to see me, and he is looking forward to my release. So I could join him at his sister's home, who lives in Haifa. She offered me a room where I can stay as long as I wish." She said, pretending to be happy about it. Most likely in terms to make me jealous.

"This however, came to me of no surprise, I have been expecting it all along. I hope darling, that you realize that his sister is trying to use this offer as a bait."

"So what was your reaction to this proposition? Were you happy to see him and listen to his proposition. In fact, it sounds like a marriage proposal. You see darling, you don't have to consider my presence around you - I owe me nothing. Let's get it straight, if you prefer Hershel over me, then let it be it. It's your choice." I explained.

"I declined his offer, because as I told you before, I am going with you - to live in a kibbutz - that's final." She replied determined.

"Splendid, I certainly appreciate your final decision, which I hope will turn out in my favor." I said gratified.

Meanwhile, a restless mood was looming over us, there's no sign for our release in sight.

At a inmate meeting, the elected committee declared that if our demand for our immediate release from our imprisonment was not met by the nefarious British tricksters, we'll go on a hunger strike, in terms to protest our incarceration, our disgust for British rule. An official requisition was dispatched to British Authorities, and to the Jewish Agency.

Given the urgency of our demand in the context of our immediate release. The Jewish Agency dispatched one of its leaders - Moshe Shertock, who reassured us that negotiation in terms of our release is going on with the British and our release was anticipated soon. He asked for our patience. There's no need for a hunger strike.

So it came to pass, three weeks aftermath the seizure of our vessel, our release finally arrived. The buses of Egged Bus Corp. were lined up outside at the gate, to take us to our desired destination.

Boarding the buses which carried Hebrew signs filled us with unusual pride. Our bus carried a sign - Yad-Mordechai - a kibbutz not far from Gaza, where Samson pulled down the Philistine Temple on his tormentors.

The skies were crystal clear, and the fragrance couldn't be more intoxicating, as we rode along the Mediterranean coast highway that winds through a beautiful cultivated landscape; enclosed orange groves, vineyards and bananas plantations covered the landscape.

The open fields, dotted with beehives and hot-houses, scattered along the shaded road by fast growing eucalyptus trees.

The rapid development of Jewish settlements was obvious all around - it couldn't go unnoticed. Every aspect of modern Zionism has been brimming with the realization of a dream that its images were shimmering before our eyes. The age-long dream came to pass.

The Promised Land - the land of milk and honey, where the echoes of Biblical past is mingled with echoes of the present modern Zionism. It's the only place under the sun where our people can be cared for, not in spite of the fact that we're Jewish, but because of it. By virtue of unrelenting and untiring perseverance this concept elucidated genuine principles for a solution for doomed people.

I encountered a moment when the adrenal was fueled by the passing scenery of the speeding bus. Not long ago all this was barren waste-land infested with malaria. The pioneers who came here provided the environment, and the promises. By hard labor and enormous sacrifices had invested in this land. Amid the encounter the most dangerous aspects of this desolated country and fighting off constant attacks of Arab terrorists. Which consequently brought in its wake the ultimate fruition of their devotion.

Here, we encountered the greatest phenomenon of human devotion and sacrifice in the saga of national renaissance.

Here, we encountering the realization of the prophecy of the Founding Father Theodor Herzl, whose philosophy was summed up in the poet's phrase; "Im tirzu ein zu agada." (If you will, it is no dream). Conceived in the sublime with the benefits of hindsight. It certainly proves his vivid and detailed vision of a solution to a nation he was destined to lead.

And so the pioneers kept coming in terms to irrigate the tree of liberty.

The relentless endurance ~~virtue~~ by those pioneers who put the dreams of Zion into reality. It's they who watered with their sweat, tears and blood this barren waste-land, and swampy sand dunes, that turned it into a blooming fruit bearing lush splendor. The most heartening aspect has been observing the dedication of those daring pioneers, that could only be paralleled by their commitment. Their meticulous and uncompromising devotion to this land. And the implacable dedication to their work has been a living testimony of their determination to translate the concept of Zionism into deeds. The tenacity of faith in this concept for a Jewish homeland, testified to the scope of the accomplishments viewed in the context of this spirit.

It's a reflection of an overpowering stark contrast between the devastation of the Holocaust, and the accomplishments of those courageous pioneers who tilted this soil with one eye casting down to the plow while the other was on guard against ominous Arab attacks.

They established a life style that expresses some of the noblest aspiration of mankind that laid the foundation of rebirth of a doomed nation. Their indomitable courage had forged the bonds of a nation that has survived unprecedented shocking phenomena for thousands of years.

We were flabbergasted by what we have encountered, while looking out the bus window, and much more than it meets the eye, in terms accomplishments has been a great inspiration on our first trip in the Land of Israel.

We became so absorbed in what we have encountered, while looking out the bus window that we hardly noticed our arrival at the kibbutz gate of Yad-Mordechai, at the Gaza end of the main highway to Tel-Aviv. The bus rolled into the yard and stopped in front of the communal diningroom.

Yad-Mordechai was founded in 1943, by a group of pioneers who managed to get out of Europe, just in time to escape Nazi terror. It's named after a dead hero; the leader of Warsaw ghetto uprising Mordechai Anilewicz.

It's an agricultural settlement which comprised of citrus groves, cow sheds, chicken coops and beehives. The produce, milk and eggs was marketed by Tnuva, a central marketing board of all kibbutzim and moshavim, private settlements.

Life here, as well as in any other kibbutz, did not offer any luxuries. Far less at the juncture of developemnt, though allowing the basic necessities.

Nevertheless, spirit was high among the members, who were inspired by the enlightenment and the advance state of human commune society this social class and enviroment provided, on its way to social evolution.

There's a deceptive silence when the burning hot winds bear down, heralding the advent of the infamous "Khamsin" that licks the face with an intensive heat that's blowing from the desert. It's the most gruesome encounter in terms of weather changes in this neck of the woods.

Bringing a wave of tiny black mosquitoes which swarmed over us, driving us mad with their merciless bites. As we doubled in stoop labor in the fields and at the citrus groves. In the scorching heat of the blazing sun. There're as much as fifty days of these "Khamsin" in the year to be plagued with misery of phenominal profusion.

Our stay here however, was of short duration, which came as a great disappointment to those who were about to be transfered. Because, we just began to like it here - the people who some of them were mine landslide.

However, in wake of the destruction of Yad-Mordechai, aftermath the invasion of the of the Egyptian Army, two years later - who knows - if we had stayed there what fate would have had in store for us. As many of them perished in a desperate attempt to hold on to their position in the midst of an invasion. In a desperate attempt of defending their settlement from the Egyptian invaders.

We were transferred to the kibbutz Gan-Shmuel, near Hadera, half way between Tel-Aviv and Haifa.

We were put in tents or in huts, subsequently of being handed a bundle of working clothes from the commune storage -room, and assigned to jobs; boys to citrus grove and girls to the vegetable garden, kitchen or laundry.

Gan-Shmuel was founded in the twenties, by a mixed lot of pioneers from Poland, Hungary, Romania and Germany. It has been considered at the time of our arrival as a well to do among the kibbutzim.

Although, it drew most of its income from agriculture, they began however, to diversify with some industrial production as; bottling citrus juices and canning all kinds of fruits and vegetables.

Early morning next day, we woke up at the sound of the kibbutz gong, to get ready for work. We went to citrus grove just outside the kibbutz compound, where the man in charge - veteran kibbutz member handed out a "turêa", a hoe like digging tool, yet larger, to each of us.

Citrus trees are planted in long straight lines, each tree has a groove around it, to be filled with water in terms to saturate the soil.

Each of us was assigned to a row of trees in terms of to deepen and widen the grooves and the ditch, for the flow of water from the pipeline.

There's also another group of teenagers, who like us formed a nucleus for a future settlement. They arrived here from Turkey - strong and robust enough to meet all storms of life. Who unlike us bore neither physical nor mental effects from the Holocaust, one way or another. They constituted our competition in terms of productivity in the citrus grove. With whom we had to keep up pace.

By the end of the day, every muscle in my body whimpered, as my back felt stiff with pain, as a result of the fact of being doubled up in stooped labor all day long hoeing in.

In fact, there's virtually no privacy in the socialism oriented kibbutzim, one owns nothing, even the shirt on ones back belongs to the commune stockroom. Where every week everyone gets his bundle of clean working clothes, and a clean shirt and pants to change after work. And where the concept of Marx theory is taught on a regular basis.

Children are raised in dormitories where they live with their peers during the infancy and school years. Parents visiting them after work, or taking them to their quarters for a few hours when they get older.

The children health care, schooling and their future ambitions is the sole responsibility of the whole kibbutz. Their upbringing, which is in a sharp contrast with the way we were brought up in the diaspora.

In fact, it has no trace of galuth mentality, in terms of every aspect of Jewish life. A new generation of Jews has taken roots, and made its presence felt - natives of the Land of Israel, called; Sabras, a cactus fruit which grows on the country's every roadside. It's prickly on the outside, but sweet inside.

They conjured up a remarkable image of a new Jew; sound in body and mind to meet the challenge of the nations rebirth and its struggle for freedom. It's focal and favorable - in the saga of national renaissance.

A month subsequently to our arrival here, we were given permission to visit our relatives. After being granted car-fare I took a bus to Jerusalem, at the Hadera bus terminal, to visit my brother.

Past Ramla, the road curves and narrows at the crossing that let traffic to the Larun Valley. Miles of lush green landscape unfolded, lined with tall eucalyptus trees alongside the road, which turned sharply as the bus ascends the Judean Hills, with its steep slopes perched on the roadside.

Studded with many young trees, and flocks of dirty sheep grazing on its granite slopes.

As the road winds through the hills, passing along the road were Arab villages consists of mud huts perched on granite slopes, surrounded with olive groves and patches of cornfields and vegetable gardens.

The disparity between the rapidly growing development of modern Jewish settlements and primitive Arab way of implementation of sickle, wooden plow and threshing sledge - hardly seemed to have changed since time of the Bible, which could not go unnoticed. That marks this phenomenon.

As we reached the outskirts of Jerusalem, a panorama of breathtaking scenery unfolded. The beautiful granite stone exclusively used in buildings throughout the city helped to unify the effects of Jerusalem's appearance. In spite of the difference between the broad boulevards in the part of the new city, and the narrow covertly in the Old-City, where the confines lay almost all religious sites of different denominations.

Getting off the bus at the Jaffa street terminal, I set out to look up my brother's address. Finally, after some searching I found myself in front of the building my brother lived in.

My heart beats began to accelerate in anticipation of meeting my brother. I knocked at a door on the ground floor in terms to find out my brother's whereabouts. As the door opened, I was told that my brother lives here, but he is not home right now. He is to be found at his grocery store, one block down the street.

As I kept walking I noticed a small grocery store perched on top of a half a dozen stairs. There he was - standing behind the counter smiling, with rosy cheeks. He approached me as I walked into the store. This was the great moment I was looking forward to for many years.

Choked with emotion we fell in each other's arms, as tears of joy welled up in our eyes.

"How are my dear brother, let me take a look at you? I am so happy to see you!" He said, excited. "So am I." I replied emotionally stirred.

"You have grown, and developed quite a bit, ever since we parted six years ago." He said admiringly.

"Yes I did - in concentration camp, where starvation, terror and hard labor was my constant companions." I sarcastically replied.

"You must have gone through an horrifying experience brought on in the wake of German invasion of Poland." He said ruefully.

"Oh, yes indeed - I was in the worst hell on earth, created by human monsters. I don't think that you're capable to conceive the magnitude of evil which transpired in these infernos created by the most cultured people in the world - Germans." I replied.

"Recalling the sequence of those horrible events however, with hindsight, I can reasonably argue that - had you asked me to join you in that small border town - Zalucze. Where you were stuck on the Romanian border, on your way to Palestine, shortly before the German invasion. You could have had saved me from the greatest catastrophe of human history.

"Yet, instead, you wrote me a post card from Bucarest, that I should stay put and wait till you get to Palestine, then you will send me an entry permit to Palestine."

"I don't think that you realize what had transpired in Poland after German invasion. If you do, you would know that we became engulfed in greatest calamity that had ever taken place in the history of our people. And our time was running out fast, there's no way out of this quagmire.

"In fact, it's virtually inconceivable for all those who did not experience this tragedy to comprehend the full scope of this disaster."

"Did ever the Free World's leaders, and Jewish leaders worldwide wake

up in the night, chilled by the touch of conscience, while the Jews in Europe were heading down a dangerous path. Did anybody put on the scales the enormity of this suffering, torment and agony which could have been avoided. It only serves to underscore what was compelling evidence of indifference in terms of saving human lives from genocide. But, it's no use, what's had been done cannot be undone." I said sarcastically.

"What was the fate of the rest of the family?" My brother inquired.

"Only our sister Eva and her husband managed to survive, whom I found when I returned to our hometown after liberation. All the rest were exterminated, or gunned down by the bloody Germans." I ruefully recounted.

Meanwhile, a woman in her late thirties with curly hair and a charming little three years old girl holding on to her, walked into the store. After picking up some groceries, and exchanging a few sentences with my brother, she left.

"Was this your wife and daughter who just walked in and out of the store my dear brother, you didn't even find it necessary to introduce me."

"Yes it was my wife and daughter." He said, with a lack of enthusiasm. "You see, in light of the precarious circumstances under which I found myself subsequently to my arrival in this country. Having no job, or a place to live in. I was forced to accept a marriage in which I could secure aliving in order to survive."

"Then one day, I was introduced to this woman. She owned this store, and a room to live in. Although, remote from what's called comfortable living. Yet good enough for the time being."

"However, having limited options in this respect. So I figured, if I marry her at least I wouldn't worry where my next meal will come from." He tried to justify his action.

"It's that's why you found it unnecessary to introduce me to her. What in the world have you done? You sold yourself for a meal and a place to stay. It doesn't sound rational to me. In fact, it's down right foolish. Let me tell something, take me for instance. I was under severe starvation for six years. However, liberation I so desperately anticipated has delivered me from one barb wire camp to another. Without even having a decent meal, or a comfortable bed to sleep in."

"And finally, I arrived here with nothing, not even a decent shirt to wear or a pair of pants. However, it never crossed my mind to sell myself. There's much more to marriage than a meal. You know as well as I do that it's written; "Lo al lechem levado ychyeh adam," not on bread alone man shall live."

"Look, I am not to criticize you, or even to lecture you. However, judging from what I have noticed so far, your marriage doesn't look too rosy. Let me ask you this; are you happily married?"

"Of course not, the vital aspect of a good marital relationship has much broader meaning than food." I concluded the discussion.

"It's time for lunch, - lets go home and have a bite, you must be hungry." My brother suggested as he locked up the store for lunch-break.

They lived on the grand floor, crammed in one room, sharing the kitchen and utilities with four other families. My brother introduced me to his wife and his little daughter. Then we had lunch together.

At the end of the day, after dinner, we kept talking concerning our tragic past as I recounted the ghastly circumstances under which I struggled to survive the last six years. Which culminated with the saga of the sea odyssey, and the capture by the British.

The next morning, at crack of dawn, I got waken up by eerie wailing of muezzin who intones aloud, summoning the muslims faithful to prayer. Whose very rhythm of life is still set by the five daily calls from the mosques minarets, that resonate through Jerusalem.

It's Saturday morning, and my brother offered to show me around the historical sites of the Old-City. Strolling down Ben-Yhuda Street, we descended into Jerusalem's main thoroughfare, Jafa Road, which comes all the way from Jaffa up to Jerusalem, to the portal gate entering the Old-City.

"Here is Meia Sharim - "Neturay Karta" quarters which accommodates a fanatic Jewish religious Hasidic sect, whose practices includes medieval and mystical elements. Upon whose ultimate authority rests the rhythm associated with the quality of their lives. It's in this context that they are an anathema to modern Zionism and to a Jewish State. They believe in the Messiah, the only one - they claim who will deliver from exile to a state of their own. So they have to wait for the day He will show up, and set up a Jewish State for them. Modern Zionism for them is a perversion of the Jewish religious concept."

"At your left you can see coils of barb wire sealing off the big government buildings in the vast "Russian compound". with its onion domed church, and a complex of old buildings. Here is the headquarters of His Majesty British Government, C.I.D., and the central prison, where its tiny dark cells are filled with men of the Jewish underground - ETZEL and the Stern group. Rottening away their young lives, as the British - in a desperate attempt to destroy their spirits need for national freedom." My brother ruefully explained.

We kept walking down Jaffa Road, as it curved around a small hill to become King David Street, as merged the most elegant boulevard in Jerusalem. Where the famous King David Hotel is located, which houses the headquarters of His Majesty Government its offices, and the Y.M.C.A. rising majestically at its right."

"All Jerusalem's modern buildings however, have not diminished its aspect of a holy city, and shrine of three major religions. It's a symbol in terms of our glorious and romantic past associated with it.

To history you plunge back - to the turks, Napoleon, Crusaders, Kings and prophets, as we approach the Old-City. That's where charm resides, full rich Jewish history that spans the centuries currently being highlighted and counterpointed by a tasteful, ecological balance in the midst of the Judean mountains."

"The Hadassah Hospital and the Hebrew University, the pride of the Jews, is perched on top of Mount Scopus, overlooking the Dead Sea. Although in its stages of development at this juncture - the Hebrew University was already the most advanced educational institution in the Middle East."

"The scenery was almost Biblical, utterly, captivating, something out of the Biblical age. Here, was the birth place of our people. Here, our spiritual, religious, traditional and political identity was shaped. Here, we first attained statehood, created our cultural values of national and universal significance, and gave the world the eternal Book of Books."

"Yet, by virtue of the unbiased contest for ownership of Jerusalem, a city of shrines that inspired the passion of three major religions, has spilled rivers of our blood over centuries. It will be spilled more however, in the future unless, the Arabs will realize that Jerusalem, has always belonged to Jews, long before Islam came to being. And will remain under Jewish control forever, whether the Arabs and the whole world like it or not. As our undisputable ownership will prevail."

"Regretfully, we cannot go up there to Mount Scopus, because we have to pass the most dangerous neighborhood in Jerusalem - Sheik-Jerrah. That's where the notorious vile Arab leader - the Mufti Hajamin Al Huseini, and his terrorist gang reside. The one who was counselling with Hitler how to conquer Palestine and slaughter all Jews."

"Fortunately, his dreams did not materialize. As the tide of history turned the other way, that consequently resulted in the defeat of both."

"Equally awe inspiring is the Old-City which evokes a Biblical atmosphere as we walked through the huge gouted Damascus Gate, heading towards the Wailing Wall, through the narrow winding cobblestone alleys, elbowing our way through bustling crowds. Taverns full of Arabs, endlessly sipping Turkish coffee, smoking the nargila, the water pipe, stuffed with chashish."

"Here, beats the heart of historic Jerusalem - the most dazzling jewel in the crown of Judea. Amidst these historic remnants dwells the spirit of our ancestors who courageously fought in a desperate attempt to stave off many ruthless conquerors, who left death and destruction in their wake."

"Jews in black silk coats, surging towards the Western Wall to pray, strickly observing the Sabbath."

"The Wailling wall which consists of huge stones perched on top of each other - the only remanent of the Temple. Surrounded by worshipers who ardently pray and stick scraps of paper with written wishes into crevices between the stones."

"Seen in the perspective of history in the contex of centuries of persecution. The glory of the heroic exploits still shining through in every part of the city. Viewed in the contex of this spirit, it's more to it than it meets the eye." My brother kept explaining.

"Jerusalem, shimmering atop the Judean mountains, that seperate the coastal heartland of the Land of Israel, from the desert to the east assumed an importance far beyond a regular city. To Jews it's the original City of David, where the first and the second Temple were destroyed by conquerors, leaving only fragments of the Western Wall in their wake, the most holiest site in Jerusalem. However, the city will always be regarded as the undisputed Capital of the Jewish State."

"The remanants of the Massada stronghold, perched on top of a steep hill, once regarded as an epic of courage, and the rallying cry for a besieged nation, fighting for survival."

"However, by virtue of courage and bravery suicide cannot be defined as an act of bravery and courage. Only to rise against the enemy, regardless of the prospect of winning can be regafded as such." I replied, as I became aroused in the conversation.

The historic city of Jerusalem was teeming with new life in the midst of the encient hills of Judea, blooming with vinyards and harvest fields of renewed fertility. Sprang back to life after being dormant for two thousand years. It finally, came to pass as the prophets had predicted.

Jerusalem's climate is excelent, during the the summer month the heat is tempered by the sea breeze, and the temperature drops sharply at night.

Jerusalem - as well as the rest of the country - what it lacks in size and natural resources, it makes up in its magic beauty and cultural resources. It's also the anvil that withtood the hammer of our enemies.

The walls that surround this once glorious city, so much yearned by Jews all over the world for centuries. Where King David had reigned and King Solomon had built our resplendent Temple, now desecrated by the Moslem Mosque erected on its site.

Although, my brother tried to spend with me his free time in order, to show me around the city. Amid reminiscing the turbulent aspect of the years gone by, as we grew up together in a troublesome home. In the aftermath of our mothers death.

However, he seemed quite remote, in terms of his inability to grasp the horrifying aspect in its magnitude of the Holocaust calamity that became engulfed with. Of course, he was not able to grasp - so does the whole world. That tend to underscore that the loss was solely the survivor's.

Consequently, the spirit of coolness descended upon us - widening the gap. I began to feel as if we had nothing in common anymore in terms of our relationship. It seemed as if the years we had spent together was only a nostalgic memory by now.

Finally, my visit drew to an end, as I returned to the kibbutz, where I found Carmela back from her trip to Petach-Tikva, visiting her relatives. We exchanged impressions of our trip and of our relatives.

As the harvest season approached we were transferred to work in the fields; to pick up bundles of straw of the harvested rye and load it on the truck, in the scorching heat of the blazing sun.

The end of harvest is celebrated on Shavuot - the Festival of Harvest. The joy associated with it finds expression in a profusion of the most spectacular events. Folks dances followed by presenting striking scenes of colorful narratives. And introducing baskets filled with harvested crops of every branch of the kibbutz agricultural division.

One day, Carmela's hometown friend showed up on the premises - a soldier in a Palestine unit of the British Army, stationed in Egypt. A good looking chap by the name Rafael.

Wasting no time - this guy proposed to Carmela in terms of marriage. However, for some reason unclear to me - Carmela declined his offer, and he left the next day.

Then shortly afterwards, a car drove into the kibbutz compound - a man over six feet got out of the car and asked to see Carmela.

Bewildered, by his unexpected arrival - Carmela was hardly able to conceal her emotion. She decided however, to go with him for a ride in his car. Evidently, it must have been another candidate, seeking her consent to marry him, opening the floodgates of more to come.

"Who is this giant you went for a ride with - and what is he to you?" I inquired, when she came back.

"He was introduced to me by my relatives during my visit to Petach-Tikvah." She replied, perplexed.

"Did you tell your relatives that you weren't interested in any matchmaking, because you have made your pick already in terms of marriage? Of course not, otherwise, they wouldn't dare to procure a husband for you. And this guy you went out with wouldn't come here to make a pass at you.

"This giant however, didn't give up easily, taking no for an answer. He checked into a hotel in Hadera, and kept calling Carmela continuously on the phone, day after day. Imploring her to go out with him, hoping that she eventually give in, and will agree to marry him. But, Carmela refused to see him, and he finally gave up and left.

Yet, the list of candidates pursuing her did not end with him. The pattern of more progressively ironic revelations began to surface in wake of her visits to her relatives in Tel-Aviv. As another candidate surfaced as Carmela revealed to me one day.

"Did you go out with him?" I inquired. "I did." She said. "So you did, don't you think that I deserve an explanation in terms of your intention towards me." I demanded an explanation.

"Did you go out with him? Do you care for him? If not why do you act as if to give him hope in terms of becoming involved with?"

"Not really. I just went out with him just to please my relatives, who insisted to give it a try." She said apologetically.

"Is that so? In fact, isn't you who should be pleased as far as your life happiness is concerned and not your relatives. It's with your husband you will live, not with them?" I continued to press my case.

"Given, the matchmaking that goes on however, it seems to me that you became quite confused as a result of the numerous candidates that you can't make up your mind in your final decision."

"However, if you had been acting in interest of our relationship this wouldn't have occurred, but you did not."

"In fact, you're not quite sure that I am the right guy to be your husband. I am getting the impression that I am in your way altogether. You see darling, let's not kid ourselves we're not kibbutz material. We won't last long in this environment, sooner or later we will have to leave. We just wasting our time here."

"In fact, I don't relish the prospect that I will succeed to establish myself in the outside world without any connections - that I don't have."

"You however, have an opportunity to strike it rich, in terms of the numerous marriage proposals. Don't let this opportunity to pass. You suffered enough, you deserve an easier life, than one which is wrought with hardship. That you had more than enough. If you pick me, that's what you are bound to get. You don't owe me a thing, you're free to do what you like."

"That's not true - and you know it, that I am not interested in ~~some~~ - else but you, especially not in one who ostentatiously tries to impress me with his business and his apartment in an affluent neighborhood of North Tel-Aviv. All this however, does not appeal to me." She shot back.

"I am sure that you're not the kind who is impressed by wealth. However, in the outside world you cannot survive without a reasonable income."

"As far as finding a husband is concerned, tell your relatives quite frankly that they should leave it to your own discretion. In this respect you're not the kind of a girl who would have a problem with them. They should rather be concerned with their own children, and leave you alone." I suggested.

"In fact, they have a son and a daughter. The daughter is a teacher in public school - a good looking girl but, she has a problem - she is dragging her right leg, as a result of polio disease she contracted some years ago. Otherwise, she is quite attractive and pleasant to talk with."

"Then they indeed have something to be concerned about. You see my dear, it's quite obvious that your relatives are taking the liberty regardless of the fact that we're engaged to be married. Is it out of sheer pity for a bereaved Holocaust survivor, to match you up with a husband regardless whether you care for him. The main thing that he should be economically well off. Is this really what you're after? At least you owe me the courtesy of being honest with me, that's all I ask from you."

"In fact, it's gotten to a point that I am not quite sure what you're up to any more. As an unfathomable insight of caution and circumspect dominated my mind to the point of seeming diffident."

"You seem to enjoy your popularity in terms of attracting the opposite sex. In fact, you're puzzling me in terms of the sequence of events. I am quite confused in terms of where I stand with you at this juncture. In the final analysis I can tell you quite frankly that you certainly have a strange way of showing affection." I said disgruntled.

Then one weekend, another ironic revelation came to light, as I went with Carmela to Tel-Aviv. I had to visit my uncle, and she went to her relatives."

I went to my uncle who happened to live in the vicinity of the bus terminal where I met his wife and children. He was my father's brother, who immigrated to Palestine, in the early twenties, enduring great hardship. Yet, he was smart enough to stay on, thereby averting to be swallowed up by the firestorm of the Holocaust, just as his brothers and sister.

My uncle introduced me to his wife and children. Then I gave them a reccount of my past experience in the midst of a firestorm called; Holocaust.

"How did you managed to survive?" My uncle inquired, "To this recurring question there's only one answer; I don't know. You see uncle, what had transpired in Germanconquered Europe, is beyond human imagination. It happened, because this cold and indifferent world let it happen. This was a well elaborated scheme for genocide of the Jewish people. With all the noble virtues of civilization, the German murderers got away with, based on one excuse: their adverse economic circumstances forced them to murder the Jews, and take away everything they owned."

"As for your question, how I managed to survive however, is not-withstanding with known moto: "Survival of the fit."

"In fact, I wasn't phisical fit, and strong enough to meet all the storms of life. I was always a sick and feeble child. That's why it's still an enigma to me how I really survived this hell on earth."

"How was life like in the aftermath of your mother's death?" He inquired "That's when our trauma began." I replied.

"I wrote to your father several times - asking to come over here with his family, and settle here. Your father however, did not heed my plea. He could had save himself and his family, and escape Nazi terror." My uncle ruefully reminisced. "But, what's the use, it's too late now."

"That same fatal blunder millions of Jews had committed, in terms of their reluctance to escape that cursed European continent when it was still time. The trouble is that Jews never learn from adversity." I concluded.

After having dinner, I kept recounting our tragic story and tried to answer the unanswerable questions, till late into the night.

The next day, I came to see Carmela, at her cousin's apartment, where I was introduced to her relatives.

After having lunch together I went for a walk with Carmela on Alenby Boulevard. Suddenly out of nowhere we were approached by a man in his mid-thirties, whom I had never met before.

At the spur of the moment, it seemed as if Carmela was faced with an unexpected predicament. After exchanging some conversation between them he left, without introducing him to me.

"Is this the man your cousin is trying to match you up with, Carmela?" To whom you didn't even found it necessary to introduce me to. What's the matter - were you embarassed?" I sarcastically implied.

"Oh no, the one my cousin introduced me to is much younger and better looking." She desperately tried to cover up her confusion.

However, in her grinning features there's something that betrayed her dishonesty. Yet, when her explanation came, it had the hollow ring of insincerity. I had a hunch however, that it's him alright. As far as his appearance was concerned it perfectly matched his qualifications.

"You see darling, the great French writer - Emil Zola, so rightly put it in his book I'Accuse, and I quote: "Even when the truth is buried underground, it grows, it chokes, it gathers such an explosive force that on the day it bursts out, it blows everything (rotten) up with it."

"This quotation he made in regard of Alfred Dreyfus's case, unquote."

"What are you insinuating, that I lied to you? She shot back, indignantly. "I don't have to say anything, the truth will come out, sooner or later, it always does." I admonished her.

There's no sense arguing however, at this juncture. Because if it was the same guy, he is bound to show up in kibbutz sooner or later anyway. As indeed he did - sooner than I expected.

"By the way, how is your uncle and his family?" Carmela tried to change the subject. "They're all-right. However, to tell the truth, I don't like the snobbery of his children, who look down at me like a giraffe looks down at the lower creatures."

"In fact, I begin to believe that for them survivors are something inferior, and do not measure up to them. That's why they turn up their noses in our presence." I gave her my impression.

Then one Saturday afternoon, as our group returned from a trip to Beit-Shaan valley, where we visited some well established kibbutzim; Tel-Amal, Beit-Alfa, Ein Charod. Where the Mount Tabor rises majestically with its snow capped crown. In the midst of enormous heat of the scorching sun, as a hot wind wipes across the brown valley of red clay. And fields of hot pinks, mustards and simmering greens, under a sky that its horizon was lost in the baking haze.

In fact, these kibbutzim were considered among the most affluent, in terms of economic accomplishments. They provided the Land of Israel with most of its leaders and its aristocracy. Consequently, became one of the most unique social phenomenon of the twentieth century in the world.

Without whom the concept of land development could not have been accomplished, given the intractability of the land in the midst of Arab hostile cutthroat neighbors, who hated Jews, and the concept of Zionism - calling for a Jewish homeland.

As the truck rolled into Gan-Shmuel, on our return - Carmela was told that a man was waiting for her in the hut. As I opened the door - there he was - the same guy whom we met in Tel-Aviv, on Alembic Street, not long ago during our visit.

Another surprise - astounded by his sudden appearance - Carmela took him for a walk, trying to persuade him to leave, as she became embarrassed in terms of the truth that I just uncovered. Thus, it worked out just as I anticipated it would.

"Finally, I got rid of him." She said, with an expression of guilt in her voice, when she returned after awhile.

"So far your action insinuates doubt in my mind in terms of honesty. You should realize, and always bear in your mind that the truth is always bound to come out, no matter how effectively you will try to conceal it."

"Let's make it perfectly clear once and for all in terms that I should know where I stand with you, and to look forward to in terms of our relation."

"Perhaps, the reason you're unable to make up your mind in terms of selecting a candidate to marry you. As you keep vacillating. Is it because I don't measure up with your lofty ambitious goals, whatever they're. However, given your action so far allows a plausible recourse to righteous indignation." I said, trying to control my emotion.

"This isn't true, and you know it quite well by now, that affluence doesn't impress me, and I have no intention to let myself to fall for it and sell myself for wealth. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here with you, Beyond any doubt. I would have been married already. She said indignantly.

"Then why do you give the impression to your candidates that you're interested in? Can't you see, this gives hope to a man."

"Then what are you really looking for in a marital relationship?" I asked. "Love, respect, devotion and understanding, that's what I am looking for in a marriage." She replied.

"These prerequisites I won't have a problem with, I can even make up for what I lack in terms of other aspects, like wealth etc." I said content.

"Wealth however, you won't need if you intend to stay in a kibbutz." She said, as she seemed appeased in terms of solving the problem.

"But, I don't. In fact, ever since I paid a visit to my brother, and I took a close look at the outside world. I began to realize that I am not kibbutz material in terms of the social-economic concept of Marxism they adopted in their midst."

"Given the impulse for private initiative I am driven by in terms of trying something on my own in outside world. It wouldn't be fair to the kibbutz and to ourselves to stay here just because we're afraid to face the challenge of the outside world."

"We're young - the years of privation have failed to inhibit our energy and initiative, and have not diminished our ambitions and dampened our spirit for accomplishments in every aspect of our life."

"Let's not waste our time, and go out to the outside world, in terms of becoming the masters of our own fate. Let's challenge life and find out what it has in store for us."

"In fact, the drive for private initiative has dampen my enthusiasm for communal life. It behooves me that this will be a step in the right direction." I said, revealing my plan for our future.

"This however, might not be as easy as you think, you better gear up. Life on the outside world is a constant straggle for survival. Don't set your stakes too high, and don't count the casualties." She said vexed.

"Don't worry, we survivors have become inured and desensitized to the prospect of austerity."

"There're many newcomers in this country. Yet, not all of them live in a kibbutz. They somehow managed to make it in terms of making a living. Hopefully, we will also."

"In fact, I got the impression that the aspect of getting a handout - getting something for nothing. Is quite obvious around here. In spite of the fact that we're putting in a hard day's work, as we're looked upon, and treated not as one of them. This is to underscore the disparity in the midst the inhabitants of these socialist establishments." I said determined.

"Carmela - you told me that you have a friend living in Hadera, they are also newcomers in this country, are they not? How are they making out in terms of making a living?" I curiously inquired.

"Yes, she and her husband, seem to making out all-right I guess, we will visit them, as soon as possible." She replied.

Next Saturday, we went to visit Carmela's friend. They lived on a farm at the edge of town. As we got there we were greeted by a plumpy young woman in her twenties, in front of the hut they lived in.

After being introduced to her husband Misha - a stout looking man in his early forties, they invited us inside the hut, which consisted of a room and a small kitchen, not too bad for a start.

"I am employed by the owner of this farm - a German Jew, making deliveries of all kind of produce harvested on this farm, with a horse and wagon. Although, the pay is low, we pay no rent however, which for a newcomer it will do for a while." Misha explained.

"How about you? Are you planing to stay in kibbutz for good?" He said. "We're not sure yet. However, if the prospect of finding a job will be favorable we might consider leaving kibbutz, and settle here in Hadera."

"However, given the limited employment options in this small town the prospect of finding a job is not very promising." I replied.

"I will tell you something, I have a proposition you might as well take advantage of, if you wish. You and Carmela can stay here with us till you will find an apartment, and get married. As far as a job is concerned - don't worry, you will find one eventually. Although, as you can see we live in one room, yet we will manage somehow." They suggested.

"It's awfully nice of you, we very much appreciate your generous offer, and we will be in touch with you in terms of our decision." I told them.

"Your friends are the nicest people I have ever met, in terms of the offer they volunteered, which in fact, even our own relatives wouldn't suggest. After all they're newcomers themselves, living in hardship, struggling to eke out a living." I said to Carmela, on our way back to the kibbutz.

"Then one day, something happened that put us on a collision course with kibbutz authorities, in terms of the communal rules."

It's in this context while being at work, somebody - obviously the kibbutz caretakers raided living quarters, confiscating our few extra clothing we brought here with us, placing it in the communal storage.

This disgraceful action, which is reminiscent of German raids on Jews, in German occupied Poland. Which is totally incompatible not only with all the noble virtues of kibbutz definition of democracy. But, it's also a reproach to culture and civilization.

In fact, it has no recourse to righteous indignation, especially - in terms of our sensitivities to coercive obedience, reminiscent of our tragic past. Isn't kibbutz life based solely on education? I couldn't believe my own eyes that such incident could happen in their midst.

Our indignation culminated at a special meeting that was called in terms to clarify the issue, by the supervisor of our group - Sara Vilenczik, who opened the meeting.

"Dear friends, it has come to my attention that our collection of your private clothing has been met with acrimony. I am sorry that our well intended concept in terms of collectivization has been misunderstood and ignored by you. In fact I have admonished you numerous times to deposit all your private clothing voluntarily in the communal storage, for collective use. I have to remind you that our community is based on collective life."

"However, by virtue of authority vested in me in terms of guidance counselor I cannot under any circumstances tolerate anything which is not compatible with the concept of our political orientation in terms of private ownership." She concluded.

I asked permission to speak next, and was granted.

"Dear friends, It seems to me that the kibbutz movement as well as the rest of the world is out of touch with the survivors of the Holocaust, which manifests itself in every aspect of our life."

"However, in all candor we're astounded, and deeply disturbed in terms of recent incident of raiding our quarters and confiscating our few pieces of private clothing, we have kept to change when we go visiting our relatives."

"In fact, we're not as much disturbed in terms of giving up our few private things, as we're of the way it has been executed. Which in retrospect, is reminiscent of our tragic past, in terms of a long chain of constant German raids and invasion of our life."

"It illustrates your underlying insensitivity and indifference to the emotional aspect of our problem. Which in fact, might have a negative effect in terms of the concept of integration of survivors into kibbutz life."

"However, in light of the fact that we're survivors puts us in a different category, than your normal members of the kibbutz movement."

"In fact, you fail to come to terms with the greatest catastrophe that has engulfed our people, in annals of human history. Anyone who has not experienced the tragic horrors of the Holocaust, have rather a vague concept of what had transpired in German occupied Europe. It's virtually inconceivable to the normal mind."

"However, have no illusion that we came here directly from our comfortable homes where we left our families and relatives as you did, before you got here. I am not quite sure that you realize that we just came out of the worst hell on earth man has ever created. Yet, upon our return home we found nothing and nobody, as if they never existed."

"In fact, we hardly had enough time to come to terms with the aftermath of our shattered lives brought on in its wake, in terms to put us back on the right track. We hardly had a chance to rest up properly."

"Our liberation by the Allied Forces has delivered us from one barb wire camp to the other, without even having a decent meal to eat, or a comfortable bed to sleep in."

"Nevertheless, we were eager to join you in the Land of Israel, at any cost, even at the risk of our lives that we struggled to preserve. We have chosen to join the exodus, not because we had no other place to go to."

"It's the concept of modern Zionism that fed my dreams ever since my boyhood. As I have always been an active member of the Zionist movement. My - were dreams mixed with yearnings for our Biblical glory that once existed before the destruction of Jerusalem, and the exile of the Jews."

"I grew up amid these enchanting awe inspiring galant exploits of our ancient kings and prophets I so fondly recall the magic of these stories conjured up in me. With each story I took a journey to this enchanted Promised Land, met the wonderful characters of galant exploits."

"It's in this context that I began to comprehend the full scope of modern Zionism, in terms to absorb all its values. I also became familiar with the inspiring exploits of the Chalutzim that opened my heart. However, it had never dawned upon me that we were deemed to be regarded with a great measure of ambivalence - a mixture of suspicion and pity, in our homeland. Alternating between hospitality and paranoia, wondering in what merits we survived and others did not."

"Yet, the answer to this recurring question lies in the fact that the Germans ran out of time to conclude that infamous process of the "Final Solution to the Jewish problem". It's in this context that a few thousand survivors managed to survive."

"Regretfully, you fail to realize that we're not like everyone of you in terms of our emotions as a result of our traumatic experience."

"Given the fact, that we survivors of this firestorm feel ashamed of the victimization we encountered, having that gnawing that endlessly goes on without reminding us who we're."

"In fact, given your contempt you harbor in terms of submissiveness, and the spirit to retaliate - you Israelis do not like to identify with the survivor's tragic history or even to listen to them. Nevertheless, the Holocaust is - and it will always be a part of the identity of all Jews - including Israelis, whether you like it or not."

"However, the answer to this recurring question in terms to rise up against our tormentors lies mainly with the fact that Jews were not psychologically prepared to meet the firestorm called Holocaust. Yet, this stems mainly from the fact that we were brought up in the principal of submission - to turn the other cheek, and begging for mercy. Grossly augmented by betrayal and deceit, even by our own people."

"As commendable as the many exploits of the Israeli's, ^{seem} in terms of putting their lives on the line in rescuing operation for trapped Jewish survivors in Europe, in terms of helping them to reach the shores of the Land of Israel!"

"It's however, most inconceivable for you to comprehend the full scope of human evil perpetrated by the most cultured people - Germans who vowed to eliminate Jews from the face of the earth."

"In fact, given the nature of our tragic experience in the long nightmare of the Holocaust - one can reasonably argue that our view of the world is shaped by its infamous betrayal and indifference to our tragedy."

"However, coercive collectivization is certainly not to be used in terms of initiating the concept of socialism - it will never work. As you can see it doesn't work in Russia. One of the most richest country in the world, forced collectivization turned the country to be victimized by massive food shortages, even causing the infamous famine in which many millions of people died from starvation. Because, Russian farmers were robbed of their own land by the revolutionary government, and forced into collectives. A way of life they weren't properly prepared and educated for."

"The only reason why collectivization is succeeding here in the Land of Israel, is because, it's inspired and motivated by Zionist idealism."

"Forced collectivization won't work, because it requires education in terms of social-economic revolution." I concluded my address.

My address was well liked by our group, who was pleased by the piece of mind I gave to our supervisor.

The Irgun - an underground organization, dedicated to expell British rullers from Palestine. The members whose oath of allegiance was a commitment for life to the movement, and to its concept of national freedom.

Given, the strict security measures of its underground activities, that was shrouded with a tight veil of secrecy, that even excluded a members immediate family from being privy of anything that transpired in the inner circles of the underground and its activities.

The seeds of resistance were sown in the hearts of its members who strived for national freedom, as the dedication for a homeland resurfaced. By virtue of courage of conviction that sparked the flames of freedom has been measured best by successful exploits. They had long championed the cause of national independence, that became the embodiment of the struggle for freedom in the Land of Israel.

The Irgun, under the leadership of Menachem Begin, the disciple of the great Zionist leader Zev Jabotinsky. They embodied a special synthesis of the greatest Jewish leaders in our time.

It's in this context, that the Irgun escalated its activities in terms of sabotaging bridges, railroad trains, British military instalatios and patrol boats, scouring the coast for illegal ships carrying Jewish immigrants. That became the central feature of their goal.

Against these impulses stood a formidable British police and security aparatus that seemed to be seeking new methods to stem tides of national rebellion. To suppress the movment imbued with a powerful nationalistic purpose animated by a profound sense of inspiration who were defiantly facing down the British rulers. Drastic circumstances breed drastic measures.

In wake of these events, the British brought in more troops to extinguish the flames of freedom.

Jerusalem - the headquarters of the British Government, had been turned into an ugly barrier of blocked off street-roads by big coils of barbed wire.

Hotels and government offices were guarded by concrete pillbox. Streets trembled beneath treads of British tanks and armoured vehicles, patrolling streets day and night. British soldiers no more leisurely strolled the streets of Palestine as they used to. Curfew was imposed from seven PM, to five AM, British soldiers rumbled through the street. Anyone caught in the street between these hours was arrested. Thus, the Land of Israel, became a police state, in the midst of a guerrilla war.

Nevertheless, the tougher the British became, the more violent the resistance grew. Yet, these brute British rulers could not forever crush the yearning of a nation to be free.

Begin - whose popularity had been soaring in the twilight of British rule, became the most wanted man on every billboard in Palestine, a reward of fifty thousand pounds was put on his head for a clue that it will lead to his whereabouts. Passing by a pseudonym as Rabbi Israel Sasover, a bearded scholar living in a synagogue in north Tel-Aviv, studying Talmud and planning the most daring attacks against the British. As his house and the neighborhood was under constant surveillance of British security police. Amid a frenetic splurge of arrests in terms of the manner the Irgun executed it.

However, the majority of the Yishuv quietly acquiesced of Irgun action against British rulers. The Irgun secretly continued to build up its military resources, as well as helping to bring in as many illegal immigrants as possible. And preparing itself for the imminent day of reckoning looming closer for a final showdown.

Here is an account of one of Irgun's daring exploits that had taken place in Sarafand - the central British Army camp. Which housed huge armories of military hardware. Sarafand had been the headquarters of the British Army, not only for Israel, but for the entire Middle East.

A highly elaborated guard system dominated the security scenario, surrounded by a tripple electrified barb wire fence.

Strict access restriction into camp compound were imposed by the military authorities at all times.

However, on a spring day of 1946, a unit of Irgun members, posing as a British military unit approached the Sarafand camp gate. Subsequently of confiscating a military truck and taking prisoner the driver and the second driver along with his job assignment papers. Which gave them access to the armories.

They presented their papers, which seemed to be quite in order. Arousing no suspicion what soever. The truck passed through the gate, leaving some Irgun members at the gate in terms to engage in a friendly chat with the guards. The truck with the rest of the guys headed straight for the armories, in their quest for arms and ammunition.

Meanwhile, at the armory storage - the guards were quickly overpowered. And loading of the truck with arms and ammunition began in a great tempo in terms of averting suspicion of passing by soldiers.

The truck kept filling up quickly, then suddenly, one of the guys became too greedy as he jumped on a tank that was parked nearby the armory in terms to dismantle a heavy machinegun which was perched on the tank.

This however, triggered trouble by attracting sentinels at the Observation Post, as one of the sentinels opened gunfire at the Irgun guy at the tank. At once the camp was in turmoil.

Pandemonium broke out, confusion set in. No one knew who was who in their midst. Gunfire was aimed at the truck as the Irgun guys finished loading arms and decided finally to pull out.

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The Irgun guys however, were in full control of the situation, as they did not permit them to recover from the shock. The Irgun guys set up some explosives to destroy the armory, as they completed loading arms and ammunition. Then they leaped on the truck that began racing towards the gate, grossly compounded confusion in midst of the guard. This however, had been very helpful of getting out alive from the camp compound.

Meanwhile, at the gate where some Irgun guys were posted in terms to engage in chat with the guards in order to distract their attention.

However, as soon as the shooting erupted Irgun guys overpowered the guards, and ordered them into the guardhouse with their hands up, to prevent them from shutting the gate. Which could have resulted in capturing all Irgun guys, and be hanged on their necks.

The truck loaded with arms and ammunition sped towards the open gate and picked up the rest of the guys at the gate. Non however, were missing, or dead, only two guys were injured, all accounted for.

As the British finally recovered from shock, they send out a convoy of armored vehicles to give chase after the Irgun guys.

However, in light of the fact of another confusion that developed in the midst of heavy traffic. Very difficult to distinguish - who was who - who were British soldiers and who were Irgun members, was by no an easy task. Yet, it's in this context it was no longer possible to bring the truck load of arms to a designated safety place at this time.

So the leader decided to unload the truck at sideroad and bury the cases with arms in the sand, after they managed to shake off their pursuers.

However, great was their disappointment when they returned to retrieve the arms in order to transfer it to a proper hideout, discovered that it had been removed by the Haganah.

The two injured boys however, were captured as they traveled in a taxi and taken to a hospital. They were prosecuted and sentenced to death by hanging. that added another event in terms of this tragic phenomenon whose echoes resounded all over the world. Echoing the sentiments of many in the Land of Israel, as the winds of freedom blew across the land. Viewing the current upheaval with elation as they commanded much attention associated with the freedom fighting phenomenon.

Yet, the Irgun did not deem the stolen arms by the Haganah as a loss, because it fell into Jewish hands anyway. Nevertheless it was considered a great political and psychological exploit which had been greatly rewarded.

In fact, the news of this operation flashed around the world as the most imaginable operation in the annals of guerrilla warfare.

By virtue of unrelenting and unrelented perseverance of these courageous and brave boys, who put their young lives on the line, regardless of the consequences. They vowed not to rest until British rulers were chased out from the Land of Israel.

In light of the death sentence of the two freedom fighters who took it stoically. As they told the judges that the British will never break the spirit of the Jewish people, nor destroy their longing for national freedom. Neither can they legally judge them, because they not recognize their oppressive regime. This country does not belong to them. They were only given a mandate which is about to run out. By that time they have to be out of here for good.

It was against this backdrop that the Irgun system of retaliation "an eye for an eye" gained momentum. As they issued a warning to the British Authorities, that if they hang the captives they will retaliate with the same; gallows for gallows, floggings for floggings.

Thus, they did, several days later the Irgun captured six British officers, and kept them imprisoned in the heart of Tel-Aviv.

In wake of this event a long drawn negotiation followed, the British agreed to annul the sentence in return of the captured British officers.

However, the struggle didn't end with this encounter. Aftermath of the storming of the Ramat-Gan Police station, in which Dov Gruner and three of his companions were captured as he was fatally wounded in the process. They're sentenced to death amid brutal torture in a most barbarous Nazi style.

In the aftermath of this incident the Irgun set up a field court-martial. They declared that henceforth any British officer who will fall into their hands will be executed, just as the Irgun fighters.

In wake of this declaration British troops were nowhere to be found. They dug up into their hiding places.

It was in this context that the Irgun planned to storm the most guarded and impregnable prison fortress in history - Acre Prison. In a desperate attempt to free the incarcerated Irgun guys, including Dov Gruner.

Acre prison was in the midst of an Arab population, surrounded by British military bases.

A convoy of an Irgun Unit disguised as British soldiers and officers under the command of Dov Cohen. By virtue of the most courageous and bravest veteran of the British Army, whose exploits in World War II battles acclaimed him for his rank as a captain.

When the convoy reached the outskirts of Acre they split into groups. One unit began shelling the nearby army camps, others planted mines around the prison. Then they concentrated on blasting the great iron gate, which was done from the inside the wall by some prisoners who smuggled in some explosives. Through a small building which served as bathhouse they reached the wall, on which they attached the explosives.

The whole town of Acre rocked under powerful explosion, breaching a hole in the wall big enough for the prisoners to crawl through.

This time however they encountered a barrage of British machinegun fire from the guard towers.

Yet, breaching the wall to let the prisoners free was only a part of the job. Securing the exit for the freed prisoners in terms of loading them on the trucks waiting outside the prison was more complicated.

However, heavy machinegun fire directed to the towers enabled them to pass the prisoners through the breached wall.

As the freed prisoners got out to the road they encountered some roadblocks from which a barrage of machinegun fire was directed at the escaping prisoners.

This opened the floodgates to frightful scenario in terms of the carnage that took place on the road aftermath breaking the roadblock. Some of Irgun guys were out safely, some prisoners were caught and returned to their cell, and some were killed in the process.

Given the scope of events leading to their subsequent martyrdom, certainly merited the detailed chronicles they received.

Though an open revolt never came to pass. Putting it in spotlight of the dramatic scenario involving profound political changes was compelling and resonate. However, Irgun's operations were decisive in determining the course of events in terms of accelerating trends that had inexorably produced the most effective results in terms of chasing out British rulers and establishing a Jewish State.

The Haganah however,condemned any of Irgun's violent actions against the British,no matter how sound their judgement was in terms of befitting the Jewish cause.The Irgun encountered fierce opposition that led to a formidable adversity.

The Haganah followed their policy of restrain - as they always did in terms of reprisals to British nefarious trickery that fostered Arab antagonism and violence that resulted in pogroms.

They argued that the war against the British and the Arabs should be essentially defensive.It's in this contex that the denouciation of Irguns attacks against the British was bursting with journalistic hysteria in a self-abasment of their own people.

Ben-Gurion denounced ~~them~~ the enemy of the Jewish people,largely because he imagined Irgun as serious political rivalry.The newspaper Haaretz published a poem preaching that no redemption is better than redemption by lepers.However,viewed in the contex of the struggle for national freedom such despicable remarks was beyond any criticism.A term that evoked the spector of hate they harbored for the political spectrum of their opponents.Regardless,of the cosequences it could result in terms of Jewish struggle for national freedom.

Nevertheless,Begin - like his predecesor Jabotinsky,did never allow himself to be set off his course by the banalities of his opponents whose judgement never inspired respect,bearing their sneers with equanimity.

These repulsive observations however,by the liberals had been lost in the torrent of sensational development to follow.However,motivation for violent attacks against the bloody British opressors found a considerable measure of sympathy in the midst of many Jews who marveled at their undam-
ted audacity,in the annals guerilla war fare.

Finally,driven by the impulse for private initiative that was sparked by the encounter with the ouside world,the concept of the Marxist life style began to loos its charm in terms of personal freedom that I have been yearning for many years.

It was in this contex that enthusiasm for collective life began to evaporate that we decided to leave the kibbutz,and stay with our friends till we find an apartment.

However,there's no doubt that - had it not been for the collective system of the kibbutz movement,which has proven itself the efficient and productive way in terms of colonizing the arid waste-land of Palestine. There would had been no signicant accomplishments in terms of land developement,without the kibbutz movement.

Several days,subsequently to our arrival in Hadera I married Carmela, in a private ceremony at a Rabbis office,and moved into one room into a house nearby our friends.

However,to find a decent job was utterly impossible in this small obscure town many significant industry.The jobs avail able were low paying seasonal jobs in the citrus groves.Yet,the high paying jobs available at the building construction,which had been dominated by the union that favored their oldtimemembers.So newcomers had no chanse to get into the union in terms of getting a job.

Thus,began our struggle to eke out a living in the midst blazing sun of the scorching Mediterranean shores.And so I drifted from job to job.

However,with Carmela getting a job at a restaurant,we could somehow make ends meet,in these tough times of our begining in terms of to build our lives from scratch,aftermath our turbulent years.

The attacks against British rulers didn't end with the Acre incident, there were many more to come. However, the Acre prison fortress attack became a legendary phenomenon of the Irgun's guerrilla warfare against the British rulers in Palestine.

In fact, military circles characterised the attack on the Acre prison fortress a military masterpiece. And the house of commons one member remarked; - "There has never been anything like it in the history of the British Empire." Coming from the British, it sounded very complimentary.

The operations against the British however, added mystic that had been attached to the prowess of these courageous men and enhanced their legendary exploits.

The durability of the British rule in Palestine, barely concealed an underlying vulnerability that largely derived from their failure to eliminate the Jewish underground, who vowed to stand ground to the bloody end in this heroic and retrospectively crucial juncture of Jewish history.

However, the cumulative effect of a whole series of most audacious exploits the Irgun underground operations had the most favorable effect in terms of producing widespread dissatisfaction of British public opinion of its role in Palestine.

Which of course, brought in its wake the collapse of the occupational regime, paving the way for full political independence in terms of establishing a Jewish State.

There's no doubt however, were it not for these daring Irgun operation the British would have been still ruling Palestine today.

What the British did not realize ever since the initiation of their mandate over Palestine, was that no gun or tank can ever destroy human's spirit need for national freedom. For in a human society freedom is a basic prerequisite of existance in this world.

However, this inalienated right we were denied for two thousand years. Yet, it is deserved by those who are willing to fight in terms to conquer it.

Finally, the die was cast as we stood at one of the most important crossroads of Jewish history, as the turning point with the striking of hour of freedom. A chance history would have not offered twice.

On November 24, 1947, the U.N. at a meeting in Lake Success, N.Y., in a dramatic encounter that shaped the course of events, in the days ahead. Amid a vote of 33 to 13 for partition of Palestine and accepted Britain's decision to hand back their mandate over Palestine, given them by the League of Nations about years ago.

However, the scope of Britain's real intention in the context of the Palestine issue was obscured by their treacherous actions committed against Jews, since inception of their rule in Palestine.

To many Jews that evening the culmination of everything they lived for. At that historical evening I happen to be in Jerusalem at the advice of my brother in terms to relocate to Jerusalem, as he was supposed to help establish a little business. In order, to improve the quality of our lives, that never materialized.

Spurred by genuine emotion - Jews of Jerusalem, in the thousands took to the streets amid an explosion of the most exuberant joy. In terms to sample the wonderful taste of history in the making, as they headed to the Jewish Agency on King George Street. Exalting in the vastness of genuine emotion. The League of Nations decision displayed more than just a promise. It conveyed confidence bordering enthusiasm and euphoria. The dignity of the historical moment gained momentum by the appearance of Golda Meir and David Ben-Gurion on the balcony amid sounds of exhilarating acclamation of Jews of Jerusalem.

Who so completely captured their hearts and minds and evoked the very essence of the indomitable spirit. Echoing the sentiments of many in this country, as the winds of freedom blew across the land, amid exhilarating euphoria.

It was an event of enormous historical significance that transcended into a majestic national event, since the glorious Biblical times. As we watched - charged with high emotions and awe inspiring solemnity as it gained momentum. A moment resonating with triumph and exaltation, opening the floodgates of surmountable joy. This moment of emotional expression remained the highlight of the night, as it captured the euphoria of the entire nation, who impatiently waited for many centuries for this moment.

This was the most glorious moment in the annals of Jewish history, A harbinger of good times to come. The joy associated with the age-long dream a national homeland found expression in a profusion of the most spectacular dancing and singing in the street.

Jewish Jerusalem erupted in widespread explosion of joy, exalting in vastness of Jewish hope. The most exuberant perhaps in its turbulent history. Amid a wide outburst in terms to herald the end of a two thousand year of yearning, as the drama was now approaching its climax.

Equally awe inspiring was the sound of the shofar at the Wailing Wall, and in all synagogues all over town. Heralding the triumph of freedom at last. As it is written: "To lift the banner and gather our exiles scattered all over the world." The event of great historical significance transcended into a majestic national occurrence of emotional packed moments in terms to recapture the glory of our Biblical past.

Although, through many centuries of exile Jewish people had never lost hope of national restoration, which is widely reflected in our daily prayers, in terms of our yearnings to return to our homeland, from where we were exiled two thousand years ago. But, never gave up - and vowed to return to.

However, most of the Jewish people were dominated by the phenomenon of religious fanatics upon whose authority rested the rhythm of every aspect of our lives.

They insisted on miraculous redemption in terms of to our Promised Land. They meant to say that Jews must wait for the Messiah who will redeem and deliver them to the Promised Land. This is the only way to be relied on. Nothing else will accomplish our long awaited goal, in terms of national redemption. Any peaceful or military action was synonymous with treason of Jewish faith. Modern Zionism was denounced and condemned by them.

In this supreme hour however, the voice of the prophets was heard, commanded to comfort, and to proclaim the restoration of Zion. Thus, we may live with honor and dignity, and may no shame or disgrace ever darken our days again. Given the age-long yearning for this moment of triumph. Nothing however, could dim the exultation associated with this hour of supreme glory as history finally made its judgement.

Singing and dancing, in the streets all night long reflected true joyous feelings associated with this great event. But not for long.

As Jews were basking in the glory of the L. of N. decision the Arabs who rejected the partition plan, claiming that Palestine belongs to them in its entirety. By no means have no intention to share it with Jews who by their definition are a curse in their midst, they do not belong in Palestine, in the first place.

Consequently, Arab immediate reaction to the League of Nations partition decision released their conjured up ^{hate} that resulted in sharpening their swords. For what they thought to be in terms of a final showdown; the ancient "Jihad" - the holy war, in terms to drive the Jews to the sea.

However, to the surprise of many Jewish liberals who believed that Arab acquiescence in terms of Jewish homeland in Palestine be obtained by raising their standard of living in terms of providing them with good jobs.

Hardly had the final notes of the Hatikva ceased to resonate through the streets of Jerusalem however, it was back to reality.

But, beneath the peaceful exterior of Jerusalem seethed unrest and tension, which will soon spew violently into the streets and roads of Jerusalem. It's in this manner Arabs decided to react in terms of the League of Nations decision for partition of Palestine.

Euphoria of Jews has evaporated, giving way to gloom and apprehension, as I left Jerusalem the next morning - sole passenger on the bus to Hadera. As Jerusalemites were torn between hopes they were very ill prepared.

Amid the relishing prospect of being annihilated by Arabs, at this juncture of events, in terms of fulfilling their dream of a "Judenrein" Palestine. Looking for Jewish blood as cutthroats always did.

Fortunately, the bus driver managed to slip through angry and hostile Arab mobs we encountered on the road, as the bus descended the winding roads, arriving in Hadera unscattered.

Tension grew rapidly in terms of anticipation of violent outbursts, in wake of the League of Nations resolution of partition of Palestine. Hovering over this historic change were great uncertainties and reservations.

It's against this grim backdrop that the event was swiftly approaching its climax, heading for an apocalyptic showdown.

The West's vendetta against Jews didn't stop with the Holocaust. It merely paused to catch its breath in terms to join Islam's cutthroats to complete Hitler's planned "Final Solution to the Jewish problem". Hitler left a legacy of hate that manifested by those nations who continue to hate Jews, who would gladly repeat Hitler's monstrous scheme.

However, the Land of Israel, and its people are definitely not like the European Jews, who were used to turn their other cheek, and their submissiveness. Begging for mercy, instead of rising against violent pogroms.

Jews in the Land of Israel however, won't be as easy to destroy as it was the case with the European Jewry. Jews in Israel, will fight tooth and nail to the last Jew, and will never give in to our enemies. In spite of their severe lack of arms. There won't certainly anything like it that transpired in German conquered Europe.

It was at this juncture of events, that Jewish enemies gathered in large numbers to close in for the kill.

However, force had to be met by force as the aspect of gloom settled over the Land of Israel. Yet, Jews were viewing the Arab onslaught - if it comes, with a particular combination of elation and apprehension.

While the notion of using force against Arabs was to the Jewish liberals an anathema. If however, they will feel cornered, having no way out of this dangerous impasse, even being ill prepared and grossly outnumbered outgunned. All Jews, of every political spectrum, will have to rise up against their enemies, in desperate attempt to survive.

It was in this context, that Jews appealed to Arabs in terms to work out the partition plan peacefully. But, of no avail, inspired by their notorious leaders, who evoked the specter of hate for Jews in their midst. They preferred to resort to war, relishing the prospect of driving them to the sea, thereby courting their own disaster.

We have landed here in terms to form a bastion against a host of enemies not only of Arab origin.

Here, we will grow to a fighting force in terms to fight back any enemy attack. That's the condition a hostile world has forced upon us.

The old stereotype mentality of a Jew pleading for his life from a murderous knife at his throat, vanished at the gas chambers. "Never Again" is not an empty slogan, in terms of constant revisiting our tragic history.

We do not need triumph which flattens the enemy, but rather one that integrates him. Arab quest for Jewish destruction has no bounds. This is to illustrate that there's no common ground to be found between Jews and Arabs. Anyone who thinks otherwise is totally ignorant in terms of Arab character.

In defiance of conventional wisdom, in the midst of uncertainty, following my return to Hadera, we packed our few belongings, taking our lives in our hands. In terms of a senseless transgression of the bounds of prudence, we boarded a bus that traveled in a convoy to Jerusalem, in our quest of "improving the quality of our lives."

In wake of the ambushed bus to Tel-Aviv, carrying Jewish passengers from Jerusalem, in the vicinity of Bab el Wad, killing five Jews and wounding some. This, and similar incidents around the country triggered an undeclared war between Jews and Arabs.

At Latrun crossing we were stopped by a British patrol, and searched for concealed weapons. However, they were unable to find any arms, as it was hidden under the skirts of the Palmach girls. The British escorted us through the Arab blockade, passing through ominously perched villages atop the highway.

Fortunately, the dangerous aspect of this daring journey, through a deceptive peaceful appearance in terms of safety - passed uneventfully as we reached Jerusalem, against this backdrop. Braced to deal with the aftermath of this exhaustive impasse.

Upon arrival in this beleaguered city in wake of the Arab roadblockade, following a foolish advise by my brother.

It was in this context that we began to realize our ill-conceived judgment amid the gravity of the situation under these circumstances. In terms of a cruel twist of fate that decreed to bring us here, at this crucial juncture of events. We dumped ourselves into quagmire from which there seemed no way out.

We moved into one room apartment in a obscured old building at Nachlat-Shiva Street, one block off Zion Square. A neighborhood which was named after the seven settlers who built it.

The city's, already depleted food supplies, as a result of the Arab roadblock, began rapidly to disappear from the store shelves. Giving way to a flourishing black market, while the prospects for making a living was grim.

Under the banner "ein breira" emergency preparations began, as the noose of siege began to tighten around Jewish Jerusalem.

Given, the growing tension between Arabs and Jews - a home guard was organized to guard against Arab attacks on Jewish neighborhoods. Which I joined and was sent to sand filled bags outposts to guard Jewish Jerusalem.

On December, 1947, an onward surge of an angry Arab mob went on a rampage at the sprawling market place of Jerusalem's Commercial Center, packed with Jewish shops. Smashing store windows, looting their goods, beating and killing Jewish shopkeepers, then put a torch to their stores.

Not only were the British - who were supposed to keep law and order in this besieged city, indifferent to what was done to the Jews and their property, but, they actually helped the Arab mob to rip open the locks on the Jewish shops. Which were locked in observance of the Sabbath, and also moved for the kill, as they always been doing.

In fact, the British have been fostering violence, that has been an integral part in terms to suit their political expediency, ever since the inception of their mandate over Palestine.

This however, has been the phenomenon of aggressive intrusion of outside powers, exploiting local grievances in terms of their political influence and military control.

Then, on New-Years eve, the Arabs put a massive roadblock at the Jaffa Gate, in terms to put a seige on Jewish residence of the Old-City. Who were left with no food and medical supplies, no arms, ammunition, fuel to reach them. Not even were the dead allowed out of their quarters for burial.

The British respond to the Jewish Agency protest to them, was a demand to evacuate the Jewish residents from the Old-City. But, the Agency refused to comply with this demand.

Finally, the British agreed to compromise - to provide an escort for the convoy, providing that they be allowed to inspect the supplies for concealed weapons and ammunition. In terms to avert smuggling in the kind, which they relished the prospect of bringing a downfall of Jewish resistance in the Old-City. Having no choice the Agency agreed to the British demand.

Meanwhile, Jewish intelligence agents penetrated most every level of Britain's civil and military establishment. Even into the office of the High Commissioner, in order of mobilising sophisticated tasks of intelligence. Even more vital has been the penetration of Jewish agents inside Arab ranks, in terms of providing the Haganah with a copy of each meeting of the Arab League, revealing their plans where and when the next attack will take place, so Jews will be ready for them.

Jerusalem - not only was facing starvation, but was also a wreck in terms of its infrastructure - especially water supply, electric power which had been disrupted, as its flow had been cut off at Latrun pumping station.

That seemed to become the grim phenomenon of its starving Jews in this beleaguered city. Grossly compounded by constant shelling of Jewish Jerusalem by Arabs supported by British artillery forces. Causing many casualties in the midst of people who queued up in the street for the distribution of some water by a tank truck in wake of the disruption of the pumping station for Jerusalem's water supply. That left the city without water, except for some rain cisterns in the old buildings. Which was a drop in bucket for Jewish Jerusalem.

The Arabs aimed at paralysing Jewish life and communication with the Jewish settlements around the city, and the outside world by blockading the roads, leading to Jerusalem. Then ambush their food supply convoys.

In order, to lay a seige to Jewish Jerusalem, that had been their prime objective in terms of starving the Jews to death, and force them to surrender. It's in this context, that Arabs seemed to succeed.

However, given the grim aspect of this bloody exhaustive impasse which had forced the Haganah to rely on daily British escorts for the convoys. In terms of to avert the settlements to be cut off from Jerusalem, and to prevent from being harassed by Arab snipers and surprise attacks.

Jerusalem - the city which has been endowed with an aura of enchantment and glory, has become now an eerie and depressing site. Jews in Jerusalem, languished in search of food. They bated their treasures and anything they were able to get some food for. To keep them alive through this impasse.

Problems piled up like snow on a hillcrest in every aspect of life in the city. One of these problems however, the Haganah was faced with, had been too serious to be tolerated was; that Jews were leaving mixed neighborhoods for dense populated Jewish areas in increasing numbers.

In light of this development of this desperate situation of Jerusalem Jews, they could only survive by taken drastic measures.

If this trend of abandonment were allowed to take hold of the Jewish population it might have spread through many Jewish settlements, setting a dangerous precedent in terms of surrendering to Arab aggression.

However, Haganah leaders believed that the most effective way in reversing this trend was to strike a major blow inside Arab Catamon neighborhood in terms to change this psychological phenomenon in the city. That will also preclude sniper activity on Jewish neighborhoods.

And so they did - on a stormy winter night Haganah men blew up the Semiramis hotel in Catamon, which housed the headquarters of the Mufty's deputy Abdul Kadar el Huseini, that brought in its wake of Arabs fleeing their neighborhood. That trend was the most agreeable aspect in our struggle for existence in our Promised Land.

Given, the lack of heavy guns or armoured vehicles however, Jews had to rely on their own intellectual resources and ingenuity. As it is the saying; necessity is the mother of invention.

So one night, the Haganah boys removed two old Turkish cannons from the Menora Club courtyard that had been placed there as a decor. In terms of converting the two cannons through a unique stratagem into a new "weapon" - a homemade mortar called "Davidka". Named after the inventor David Leibowitz, this constituted the sole pieces of artillery in the poor arsenal of the Haganah at this juncture of war with the Arabs.

However, the effectiveness in terms of this invention lay in the incredible noise it produced when fired. Yet, its range and accuracy was meaningless. Nevertheless, these guns played an imperative and decisive role in the war with a host of Arab armies later on. An event that represented an immeasurable significance in juxtapose with Arab might.

Given, the enormous noise the Davidka produced when fired however, was sufficient to strike terror in the midst of Arab population. Scared to death they began to flee massively, abandoning their homes, towns and villages. Urged by their leaders who promised them that they will be back soon, relishing the prospect of pushing Palestine Jews to the sea, by the Arab armies.

The key to survival of Jews in the winter of 1948, lay however, in the sixteen mile stretch from Bab el wad to Jerusalem, where the Mufty's gunmen under the command of the vile Abdul Kadar put a mine roadblock. In terms to ambush every convoy carrying food supplies for the starved Jewish Jerusalem. That's how Abdul Kadar hoped to strangle Jewish resistance.

The Mufty's gunmen had also a long list of objectives in terms of initiating terror bombing in midst of Jewish Jerusalem - they contemplated. An Arab by the name Kutub, the Mufty's number one explosive expert, who was accompanied by two British soldiers took the assignment of blowing up the headquarters of the Jerusalem Post.

Then, one early morning on Sunday February 22, we were waken up by a powerful explosion that shattered the window panes and send flying broken glass, chunks of plaster all over the room. The impact was so powerful, it felt as if the whole building was coming down.

I couldn't at the spur of the moment to figure out what had transpired somewhere out there. In trepidation, I jumped out of bed, slipping a pair of pants I ran out to the street in terms to find out what was going on. Running to the next corner, which was Zion Square, I encountered a crowd of spectators, who shockingly pointed to the horrible explosion on Ben-Yehuda Street, one block away where the explosion took place. This incident dwarfed anything that occurred till now.

This is an eyewitness account of what took place that tragic morning:

Two trucks loaded with explosives, driven by Arabs accompanied by the same two soldiers who blew up the Jerusalem Post building. They parked their trucks in front of the Amdursky Hotel and the Vilenchik building. After activating the fuses the terrorists disappeared in to the thin air.

The powerful explosion resulted in the collapse of the Vilenchik building into the street. And so was the fate of the Amdursky Hotel, and two other buildings across the street, causing death and destruction to over to over fifty people and many more wounded.

However, there were obvious British finger prints on this tragic incident, as well as all other terrorists activities perpetrated by Arabs.

In wake of these atrocities of Arabs accompanied by British soldiers, the Irgun ordered to shoot the British on sight. Gunfire broke out all over Jerusalem. British soldiers were ordered to stay out of Jewish Jerusalem, in terms to avert suffering casualties.

The Schneller Orfanage School, used by the British as an army base consisted of a complex buildings of strategic importance in terms of controlling every aspect of life in the city. From where they dominated Jerusalem since the inception of their mandate over Palestine.

However, given the importance of this complex it was imperative to preclude its falling under Arab control subsequent British pullout when their mandate expires soon.

For some two thousand dollars bribe to a British major, the base was turned over to the Haganah. That outwitted the Arabs in terms of conquering the base, when the British finally pulled out of the base the Haganah moved in right behind them.

It was in this context that when the furious Arabs realized what occurred behind their back - they attacked the base, but, it was too late - the Haganah secured the compound already.

The explosive expert Kutub, did not waste his time in terms to claim his next target to his credit. This time it was the Jewish Agency.

One Friday morning, as I walked on King George Street, another powerful explosion rocked Jerusalem, a few blocks away. Most of the leaders were inside the building when a "trusted" Arab driver of the U.S. Consulate General, an American car flying an American flag drove into the heavily guarded Agency compound. After parking the car in front of the building, the driver left on pretext to get some cigarettes.

However, one of the security guards who became suspicious of the car when the driver failed to return, he jumped into the car in terms to drive it away from the building. That's when the explosion occurred.

A whole case TNT exploded in the trunk of the car, blowing the security guard to bits, along with thirteen other people.

However, Jews should have learned through adversity by now, that in order to secure their personal safety in the midst of a fifth column of sworn enemies they cannot afford to trust any Arab, no matter how trusted he pretends to be. Especially, at crucial juncture of events when our lives were put on the line.

Tension intensified in wake of these bombings and shellings of Jewish Jerusalem. There were obvious British finger prints on each incident. Which could only illustrate their despicable collaboration with our enemy in terms to destroy us.

It was against this backdrop that it had produced the dire predicted consequences under these grave circumstances. In terms of becoming an aspect of the graven images that had been added to charnel house of images we carry in our memory.

The settlement Kfar-Etzion near Jerusalem, which stood midway along the ancient highway between Jerusalem and Hebron. Its fate had reached a moment in terms of its survival, as well as other Jewish settlements around Jerusalem did, at this juncture of development. As the noose on their necks began to tighten. While the drama for survival unfolded, since Arabs put a siege

One day, the Haganah sent up a convoy of forty trucks, their windshields and doors covered with heavy steel plates to protect the drivers from sniper bullets. Leaving only a tiny hatch for driving visibility. Loaded with food, arms and ammunition the convoy reached Kfar-Etzion unimpeded.

However, in Jerusalem, the Haganah leaders were following each step of the convoy operation quite jubilant in terms that finally the precious cargo reached its destination unscathed.

Yet, the convoy had not been unobserved by Abdul Kadar's terrorists who were well prepared for an ambush, though not on its way up. But, on its way back, after completing unloading the supplies.

Relishing the prospect of wiping out the Jews and the settlement from the map, and annihilate its inhabitants and loot all they owned.

In a cruel twist of fate due to an unexpected delay in departure of the convoy, subsequent to the unloading the supplies. In which time the Arabs from the neighboring villages came swarming down for the kill towards Kfar-Etzion, and the convoy which was just on its way back, in the thousands.

A hail of bullets was discharged on the stalled trucks which blew out tires. The settlers, grossly outnumbered and outgunned returned fire. In a desperate attempt to hold back the steadily advancing Arab invaders. That posed an ominous threat of being trapped and wiped out, if they won't get any reinforcement immediately.

Besieged Jerusalem, reacted to the news of this disaster with deep sorrow. In fact, however, it was lamentable true that the Haganah put practically all its mobile forces into the trapped convoy, having no way of retrieving the vehicles, in terms to send up another convoy of reinforcement. Though, the settlers vowed to stand their ground to the bloody end, as they were cornered. However, given the grave aspect there's no way out of this bloody impasse. Which - translated into simple terms meant death and destruction. In wake of this grave dilemma the Haganah had no choice, but to turn to the British to extend some help to the besieged settlers.

However, the nefarious pro-Arab British, who showed the highest level of contempt for Jewish life and its cause. Nurturing the seeds of hate, never lived up to their duties in terms of keeping law and order. Ever since the inception of their mandate over Palestine, reluctant as they always were to render help to Jews. Claiming that the Haganah acted against the British order in terms of sending up a supply convoy.

However, subsequent to the personal intervention of the chief Rabbi of Palestine Chaim Herzog, the British finally agreed to push through a military unit up the road. But, they ran into a mine-field, in the midst of nightfall, which also precluded the proceeding any farther under these circumstances. This however, had serious ramifications as the Arab attack loomed closer and they kept advancing towards the house with the barricaded inside. In a desperate attempt to stave off the attack.

The Arab attackers were stopped however, as they encountered the British unit, who began to negotiate the surrender of the trapped defenders. That resulted in abandoning the settlement and give up everything they toiled for in sweat and blood for years, for the price of their lives.

Amid failures that kept piling like snow on a mountain top in terms of to stave off constant attacks by Arabs, supported by British forces, who wanted to create hysteria and panic in the midst of the Jewish population. However, it failed to produce the Arab desired consequences.

The fate of another convoy, which made a desperate attempt to get up to the Hadassah Hospital, and the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, loaded with food and medical supplies, was even more disastrous in its scope.

The convoy, which was comprised of buses, ambulances and trucks. Carrying doctors, nurses, University professors and patients - about one Hundred twenty five people. Escorted by the Haganah, was ambushed on the road to Sheikh-Jarrh, when a road mine exploded in the middle of the road.

As the convoy stopped, Arabs laying in the ditches along the road, tossed handgrenades and opened gunfire on the stalled vehicles. In addition of a mob of hundreds of Arabs armed with guns and handgrenades swarmed out of the neighboring area and the Old-City, surged onward, converging for the kill of the stalled vehicles. Relishing the prospect of wiping out the whole convoy and destroy it. This can only underscore the enormous difficulties Jews had in terms to control the grim aspect of the situation Jewish Jerusalem was in, under these grave circumstances.

The British Army who controlled the road - their soldiers and officers revelling in the bloodshed, and Jews burned alive, as they looked on.

The Haganah beseeched the British Authorities to be allowed to send in some reinforcement, in terms to rescue the trapped convoy, the British however, refused. They preferred to stand by and revel in the bloodletting of Jews.

The Arabs encircled the ambulances and buses, poured gasoline and put a torch to them, watching how the trapped Jews roasted alive inside.

Smitten with terror some of them in desperate effort to jump out of the burning vehicles, but they were gunned down. These bloodthirsty hyenas had not respect for human life. They're raised with the virus of Jew-hatred in their bones, passed on from generation to generation.

The Arabs fled only after completing the heinous coldblooded murder. At this scenario however, given the compelling evidence in terms of British association in the violent Arab attacks - There's no illusion of British conspiracy in terms to turn over Palestine to the Arabs after their departure.

Thus, how the British maintained law and order in terms of public safety till the waned days of their rule in Palestine. Their implication in the bloody Palestine drama extended far beyond their ability and willingness to restrain those bloodthirsty Arab cutthroats who created that grave phenomenon. These hoodlums however, will never be stilled as long as their supporters are thirsty for Arab oil, which is paid with Jewish blood.

Tormented by the inability to shape the torrential flow of tragic events. And the given disappointments at the apparent failure in terms of the breakthrough of Arab roadblocks. That invoked a despondent mood in the midst of Jewish Jerusalem. Whose defenders were barely holding on to life, poorly armed, starving and exposed to heavy artillery shelling. Introduced by the British in association with Arab terrorists. Killing Jews in the streets while queuing up for water rationing.

Fortunately, British hideous actions in terms of supporting Arab violence against Jews did not however square off with their plot to turn over Palestine to the Arabs in wake of their departure at the expiration of their mandate.

The ensuing failure in the bloody struggle of the Jews at this juncture, in terms of survival did carry however, the seeds of victory.

Given, the ominous impasse that has been facing Jewish Jerusalem, in terms of facing starvation and defeat. Unless, some food, arms and ammunition could be reached soon.

It was in this context, that the Jewish authority marred their brains in terms of finding a way to break through the Arab roadblock.

"I wonder what cruel twist of fate decreed to bring us over here, more starvation and horror of war? As if we weren't starved and tormented enough for many years by the Germans. It seems no end to this horrible impasse." Carmela grumbled, as there was nothing more to be found to mitigate our constant hunger pangs, although, my brother was making good money selling food. It looks that way my dear, that's just the beginning. There's much more to come in terms of this dramatic development of the Palestine issue. Till now Jews paid exuberant amounts of money for every inch of this land."

"Now, the time has arrived when our blood will be claimed for independence. However, the Promised Land, could not be bought any more for money. There is only one alternative; us or them - win or die. As it is written: "With fire and blood Judea was destroyed - with fire and blood Judea will rise again."

stave "Given, these grave circumstances, it will take more than a miracle to off an onslaught of all Arab armies - when they attack." I said ruefully.

Just as Jews wandering in the Sinai desert in wake of the exodus from bondage in Egypt, on their way to the Promised Land. They were fed "manna" - we were miraculously provided in besieged Jerusalem, a spinach like leaves called "khubeisa" high in nutritional value, which sprang up one day in open lots and alleys around Jewish Jerusalem. That gave some relief to starvation, as we picked some too.

Dir-Yassin - perched high up the hills - a strategic link in the chain of Arab position, enclosing Jerusalem from the west. Through Dir-Yassin Arab terrorists from Ein-Karem and Betlehem crossed to Kastel kept, constantly attacking Jewish convoys along the road linking Jerusalem and the coast.

It was at this juncture of events that the Irgun forces decided to put an end to this belligerence by an attack to clear out these terrorists nests. In terms of preventing sniper attacks against Jewish convoys

Enemy propaganda however, designed to besmirch the name of the Irgun by denoting the conquest of Dir-Yassin as massacre in terms to magnify the event in retrospect.

In fact however, Irgun fighters actually warned the civilian population through a loudspeaker to evacuate the village prior the attack. Many inhabitants did and survived. However, those who didn't heed the warnings were killed inadvertently as a result of a ferocious battle that ensued.

Yet, all will agree - not what happened in Dir-Yassin, but what was invented in terms of the psychological effect it created, helped a great deal to carve the way to our decisive victories on the battlefields. In terms of creating and perpetuating hysteria, panic in the midst of beligerent Arab cutthroats. That had been proven the most efficient weapon in the encounter with them, that paved the way to unimaginable victories.

In fact, the effectiveness of this psychological phenomenon was so great in terms of military strategy, that resulted not only in abandoning the perched on top of the road villages by the Arabs. And the capture of Kastel - the nest of Arab cutthroats by the Haganah. Consequently, resulted in removing the roadblocks and opening the road to Jerusalem.

But, also created a whole new dimension, as it released a series of a chain reaction in psychological warfare.

Putting it in the military prospective this opened the floodgates of victory on every front, which otherwise unimaginable. Panic overwhelmed the Arabs all over Palestine, they began to flee in horror, even before they encountered Jewish forces.

The legend of Dir-Yassin, helped in particular in the conquest of Haifa, Tiberias and Safad, in the context of this psychological effect this strange phenomenon had created.

Nevertheless, the Haganah leaders who were controlled by Mapai Party, harboring a great deal of hate for the Irgun and everything they stood for. And their commitment fighting the nefarious British tricksters, in order to chase them out of Palestine, regardless of the positive results in terms to hasten their removal from the Land of Israel.

In fact, Haganah leaders were so adamant to reason in terms of the disagreement with Irgun's operations that they even contradicted the authenticity of these facts. Their true purpose however, was of political expedience.

Operation Nachshon - in terms of the opening Arab roadblocks to Jerusalem, ordered by Ben-Gurion, who demanded the road to be opened, and keep it open. No matter how great the risk involved in terms of human sacrifice and equipment regardless.

The man Ben-Gurion had chosen to be in charge, and totally responsible for the operation was a Canadian lawyer Dov-Yosef, who was told to hang on to Jerusalem, in terms of precluding the surrender of the city to the Arabs. Because, there cannot be a Jewish State without Jerusalem - it is its soul. As it's written in Psalm of David 137: "If I forget Thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forged her cunning."

Dov-Yosef, selected two Haganah commanders in terms of organizing a of three hundred trucks it was necessary to transport thousands of tons of food to Jerusalem.

However, given the fact that the Haganah did not have in its disposition that many trucks, so they decided to confiscate every truck on the road.

Fuelling the speculation of a possible breakthrough of the Arab roadblock had to be removed first at all costs.

However, viewing it in the context in terms of success of this operation it was necessary to lure away Arab gunmen deployed at the roadblock. For this the Haganah had to execute a diversionary attack on Ramla.

Then a Palmach unit climbed up to capture Kastel, and the ominously perched villages atop the highway, and the surrounding heights dominating the road. In terms of securing a free passage for truck convoys, so it happened.

As the operation unfolded, a ferocious Arab resistance was encountered as the Haganah unit advanced, and finally succeeded to drive the Arabs out, in terms to secure a safe position between the villages and the road.

In one of these attacks however, by a kind twist of fate, the Arab leader Abdul Kadar, was killed, which constituted a severe blow to Arab terrorists and their leadership, and a great relieve for the embattled Jews.

The truck convoy began to grind slowly up the free pass towards Jerusalem, shaking the stillness of the night amidst the steady drone of the engines, in terms to bring relief to starving Jerusalem.

The news of the arriving convoy in the wake of the breakthrough of the roadblock, carrying food supplies spread rapidly over the city. The most joyous news Jewish Jerusalem has encountered in many months, that that spilled over the city's rooftops.

Amid cheers of thousands of spectators, including myself who watched the arrival of the lifesavers to the starved city. The excitement commendably welled with indelible images of Jewish fighters ecstatically brandishing their guns as they guided the convoy through the city.

Suddenly, in the midst of joyous event I discerned a familiar face among the passing trucks. I leaped forward to the slow moving trucks and jumped on the step of that truck.

"What do you know? what a pleasant surprise, it was Avramal, Carmela cousin from Petach-Tikvah.

"Shalom Avramel, am I glad to see you. How are you, and your family?"
 "So am I. How are you, and how is Carmela?" He curiously inquired.
 "We're fine, considering the horrible circumstances under which we struggle to survive. Give me your address, I will come to you as soon as I turn in my truck to unload the supplies." He assured me.

"Guess, who just arrived with the truck convoy?" I said to Carmela, as I got home. "Who is it?" She curiously inquired. "It's your cousin, Avremal, from Petach-Tikvah. He promised to come over here, as soon as he will turn in his truck, he arrived here with the truck convoy." That's what he told me.

There's a knock at the door, I opened, and there he was, holding a basket in his hands. "Come on in Avramel. Glad to see you, how are you? And how is your family?" Carmela asked. "They are fine." How are you Carmela? "Considering to be trapped in this quagmire of Jerusalem, still alive." Carmela said.

"The road to Jerusalem is open now, the roadblocks are removed. The trip over here passed uneventfully. I brought you some fruit and vegetable. We all feel sorry that you have been starving, being under siege, for so many month. Let's hope that the road to Jerusalem will remain open now."

However, the way it looks - war with Arabs is imminent, let's hope for the best." He said, after we gave him an account in terms of our trauma in Jerusalem, we encountered."

"In fact, we made a great mistake in terms of coming over here in the first place, and getting stuck in this quagmire."

"However, we're waiting for the first best chance to get out of here. Let's hope it will come soon." Carmela said ruefully.

"I am sorry, that I cannot stay here any longer, I have to get back to my truck convoy. We have to be on our way back as soon as the trucks are unloaded." Avramel said, as he got up, ready to go.

"Well, have a peaceful trip home. Convey our love and best to yours, and all back home." I said, as he departed in a hurry.

At the end of Nachlat-Shiva Street - the street we lived on. Surrounded by a stone wall at its deadend was the Muslim cemetery, where from across, which was the Old-City, constant snipers gunfire was coming.

One day, I narrowly escaped death from a sniper bullet, while inadvertently passing near the wall, as I revealed myself to the snipers.

Fortunately, the sniper bullet passed through my underarm, grazing only the skin, causing no harm at all.

The fourth, and the last convoy through Bab el Wad to Jerusalem, that passed since the Haganah opened the roadblocks for the truck convoys. Whose arrival lit the skies of besieged Jerusalem, and instilled hope in the midst of the starved and despondent Jewish Jerusalem.

That hope however, was shattered again. The bloody Arab terrorists were back again at Bab el Wad, piling up gigantic roadblocks, which cut the road for good. Once again, Jewish Jerusalem was under siege, starving - encountering more of racking despair. Amid the chilling aspect in a struggle to survive in the midst of Arab cutthroats.

The evacuation of Kfar-Etzion, had undermined the confidence in Jerusalem's Commander Shaltiel, who was replaced by the founder of the Palmach Ytzchak Sadeh, who planned to capture the mountain peak in the midst of the surrounding Judean Hills, Neibi Samuel, where from Arabs under the command of Kauji, with the support of a British artillery unit. Who had been constantly pounding Jewish Jerusalem, marring our lives. He also planned to capture the infamous Arab quarters of Seik-Jarrah, in terms of a passage to the Hadassah Hospital and the Hebrew University, perched on top of Mount Scopus.

However, the monumental miscalculations in this context did not accomplish any of these ambitious undertakings. That had also resulted in his removal, restoration of the previous commander Shaltiel, back to his job. Who was preparing also an ambitious plan to seize all government buildings the moment the British will evacuate the city, in terms of preventing its falling under Arab control.

In light of a growing ominous portend in terms of an invasion by all Arab neighbors of Palestine. The U.S. Secretary of State George Marshall, who attempted to pressure the Jewish Agency in terms to relinquish their long-cherished desire of proclamation of a Jewish State in Palestine. Because, he did not believe that a Jewish State could withstand an onslaught of many Arab armies.

However, the Council of Thirteen, which replaced the Jewish Agency. Despite of being tormented in terms of coming to grip, and inability to shape the torrential flow of events encountered at this juncture of history. They decided to put the matter of discourse in terms of proclamation of a Jewish State, to put to a vote.

Fortunately, the proposal of postponing of a Jewish State, fell short by one vote, good enough for proclamation of a state.

No procrastination - it's a thief of time that could result in losing the only chance to become an independent nation.

Nevertheless, it was due to foresight of Ben-Gurion who sided with those who urged the proclamation of statehood, claiming he did not believe that a postponement would avert an Arab invasion.

"Statehood would be indispensable and vital for the Yishuv's survival. It will enable us to buy arms openly, and to run our own maritime commerce between our state and the wide world. A state of our own would also give our people a national identity, in terms to boost our spirit in the difficult times ahead." Ben-Gurion assured. That monumental calculation contributed to his political acclamation.

It's in this context, that the revolutionary hour finally struck, which separated our past from our future in terms of highlighting our reentry into history to permit to exercise unprecedented control over our destiny. An event of great historic significance, which transcended into a majestic national occurrence, in terms of becoming a free and independent nation, after two thousand years of exile.

The Council of Thirteen drafted a resolution to spurn the U.S. Secretary of State Gen. George Marshall's request to relinquish proclamation of a Jewish State. To seize the opportunity history would not have offered twice, instead. No procrastination, now or never.

"Take heed children of Israel, called the voice of the prophet, whose prophetic inspiration was about to come to pass: "Veshavu bonim l'gvulam."

We became an endangered species, swimming in shark infested waters as a result of being bereft of a homeland, in exile at the mercy of our ruthless enemies who spouted Jew-hatred that never diminished. Consequently, it brought in its wake the unprecedented tragedy of the Holocaust.

Too often we accepted a pie in the sky proposal from our so called friends, only to be attacked again. In this hostile world we can only exist by might and not by humbleness and mercy.

It behooves us, if we wish to survive in this human jungle, we should not hesitate to take the initiative in our own hands. In terms of taken necessary measures to secure our survival.

Have no illusion, Zionism - by Arab definition remains - and will always be - thievery.

Amid historic deep-seated hatred and contempt for Jews returning to their homeland they claim ~~do~~ not belong to Jews.

The great Zionist leader Zev Jabotinsky, had spoken words of wisdom, as he reiterated time and again, that a Jewish State homeland in the Land of Israel will only come through conquest by the sword - that's the only recourse in terms of our struggle for independence. Even if a vote for Jewish State, will come to pass.

Given, subsequent events that were about to take place in terms of an Arab onslaught, bears eloquent testimony that proves indisputably inexorably of his sound judgement in this context.

Unlike his contemporary Zionist leaders who delusively believed that the Arabs could be appeased through economic benefits - were wrong.

In fact, Arabs have picked up Hitler's legacy, relishing the prospect to push the Jews to the sea, and loot their properties.

This however, they will not live to see it - never again. This phenomenon which is symptomatic of our habit to turn our other cheek and submissiveness. This monumental miscalculation led to a foregone conclusion.

Amid contemporary terms reminiscent of our Biblical ancestors, that unless Jewish enemies call for a halt to the attacks on Jewish people. "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition."

No nation in history was able to buy its independence, and Jews were no exception. National independence could only be by force, as it's written: "In blood and fire Judea fell, in blood and fire Judea will rise again."

By virtue of guiding principles of the great Zionist leader, and great realist whose transcendent capacity in terms to see through the approaching firestorm of which horror irrevocably charted the course of our lives.

Referring to colonisation of America he once retorted ironically: "No one ever bothered to ask the Indians who were the native Americans, the real owners of this continent for permission to settle their land." In fact, they were cheated out of their land. Almost the entire Indian tribes were wiped out by the settlers in the colonization process. And those who survived were put in reservations.

By virtue of humanity this deserves more than condemnation, it's something not to be proud of.

In fact, search for a homeland and the conquest of such, were not an isolated phenomena in world's history of nations. The population of nearly every European country today had conquered its present homeland and largely destroyed the original inhabitants. No nation however, has ever been called upon to justify the conquering of such lands, or its conduct towards the natives who passed under its control,

In fact, Jerusalem and the Land of Israel has never been mentioned in the Muslim Koran as Arab land. Yet, it is mentioned in the Bible time and again as the Land of Israel.

It's a living testimony, and those who believe in the Bible writings - Jews, Christians and others should take heart of this reality.

Jews did not just pick any country to be their own. After all, let's not kid ourselves, Palestine wasn't a land of milk and honey when the first settlers landed there. It was a barren wasteland, infested with malaria of no Arab inhabitants, only a few Beduins were scattered in the south.

Jews returned to this land because it's their Promised Land they inherited from their forefathers. from where they were exiled. However, there were still many Jews left behind aftermath of being exiled two thousand years ago. who continued to live there, in the true Jewish traditional way.

Putting the Palestine issue in proper historical prospective we do not need more compelling evidence in terms of our affinity with the Land of Israel. However, by virtue of justice based on compelling evidence presented with engaging accuracy which is indelibly written on the pages of the Bible, in terms of the history of our nation.

This historical reality is so widely characterised by a full spectrum providing our inalienating right to claim this land. Which is drenched with our bloody history, Tradition and culture, that dates back five thousand years. However, we certainly do not need permission from the Arabs, or anybody else, in terms of reclaiming it - they do not belong here in the first place. Arabs have plenty of land to absorb them. We cannot afford to share our tiny country with them.

The British carved out more than two third of our country, east of the Jordan River, and established a Hashemit Kingdom of Jordan. It can easily contain all Palestine Arabs. That's the only reasonable solution to this to this problem. All other proposals are not feasible, will lead to war constantly between Jews and Arabs.

Here, the birth of our nation has taken place. Here, our spiritual, religious and political identity was shaped. Here, we first acquired statehood, created our cultural and universal importance. And finally delivered to the world the eternal Book of Books.

In fact, as far as the Palestine Arabs are concerned - it never existed such a nation as Palestine Arabs. The few Arabs who were here drifted from the surrounding Arab countries, showed no sign of anything remotely indicating any affinity with Palestine as an Arab country.

Arabs are from families that are not indigenous to Palestine. But who came flocking here from the desolated neighboring countries where they lived in constant misery and destitute. Into an nearly ruined land of ours, that had become under Muslim rule, who carried out Mohammeds legacy - another Jew-hater who tried to convert Jews to the Moslem faith.

However, when the Jews refused, he opened the floodgates of carnage that filled rivers of blood. Yet, Jews did not succumb to coercive tactics of abandoning their faith, as Christianity did.

In fact, Arabs came flocking to Palestine because, Jews were there. They came here, in terms of taking advantage of the economic opportunities open to them. In wake of new Jewish emigration that joined the existing Jewish population in the Promised Land. Who with their sweat and blood made this barren wasteland bloom again.

However, these bloody Arab cutthroats became a anathemia to Jews who gave them bread and butter, and treated them as equals. Yet, these bloody cutthroats constantly victimized them in bloody pogroms.

There were also some Bedouine raiders who came from the neighboring desert to plunder livestock, destroying crops and plantations of Jewish settlers. In fact, Arabs contributed exclusively to the devastation of the land not to its development. Thus, how they reciprocated for Jewish generosity.

Nevertheless, the aspect of our spiritual ties with Zion were never severed. Our hopes for National Restoration was never shattered by a long exile. Although, Jews - bereft of their homeland for two milenia never ceased their affinity to the Land of Israel. They remained dedicated to the concept of Zionism that was chartered in every aspect of Jewish life.

Daily prayers express the profound yearning to return to their land. As it is written time and again: "Next year in Jerusalem." Almost all Jewish holidays commemorate their affinity to the Land of Israel.

At this supreme hour the voice of the prophet was heard, calling for proclamation of the Jewish State. So we may live in dignity, and may no shame and disgrace ever darken our days.

However, all these irrefutable facts are grossly ignored by oil thirsty world, who favors Arabs for their oil, for which we keep paying with our blood. We keep paying, because this indifferent world feels that these nefarious Arab Sheiks have to be appeased on our account.

With the advent of a Jewish State, the Haganah has been transformed into a regular army, born in the midst of battles called: IDF Israeli Defence Force. Although, poor equipped, poor trained and grossly outnumbered in terms to meet the onslaught of five well equipped Arab armies. But, equipped with a powerful weapon based on the concept of "Ein Breira", no choice. That would account for this strange phenomenon.

In order, to march right up to the crossroads of history. Given the phenomenon we had no choice but to take the riskiest path onward. Which however, led to greatness we so value today. It was an army without insignias in which the commander had only one privilege - to get killed first, while leading his soldiers into battle. Ill trained - there was no time for drilling or even basic training, poorly armed and grossly outnumbered. In terms to meet the chilling aspect of five Arab armies supported by the British.

It was an army comprised of pioneers, Sabras and Holocaust survivors, who hardly took a close look at the country they came to fight for.

From German D.P. camps and Cypress detention camps, straight to the battlefields. Untrained - most of them never held a gun in their hand.

It was in this context, that it's worthwhile to remember these words of wisdom of Goethe, and I quote: "Freedom and life are deserved by those who dare to conquer it." Together we will make a desperate attempt to defend our honor and dignity, as fighting for our national freedom, unquote.

Bound together by one principle only; the rebirth of a doomed nation in sacred woe to fight those who seek to obliterate us from the face of the earth. This time however, it won't be on our enemies terms. This time it's on our terms. That we'll pick our way to die - with a gun in our hand.

The British however, were dubious - and so was the rest of the world in terms of the bold aspect of the newly proclaimed nascent Jewish State. Its situation under the circumstances, they perceived precarious, arguing it had no chance to survive - destined to go under.

British shameful endeavor in terms to bring about the defeat of the nascent Jewish State, was not only perpetrated in insidious and pernicious ways, but, also providing open support to violent attacks.

The British, as well as the Arabs rejected the partition plan, refusing to carry out the L.N. recommendation to implement the plan. While still holding their mandate over Palestine. They made it clear that they will do all in their power to bring the collapse of the Jewish State. They preferred to handover Palestine to the Arabs for their own political expediency.

Thus, how the British carried out their ruthless scheme that marked the epitome of evil from the inception to the end of their mandate over Palestine. In fact, they kept exploiting the aspect of local grievances to expand their political influence and military control in the Middle East.

However, based on historical and moral grounds the British have forfeited their right in terms of an impartial arbitrator which they never meant to be. Viewed in this dispirited context commended much attention of this stark phenomenon. It's the epitome of the most despicable nature.

In the aftermath of Arab launched preliminary onslaught on Jewish on Jewish Communities, subsequently to L.N. declaration for partition of Palestine. The British had no intention whatsoever of being an impartial bystander in the struggle between Jews and Arabs. Amid continuing the the same old policy of supporting the Arabs, while impeding Jews.

Fostering violence they deemed it as a part of their political process, that was their definition of law and order.

In the aftermath of the dislodged Otoman Empire, Britain and France extended their writ over entire Middle East region, creating monarchs, even even nations to fit their colonial designs. British colonial era set up tribal families of government throughout the region, including what is now the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. A country which had never existed before World War Two, carved out of the Land of Israel, and sacked us of our land, handing it over to those who do not belong there.

Even, now as the end of their mandate drew neigh - the British, had no intention to discard their treacherous conduct in the midst of the Jewish struggle to survive. They maintained a blockade on the Mediterranean Ocean, sealing off the coast ports - the only channel the beleaguered Jews could expect reinforcement from, in terms of arms and ammunition.

The British however, handed over huge arms and ammunition dumps to Arab cutthroats free, while confiscating the meager amounts of arms Jews managed to conceal and stashed away.

Not only were they privy to the plot of five Arab armies to invade the nascent Jewish State. But, actively joined the plot of joined military operations against Jews. As the State of Israel hardly inhaled the first breath of freedom.

The British, also unleashed an active campaign on every diplomatic front as well, in terms of using pressure and obstruction to force the embattled Jews to abandon their plan of setting up a Jewish State.

Nevertheless, all their efforts were in vain; it could not spare them as the twilight of the British Empire drew neigh in its relinquishing their colonial rule in the process of being stripped of their colonies.

Yet, the British, as well as Arabs grossly underestimated Jewish spirit as they relished the prospect of being able to push Jews into the sea.

By virtue of bravery, courage and a resourceful ingenuity our Arab foes could not match under any circumstances. That plaid a dominant role as Jews were about to face the Armageddon in the War of Independence, that loomed closer.

The British also anticipated a civil war, triggered by the Irgun, subsequently to their departure. They were also wrong on this account. Begin had no intention to seize power by force, his paramount concern has been solely concentrated on expelling the British from Palestine.

Given, the grave reaction in terms to the effect of the proclamation of the Jewish State. Which had been characterised throughout the land. There's no time for celebrations and euphoria Outburst of joy, just as it took place in the wake of the partition plan declared and presented for a vote by the League of Nations, and successful outcome six month ago.

However, it's in this context that the onslaught of five Arab armies was well under way. And the path of freedom was littered with many hurdles in terms to defend the nascent Jewish State, from the looming disaster that might have serious ramifications - as yet unforeseen.

The harrowing aspect had been grossly compounded by constant failure for breakthrough of the Jerusalem siege. It was against this backdrop that a morbid anticipation seemed to harrow the Jewish leadership.

Amid the grave aspect of Jerusalem's survival - Ben-Gurion insisted that the key to remove the Arab roadblock lays in Latrun. Since the appearance of the Arab Legion - the Arab force he feared most immeasurably in terms of the city's peril. By the looming threat of starvation.

The desperate can only survive by taken drastic measures.

Contrary to the advise of his assistant Yigal Alon, who asked for a postponement of an attack on Latrun at this juncture of events, on the ground that other fronts of battle should take precedent over Jerusalem.

Nevertheless, Ben-Gurion stuck inexorably to his unshaken determination in terms of conquering Latrun, issuing an order to go ahead with the attack on Latrun, regardless of the odds involved.

However, the daring undertakings they were about to embark on, were fraught with great danger, because of lack an experienced and effective force to dispatch there in terms to face the well equipped and well trained Arab Legion. in terms to open the roadblock.

This is an eyewitness account of what had transpired in the midst of this first daring attack of Israeli forces on Latrun, which resulted in a disastrous failure.

"One night, commander Laskov led his troops, comprised mostly of survivors of the Holocaust, who just got off the boat from Europe and Cypress detention camps. Most of whom not only had no military training at all, but they never even held a gun in their hand. Barely understanding a few Hebrew words. Poorly equipped and grossly outnumbered they were dispatched to encounter a well trained, well armed troops of the Arab Legion. For whom they were certainly no match under any circumstances."

"However, the attack which was supposed to be a surprise was accidentally discovered by the Arabs, as we inadvertently moved along the wheat-fields of Latrun, at the first crack of dawn."

"A devastating gunfire swept on us amid being pinned down, exposed to heavy machinegunfire and mortar shelling, as we scurried for cover in the open fields."

"If this wasn't bad enough, we encountered another enemy that we had to worry about. In the midst of a scorching heat of the rising sun, burning hot wind, and the breath of the "khamsin" that mercilessly licked our scorched faces. Parching our tongues from lack of water to quench our thirst - having no canteens to keep some in it."

"Followed by an attack of a wave of tiny black mosquitos that swarmed over us, driving us insane in terms of their merciless sharp stings on our exposed skin of our faces."

"In fact, it was the bloodiest defeat of an Israeli unit of the nascent IDF army, had ever encountered in all battles with Arabs."

"In a battle which was lost even before it really began. The impact of the chilling aspect of this horrible encounter could only be measured in terms of the disastrous effect of the enemy's murderous gunfire on virtually defenseless defenders, in which the number of casualties bore eloquent testimony."

"This was an eyewitness account of a friend of mine a survivor of the Holocaust, Yosef Shapiro, with whom we arrived in the Land of Israel, on the same ship. Unfortunately, he lost his right leg in the course of action."

Yet, it might never be known how many victims were unaccounted for. In terms of a desperate attempt to remove the Arab roadblock to Jerusalem, in order, to save the trapped Jews from starvation and defeat.

It's in this context constant shelling was unabated, in terms to disrupt its existence, making life in the city unbearable. And finally, to force its surrender, and wipe out the Jews.

However, devastation loomed as an eerie in the midst of Jewish Jerusalem, as the streets were littered with debris, encountered by shelling of the British artillery guns.

Amid a flourishing blackmarket - even on water. Thus, how Arabs and the British relished the prospect of annihilation of Jewish Jerusalem.

Yet, across all the political spectrum in the Israeli community and among Jews worldwide there was profound commitment of retaining Jerusalem at any cost. "Oh Jerusalem, rise and let the mountains of Judea ring with anger."

Amid virtue of unrelenting and unrelenting courage and bravery Jewish Jerusalemites exhibited in terms of their struggle to survive and not surrender, no matter how much suffering involved.

The heroic battle of a handful Jewish fighters defending the Jewish quarters in the Old-City, continued - but, not for long.

Despite, the extraordinary fortitude, amid the virtue of bravery and courage the chilling aspect of defeat became desperately visible.

Amid the magnitude of death and wounded grew steadily, faced with the frightening aspect of surrender they despised. The galant stand however could not under these horrible circumstances last long.

The desperate defence went on until there was nothing and nobody to fight with - most of the defenders were death or wounded.

Thus, on May 28, 1948, the Old City - its defenders starved and vanquished, surrendered to the enemy. Its Jewish inhabitants taken to a detention camp in Jordan, by the Arab Legion. A deep mourning descended upon all.

A second attack on Latrun was planned by Shlomo Shamir, and the newly appointed Commander in Chief of the Jerusalem front Colonel David Marcus. A Jewish American West Point graduate, veteran of the Normandy invasion in World War Two. Who defied the U.S. Defense Department, in terms of joining foreign military forces.

Yet, Colonel Marcus, encountered cynical remarks by Israeli veterans half his age, in terms of fighting Arabs, they argued: "What to hell do you know about our circumstances under which to fight Arabs, you fat American civilian. Don't tell us how to fight Arabs."

The second attack on Latrun however, didn't do much better than the previous one - it failed its objectives, in terms that it was by no means the worst peril encountered in a desperate last ditch effort to conquer Latrun, and open the blockade.

A shepherd's passage accidentally discovered by a young Palmach officer who drove Colonel Marcus, who was promoted to become the first Israeli General, in a jeep to Bab el Wad. In his quest for an alternative route to Jerusalem, in the midst of rugged Judean Hills. Which turned out to be the most suited for the purpose of becoming the famous Burma Road of General Marcus, in terms to save Jewish Jerusalemites from starvation.

However, given the survival of Jewish Jerusalem, that was at stake, it could not wait till the completion of such alternative route. In terms of cutting through such a terrifying aspect of a tough mountain terrain and steep ravins which separated the remotest point to which Gen. Marcus, would have been able to push through his bulldozers. And the point to which vehicles coming down from Jerusalem, could penetrate the densely wooded hills.

Since it was virtually impossible to push through a truck three miles the daunting prospect of survival of Jewish Jerusalem had to be entrusted into another form of transportation - the most ancient in history; two marching feet and a strong back.

Six hundred volunteers were mobilised under the command of Yosef Avidar, who set out for a legendary march with forty pound sacks of food each on his back.

The desperate can only survive by taken drastic measures.

In order, to penetrate through a three mile stretch of a terrifying aspect of tough mountain terrain. In terms, to keep some of the starving Jerusalemite Jews alive for another couple of days.

The completion of the famous and legendary Burma Road, carved out of a terrain the British deemed impossible. Was however, accomplished in a few weeks, and open for traffic.

Thanks to the frantic energy and artisan skill of a people who spared no effort, sweat and under shelling, as the nascent Jewish State barely inhaled its first breath of independence.

The project had been revealed to the world however, was for a special reason in terms to establish that the Burma Road had linked the plains before a ceasefire might take effect. In order, to prevent its falling under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations truce supervision.

Unfortunately, the first Jewish General David Marcus, did not live long enough to enjoy the fruits of his toil - the opening of the legendary road on which he labored so hard.

He was inadvertently shot by a Jewish sentry who mistook him for an Arab intruder. While walking out of his tent into the darkness of the night. Wrapped in a white sheet and failing to answer the necessary password.

However, as a military man, he should have known better than that. He sure did, but he felt overly confident as a general, ignoring the elementary bounds of prudence. In terms of that, no harm could happen to him as a general. Yet, even responsible people do foolish things at the cost of their lives, ignoring sober prudence.

Meanwhile, the proposed ceasefire was of course, eagerly accepted by the beleaguered Jews, relishing the prospect of saving Jewish Jerusalem from starvation and defeat.

By the same token, it would provide the Jewish nascent army with some extra time, in terms of an excellent chance to reinforce its troops on every front with badly needed arms and ammunition scheduled to arrive from Europe, with new recruits. In a desperate attempt to turn around the grave phenomenon that plagued the Israeli forces on every front, created at this crucial juncture of events.

However, given the position of the Egyptian Army - at twenty miles from Tel-Aviv and advancing. Amid the Egyptian Airforce exclusively mastering the skies of the nascent Jewish State. The Arab legion holding on to the roadblock to Jerusalem, the ceasefire however, was not to Arab advantage. The acceptance for a ceasefire turned out however, to be their gravest blunder in terms of the consequences they incurred in the aftermath. Which contributed a great deal to the Israeli victory.

In the aftermath of the Egyptian invasion of Yad-Mordechai, on their way north, where a handful of defenders, outnumbered and outgunned by far. Took a desperate heroic stand with a few antiquated rifles against a well equipped military force of tanks, heavy artillery, supported by the Airforce.

Yet, despite of all these odds, Yad-Mordechai defenders held back the advance of the Egyptian invaders for six days.

Consequently, that conspicuous phenomenon played a decisive role in terms of reversing the tide of the onslaught. As arm shipments began to arrive from Europe. Bearing the full brunt of destruction, during which many of Yad-Mordechai's defenders paid with their lives amid a galant stand. The survivors unfortunately, doomed to abandon their settlement they desperately, relentlessly tried to hold on to. By virtue of unrelenting courage and bravery.

In retrospect however, were we selected to stay in Yad-Mordechai, subsequently to our arrival, who knows what fate would have had in store for us. That's life - full of surprises, bad ones and good ones.

A few days subsequently to the ceasefire that had taken effect, we obtained permission to leave Jerusalem on bus convoy to Tel-Aviv. A chance we had been waiting ever since we got to Jerusalem.

It seemed that a cruel twist of fate that decreed to bring us here for more starvation and misery in this beleaguered city. To put us in harm's way, crossing the bounds of prudence. Now, the ceasefire had finally put an end to this quagmire.

The journey of the bus convoy to Tel-Aviv, that was escorted by the League of Nations Truce Supervision, through the stretch of the road to Latrun, still offered a deceptive peaceful appearance as we passed by the ominous villages perched on top of the road - passed uneventfully.

Amid roadside gullies cluttered with hulks of burned out trucks and other vehicles. That was to remain as a relic, a testimony of our bloody struggle for survival.

Thus how besieged Jewish Jerusalem, finally got rid of the Arab roadblock, in terms to breathe again the air of freedom.

Upon our arrival in Tel-Aviv I reported for active duty in the Israeli Defense Force, amid a mobilization of any able body they could master for a final thrust in terms to conquer as much territories as possible. As it was to take place after expiration of the ceasefire. Which became the embodiment of hope in terms to stave off the Arab onslaught that loomed over.

One day, as I came to visit Carmela at her cousins apartment, where she had been staying for the time being, when I got a few hours leave. While sitting in the livingroom, we encountered an air-raid of the Egyptian Air Force, dropping bombs on Tel-Aviv. Unfortunately, some of the bombs found its way on the roof top of the two-story building, directly over the kitchen of the cousins apartment.

The ceiling came crushing down, blocking the exit of the apartment with chunks of cement. Fortunately, no one was hurt, except of being left in a state of shock.

It's in this context that apprehension intensified in the aftermath, that we could not at the spur of the moment how to get out of the obstructed apartment. To go down, and scurry for cover in case the air-raid continued.

Fortunately however, the bombing raid stopped, and we were able to remove the obstruction.

However, given the bomb size the Egyptian used in the air-raids, the destructive capacity was rather limited in its force.

Nevertheless, forty people were killed only a few days earlier in an air-raid on Tel-Aviv's Bus terminal.

Highlighting the infamous episode that unfolded with the arrival of the ship Altalena, at the shores of Tel-Aviv, with a battalion of fighters aboard - loaded with much needed precious modern weapons, tons of ammunition and explosives in its hold.

Organized by the Irgun leadership, in terms of the sole purpose to reinforce the grossly outnumbered and poorly armed Israeli Defence Force, at this crucial juncture of events.

Yet, the government of the nascent Jewish State, driven by a frenzy of political rivalry - ordered to fire and to destroy the ship with its arms and explosives, regardless of the people aboard.

Even hoisting of a white flag did not stop the shelling, till the Altalena went up in flames.

However, attacking the Altalena heralded an imminent disaster, as I was near the waterfront in Tel-Aviv, sliding against the sides of the buildings in terms to avoid to get hit by the volleys of gunfire that erupted. Finally, the artillery shellings put a torch to the ship. The Irgun fighters, fearing an explosion of the ship considering the explosives and tons of ammunition packed in its hold began jumping into the ocean in terms to swim to safety.

We will not forget however, the infamous action of the then Commander of the Haganah Yitzchak Rabin, who not only gave the order to fire in terms to destroy all the precious arms, and many Holocaust survivors, along with its organizer Stavsky. But, also, had the Jews in the ocean shot at as they desperately attempted to swim to shore. Even an enemy is usually rendered help in terms of rescuing people of a drowning ship, but, Rabin went for the kill.

Rabin however, didn't care much about the life of its own people when its imaginary power rivalry was concerned. While claiming the familiar excuse in terms of following orders. Germans claimed the same excuse. Even a Nazi government won't shoot at its own subjects under similar circumstances, after all, they only tried to help.

However, it's in this context, that the nascent Jewish State, amid the Zionist dream, would have certainly been destroyed at this juncture of development. Had not Begin - the leader of the Irgun, who was on the ship to the last minute, to give an order through the Irgun's Command network as he quoted: "We will not under any circumstances engage in a fratricidal warfare, our enemy is not the Israeli Army, but the Arabs are."

However, he had to be dragged off amidst the burning ship. As he rose and ordered his Irgun units to go back to their posts, and obey Ben-Gurion's orders. Thus, averting the great disaster of a civil war. In fact, he was the only one who could accomplish it. For which he should be commended for.

This tragic episode can only underscore the epitome of the infamous phenomenon. The consequence of Ben-Gurion's paranoia of political rivalry, in terms of that Begin was about to launch a military attack and take over the government. Considering the Irgun's large arm shipment on Altalena.

In fact however, Begin had no intention whatsoever to create a military confrontation with the Mapai Government, plunge the country of the nascent Jewish State into a civil war.

No way - this was not for which Begin and his followers put their lives on the line in a bloody guerrilla-warfare against the British. That was paid with many young lives in the process.

However, it's lamentable true that Jews in general, and Israelies in particular the infamous Altalena episode highlights a dark and shameful chapter in Zionist history. In the process of which the use of violence and murder by Jews against fellow Jews, in terms of gaining political expedience, or any other purpose, is simply preposterous.

Unfortunately, reality falls short of the ideal in terms of the incurring pattern of internal strife, division and internecine violence the advent of modern Zionism. Grossly compounded in wake of independence, and the establishment of the Jewish State.

However, Ben-Gurion's charges in terms of his Irgun's opponents action against his government to overthrow it by violence is sheer rubbish and it reeks of venality.

Nevertheless, it seemed that the Ben-Gurion government had been ignoring the motto Jews should always live by, if they want to avoid destruction, which is, and I quote: "The things that unite us must stand taller, weigh heavier, than the things that divide us."

The violent action against the Altalena passengers, and the arms they brought along in the ship's hold, it defines an undemocratic discourse Ben-Gurion's party has taken with his Irgun opponents. It's totally incompatible with the democratic principles he claims his party is following.

The Ben-Gurion Government however, seemed eager to thwart an imaginary rebellion of the Irgun in terms of conveying the impression that they acted under a cloak of deception and false pretences by introducing a ship loaded with arms - allegedly preparing a coup d'etat this time.

Thus how the Ben-Gurion government executed its plan to rid itself of they imagined to be a serious political rivalry, as well as treason. This is not true. What it is true however, that that this disgraceful action represents a coup de grace, in order to justify this tragic conclusion.

It would be wrong however, to lose sight of this tragic phenomenon that defines this of hatred they harbored towards the Irgun which culminated at this juncture. Relishing the prospect of liquidating their opponent. That will serve to explain that infamous act, leaving no hope for inspiring dawning awareness and remorse.

Nonetheless, Begin's righteous action in accordance with the Irgun's oath that states: "Under no circumstances will a Irgun member resort to armed violence against his own fellow Jews."

Begin's restraining approach had been very commendable at this juncture of events, when our enemies crossed the gates of our Fatherland. That certainly served in terms of averting a potential civil war, which could have very dangerous repercussions for our besieged nation struggling to survive. In terms of to save its history, its sense of identity and human dignity as a people.

Consequently, the highlights of this tragic episode had been a frightening flaw that tarnished the image of the nascent Jewish State and its Mapai government. There was a lot more than it meets the eye.

In fact, there were a lot of strange aspects to the saga of the Altalena, which lent itself to a broad range of speculations, in terms of the daunting prospect fueled by baseless accusations.

Even, after the flickering images of this shameful phenomenon that struck a jarring note will die. It will be remembered as a dark page of Jewish history, when Jews fired at Jews. That almost created a grave national phenomenon. Amid tentative signs of the heady momentum however, the Arab invasion of Israel was beginning to flag as the Israeli Defence Force had been moving into a new sophisticated phase, in terms of turning from defense to offense, and reverse the trend.

Measured against expectations the ceasefire created a whole new dimension in terms of preparing the ground for a total victory. For our beleaguered forces in terms of making rapid strides, as momentum shifted in our favor, in an otherwise hopeless situation. When the full scope of the Arab invasion became evident and the dangerous aspect of defeat loomed larger. In fact, the ceasefire provided an excellent opportunity to consolidate and reinforce the troops with badly needed arms and ammunition arriving from Czechoslovakia.

It's in this context that the task in terms of turning the tide, required among other things, courage, initiative, ingenuity, and above all an exorbitant amount of money to pay for it.

The embodiment of hope to be able to finance these enormous war expenses, was Golda Meir, who was entrusted with this task. And so craftily procured on her mission to the U.S., managed to collect \$50,600,000.00, in donations which made our victory possible in terms of reaching the glorious status of independence.

Seldom however, had these qualities that leadership had demonstrated been so glowingly apparent in the history in terms of every aspect of warfare, as six Arab armies unleashed a war to murder the infant Jewish State in its crib.

The great drama was now approaching its climax. Snatching victory from the jaws of defeat as we seized momentum. City by city fell into Israeli hands, as terrified Arabs began to flee in confusion, in wake of the victories on almost every front, produced by the ingenious "Davidka".

This was the beginning of a victory we once dared to dream of - only in our heart. There's an old lesson - that victory often goes to the daring and imaginative. The young Israeli Army had proven to be both, as it demonstrated the most daring undertakings in the annals of Jewish history.

That will serve to explain the great leader Jabotinsky's heady vision of an independent Jewish State, that was coming to pass, his optimism resisted all discouragement. His constituence - ~~hoping that~~ magnitude of victory would silence criticism in terms of their militant concept to become independent, that they constantly opposed.

Nevertheless, it seemed to dramatize the inexorable march of the Jewish people, who in a short time managed to command an awesome military might that mesmerized the world with its heroic exploits.

Urged by their leaders to leave their homes - the Arabs were assured to be back shortly - as soon as the invading Arab armies who relished the prospect of pushing the Jews to sea, will come to pass.

The nefarious British tricksters, made also their business to support the Arabs in terms of showing their generosity, as they provided their military trucks to their disposal in helping to evacuate the civilian population. Hoping thereby to clear the way for annihilation of the young Israeli Army. Which constituted their blatant error, that they lived to regret in the years to come.

Nevertheless, the Israeli Army - as young, inexperienced and poorly equipped with military hardware - it wasn't that easy to push them to the sea, as invasion gained momentum.

Commanding victories they achieved on every front, that became irreversible. For us - there's no substitute for victory. For us - defeat meant annihilation. Hence, we had no recourse - "ein breira", but to face our enemies with unflinching courage in terms to forge ahead and smite them dead. After all, weren't the Arabs who had chosen war, instead of peaceful solution by partition.

By virtue of bravery and courage that highlights the glorious exploits that made it possible to enter the annals of Jewish history with glory.

However, measured against expectations, the sagacious heroic exploits of the small Israeli Army, turned to be greatest triumph in Jewish history.

In fact, never in the world's history had a small nation commended such a triumphal defeat over its vastly outnumbered enemies, and captured such a wide and alert media audience around the world.

So striking had been the successful aspect of the bloody phenomenon, that Jews deemed it practically supernatural.

In fact, the history of the Jews is full of many moments of high drama that highlights our national trauma. Yet, we have witnessed the strangest phenomenon that has no parallel in the annals of history.

In retrospect, the War of Independence has some striking parallels to the days of the Maccabees who rose against the iniquitous Power of Greece as it's so explicitly depicted in the Hanukkah prayer, in terms of commemorating the miracle of the phenomenal military victory - then and now.

"Thou didst plead their cause, Thou didst avenge their wrong: Thou didst deliver the strong into the hands of the weak, the many into the hands of the few. Thou didst judge their suit, Thou delivered the impure into the hands of the pure, the wicked into the righteous, and the arrogant into the hands of them who occupied themselves with Thy Law: For Thyself Thou didst make a great and holy name in Thy world, and for Thy people of Israel, Thou didst ~~perform~~ a great deliverance and redemption unto this day.

The phenomenon suggested the Jewish triumph of a homeland was by all means assured, and most decisive in the annals in Jewish history. It has been a success to a far greater extent than most had dared to hope for or most Jews had expected. It's a grotesque irony in terms of a kind twist of fate which turned the tide of history.

By virtue of unremitting bravery and courage of the few that sparked the flames of freedom, which injected a sobering note of reality. The concept of which inspired the best and the bravest of our boys, who put their lives on the line for the cause of national freedom.

Their success was best measured in terms of the great accomplishment as the events were swiftly approaching its climax.

The juxtaposition between the actual occurrence of the Maccabeans and the War of Independence, makes it crystal clear of the great phenomenon that has taken place in our time. That highlights the epitome of bravery and courage ever displayed by any nation.

Viewed in the context of these happy developments of joy and a great measure of pride. Here, we came together to form a bastion against a host of enemies not only of Arab origin in all sizes and shapes. Whose legacy to annihilate us is passed on from generation to generation. As for our so called friends - well, with friends like these we don't need enemies any more.

Here, we will grow to a fighting force the world has ever known in terms of to stave off any enemy attack. For there is no alternative, fight or die. This is the condition a hostile world has forced upon us.

The old denigrate of the ~~stereotype~~ Jew pleading for his life from a murderous knife at his throat vanished at the gas-chambers.

"Never Again" is not an empty slogan. We should never apologize for our existence in the midst of a indifferent world that would rather prefer to eulogize us.

Get rid of the degrading "Galuth", exile mentality in terms of turning the other cheek and plead for mercy. Only power is respected in this human jungle. It's about time that we learn from adversity of which we have plenty encountered of through many centuries.

This explains the passion and commitment with which the Jewish Defence Force fought, that produced an intensity unparalleled in Jewish history. The heroism and sacrifices engendered a sense of individual responsibility for the fate of our people. Awakened a collective historical consciousness in every aspect of our lives in the aftermath of the Holocaust.

As Hanna Senesh - the brave Jewish girl who parachuted behind German lines in World War II, wrote - and I quote: "Blessed is the match that is consumed in kindling of Jewish heroism." She certainly was that match-unquote. Thanks to her courage, and of many others, victory came to pass.

That's the manifestation of the most extraordinary circumstances that surrounded the transformation of permanent national veneration.

Victory was ours and we came to claim it. The historical outcome had lend itself to a happy ending. Despite, the pain and sorrow we encountered associated with our quest for national freedom.

We have to let the world know that we do not need affirmation of anyone to validate our cause or our existence.

Only Jewish liberals as the Labor party - who's concept of Judaism includes of constant sacrificing of the most vital Jewish interests in terms of improving the lot of the rest of mankind. This means treason to to your own people.

Ironically, there're times in lives of people when a enemy renders a service that even a friend cannot match.

In fact, Arab antagonism - consequently contributed in terms of fostering a sense of shared social purpose, unity and cohesion began to prevail in the midst of a people notorious of many atrocities.

Amid contemporary terms reminiscent of our Biblical ancestors, that until Jewish enemies call for a halt to the attacks on Jewish people. "Praise the lord and pass the ammunition."

Finally, the time has come that we were able to do things what we could not do in Europe, namely - rising against our bloody enemies with a gun in our hand as a free people, in terms to repel the invaders attacks and smite them death. Victory crowned our efforts.

Rising from the ashes of destruction we renewed our youth, dignity and greatness beyond our earlier state in terms of harnessing the idealism, talent and energy that has been left in us in the aftermath the untowering experience of the Holocaust phenomenon.

With an undiminished enthusiasm we were plunged into a bloody war unleashed by our Arab enemies, and yet emerged as a the most promising fighting force to be reckoned with worldwide.

Nevertheless, despite the given military expedience of the Arab forces the British Commander of Arab Legion - Glub Pasha, after analyzing the battles he had this to say: "The continuation of the war has proven to be useless, because Jews - although outnumbered comprised of a modern European population fighting a people who has no technical knowledge and no modern skill, lacking unity and forever splitting up into little groups. Until the Arabs have produced a more matured and progressive society they would be no match for Jews and had better keep out of war with them." These observations were lost in torrent of sensational developments at this juncture of events.

However, Arabs should have gleaned a lesson from this wise admonition. Yet, Arab leaders refused to admit their own drawbacks in terms of fighting Jews, paying no heed to the wise admonition of Glub Pasha, for which they dearly paid in the future.

Aftermath, when the guns fell silent and an armistice was proclaimed - not a peace agreement however. Because, Arabs were never interested in peace with Jews, whom they never stopped relishing the prospect of annihilation they refused to give up the idea of another round and another round. In desperate attempt to fulfill their Nazi ambition to annihilate the Jews. This however, they did not succeed - they never will.

Because, Arabs ignorance of Jewish history is remarkable. Jews have encountered much more powerful enemies in span of their bloody history, and managed successfully to destroy them.

When Jews were delivered from bondage in Egypt making their way to the Promised Land. As they fought their way through, they encountered a host of enemies who refused to accept them in their midst: Moabites, Midianites, Philistines, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans and Crusaders. Nevertheless, they all vanished - ground to dust.

Now, we have to deal with many Arab enemies, hopefully we will manage to survive them as well. And became an independent nation in the Promised Land again. History has a strange way to repeat itself.

However, this time we took advantage of the experience of many Jewish veterans who fought in the European theater during World War Two; in the Jewish Brigade as well as in Palestine fighting units of the British Army. Were translated for the benefits of the nascent Jewish Army.

After almost a year of my military service in the army I was discharged on the ground of contracting a bleeding stomach ulcer. I did however, remain on the base as a civilian employee in the machine shop.

In the first turbulent years of its rebirth as a Jewish State, the exuberant spirit surely captured the country's mood.

But, amid these scenes of joy others however, began totaling the numbers perished, maimed and missing in action. While wondering how great the nation's pain will be once the euphoria of the reclaimed freedom wears off and life is back to normal.

To these recurring questions of our conscience Thomas Jefferson gives one reply, and I quote: "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants." The annals of Israel's founding fathers will certainly be written in blood of its people. This ~~now~~ **national** liberty can be enjoyed.

However, given the great expectations, it was tempered by a growing concern in terms of the days ahead. To put it in the proper prospective, the concept of milk and honey economy, had yet to come to fruition. But, God never said that there would be no bitter herbs either.

Humble and modest were the beginning years of the State of Israel, in terms of the grave aspect of the enormous strains it created on the shaken society - especially on the lower level of the economic spectrum at this juncture of development. As the present hardship of the Israeli economy served to underscore the great challenge brought in wake of independence. The most important aspect had been to meet the enormous demand of the defense expenses. Drastic measures in drastic time was called for.

Consequently, it's of no surprise that it brought in its wake austere economic measures for the population. As rationing of all commodities, including basic food articles took place. Strictly enforced by the secretary of Economy Dov Yosef, whose task force raided buses, even conducting body searches on passengers. In a desperate search for concealed meat products, eggs, milk, cheese and other food staples, being brought into the city from the countryside - to be confiscated. So were the iceboxes in many homes, been subjected to frequent raids of the special taskforce.

However, much of these confiscated food were stolen by those who confiscated it. Yet, the government took no action against those crooks who robbed people of their livelihood. This represents a disgrace encountered.

It's in this context that the following years were to a large extent the most crucial in Israel's existence, as life was beginning to take up a whole new dimension. Amid opening the floodgates of a flourishing black market it created. Those unable to pay skyrocketing prices were bound to live in destitution and go hungry. And so did we - from the meager wages we both earned we could not possibly make ends meet.

However, the political and ideological atmosphere across the national spectrum didn't seem to diminish - it has been lively and inspiring.

Nevertheless, there had been something disturbing that offered rare insight into some of the most discouraging aspects associated with newcomers, ~~in terms of~~ relation with native Israelis. Who flung derogatory remarks in terms of being survivors of the Holocaust. As for instance - labelling survivors "sabon", soap. Referring to exterminated victims of whose fat, Germans produced soap and some other industrial lubricants. A code many Israelis used in reference to survivors of the Holocaust - a term which has been used to depict survivors as cowards and weaklings.

It's in this context that as a survivor I wasn't very proud of my horrible past. In fact, I am down right ashamed of everything associated with it. Amid a gnawing guilt that endlessly goes, without reminding me who I am. Which in fact, makes me feel like hiding my horrible past and remove my tattooed number from my arm, in terms to avert to be degraded, because I am stigmatized for the rest of my life.

However, given the contempt they harbor for submissiveness - the Israelis who are brought up in a spirit to retaliate in terms of "an eye for an eye" do not like to be identified with survivors' history, or even listen to them.

In fact, it never dawned upon me that we were to be ostracized by our own kind in my own country. As sad as it is, it's downright deplorable.

Nonetheless, this unfathomable phenomenon called Holocaust is - and will always be a part of the identity of all Jews, whether the Israelis like it or not. Translating into simple terms that means; the stigma of being different loomed large, and will stay with me as long as I live.

In fact, we survivors were regarded with ambivalence - a mixture of suspicion and pity. As they kept flunging ambiguous questions at us, associated with our survival, such as: "Why did you submit to the Germans who herded you into the gas-chambers like sheep into the slaughterhouse without resistance? Why did you stay in Poland, and waited for the Germans to come? Why didn't you come here before they invaded Poland?"

To the first recurring question our conscience gives one reply; we were not psychologically prepared for resistance against any enemy attack. The old tired invectives against Jews has been spewed on a daily basis, even more now than ever before. Yet, there's no outcry or protest against it.

This strange phenomenon is symptomatic of another lamentable failure to provide the proper education in terms of to defend our basic human rights.

In fact, to put it in the proper historical perspective it's the wrong education we acquired in exile in terms of the submissive indoctrination we were subjected to from generation to generation. Which conjured up a humble image of our people, and rendered us defenseless unable to put up any resistance when attacked.

Which precluded any attempt to strike back when attacked through the durative aspect of our plight of many centuries in exile.

The criticism ensued makes the tragedy all the more painful. However, it's most inconceivable for the normal human mind who had not experienced the horrors to comprehend the full scope of this tragic phenomenon of human evil, that transpired in German occupied Europe, during World War Two. Hence, they are not in a position to pass judgement on us in this respect.

As for the second question, in terms of escaping from Europe before the German invasion of Poland.

However, in light of the fact that the British put a total ban on Jewish immigration to Palestine. That left only the illegal way to get to the shores of Palestine. This however, was by no means capable to accommodate three and half million of Polish Jews alone, in terms of transporting them to Palestine. We also have to keep in mind that most of the Jews in Europe were reluctant to leave on their own accord. Even if Palestine could absorb all the Jews.

The pattern of progressive revelations in terms of the poor Jewish rescue operation of the illegal immigration to Palestine began to surface.

Here are some salient facts in terms of the illegal. In fact, it was Jabotinsky who started it - Aleyah-Beth - a massive undertaking that involved purchase of marginally seaworthy ship freighters.

The Jewish Agency, working with the British as always, opposed Aleyah Beth however, a fact revealed by British files which were only within the past decade - betrayed of the ships to the British, who torpedoed them with hundreds of Jews escaping Nazi terror on board.

This tended to underscore the grave aspect in their mortal fight against the Jabotinsky's concept for illegal emigration to Palestine.

The Jews in Europe were not informed by the German appointed Jewish leaders of the Judenrat of horrible ramifications to the "Final Solution" to the Jewish problem."

Neither were they informed by the Free World, including Jewish leaders in America and Palestine who had known the true reality, ever since the inception of the extermination of Jews in Europe.

Why didn't they warn us? Why did they choose to be silent? To these recurring questions conscience gives one reply - indifference.

Weitzman, who became the first Jewish President, and Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister of Israel, regarded the Palestine issue more important, than to save some desperate European Jews from extermination.

Had we been warned however, Germans would not have had such an easy job to exterminate six million Jews. Thereby, perhaps some Jewish lives could have been saved. The truth however is; that we were shamefully betrayed by our own kind, which highlights the epitomy of indifference. Therein lies the aspect of the tragic phenomenon of Jewish history.

Israel's first President, Anglophile Dr. Chaim Weitzman, whom so many Israelis very much admired, yet know nothing of his concept in terms of to save some Jewish lives in German occupied Europe, prior the occupation, from the clutches of the nefarious Germans.

It's in this context however, that's imperative to shed some light at the indifference of our leaders at this crucial juncture of our tragic history. As I will quote President Weitzman's degrading remarks in terms of the rescue operation for European Jewry. As well as the degrading advise to the doomed people, and I quote: "We want only the best of the Jewish youth to come to us.... The other Jews will have to stay where they are and face whatever fate awaits them. These millions of Jews are dust on the wheels of history and may have to be blown away." With such attitude of some of our leaders, it's no wonder why we struggled alone, fought alone and died alone. And the world, including our American and Israeli Jewish leaders, remained silent.

As commendable - the many things the Israelis have done in terms of helping the trapped Jews in Europe, to smuggle them to Palestine. It wasn't done enough however, far from it, in terms of escaping Nazi terror.

Because, Ben-Gurion, did not put the rescue effort above Zionist politics and did not regard it as a principal task demanding his personal leadership; he never saw it fit to explain why, then or later.

That's what we had to pay for two generations of Zionist lack of foresight of some of our founding fathers, they have failed to think ahead. Especially - the leaders of the left political spectrum.

Now, as for our relation in terms of being integrated into the Israeli society. We certainly did not expect any preferential treatment in terms of our tragic experience. However, churning below the surface of this disturbing phenomenon lingers a painful agitating aspect, regarding all these degrading remarks. That touched a raw nerve in a unhealed wound, that is very disappointing that we never expected.

However, it never dawned upon me all those years of incarceration, and aftermath while wandering across the European continent having one thing on my mind how to get to Palestine as fast as possible.

Yet, I did not realize that as a survivor of the Holocaust, in terms of avoiding the stigma of derogatory remarks I will have to hide my tragic past; to cover or remove the tattooed number on my left arm. Given these compelling facts there's no way to rid myself the indelible stigma for the rest of my life. We have to carry the brunt of the greatest Jewish catastrophe in the annals of history, till the end of our days.

However, to grasp the full scope that attributed to our doom. We must focus our attention on the grassroots of our national problem that stems from the fact that we were driven from our national homeland to exile. Where we spent two thousand years only dreaming of our return in terms of retrieving our land. That's what created a national phenomenon of grave portent.

In fact however, nothing had been done in this respect, till the advent of modern Zionism. Most Jews devotedly believed in the Messianic concept of National Restoration, and wait for him to come and lead us even if it takes another couple of thousand years.

They clung to the blind obedience of the devout unwordly fanatical leaders, upon whose ultimate authority rested the rhythm associated with the quality of our lives. Whom the Hasidic creed considered to be the intermediate between God and Jews.

Even, at that dark hour condemned to disappear in the stormy flood of death, they kept clinging to their faith in God in all their fervor, in all their pious despair. The tenacity of faith was a living testimony of the scope of accomplishments in terms of perpetuating their heritage that gave the sole meaning of every aspect of the religious phenomenon.

The collective memory of anti-Semitic violent pogroms have fostered in us a concept that our value as a people lies in our inability to perpetrate the sort of bloodletting visited upon us. That we're chosen to suffer for the good of all people.

In fact, Jews let themselves to be alienated from the world to be victimized at leisure. At the mercy of hostile people.

The concept of death of "Kidush-Ha'Shem", the sanctification of God, was the most honorable in their midst. Lured into a web through cunning maze of illusion of undercurrent deception and betrayal. In terms to confuse victims - the Germans used an ambiguous bait - survival. Such as, that their final destination was nothing else but, relocation for better jobs. Thus, how they were lulled into false sense of security.

Yet, huddled together a forlorn people who had a dark premonition this is to be a journey of no return. Hushed and grim they embraced their loved ones, telling them not to cry - "soon we all be in Heaven, turning their painful eyes to Heaven with the prayer of "Shema Israel". Oh, Hear Israel, on their lips they went to their death in the gas-chambers. In the midst of a cold and indifferent world human suffering. Jews however, did not seem considered human, that's the forgone conclusion.

Unfortunately, reality did not live up to these lurid claims. The daydreamers of miracles who believed that the impossible will turn to be the possible. They transcended beyond the bounds of reality into a shadowy world of illusion, ignoring the inexorable and terrifying conclusion of the hostile forces bent on our destruction.

In fact, Germans were well aware that the degree of successful implementation of monstrously contrived mass genocide entailed the cooperation of the victims. So they mustered a veil of illusion - using the survival bait, that they were transported for job opportunities in other parts of the country.

With guile they drummed up deceitful hopes in the midst of a desperate people who wanted to get out of this hell, such as to offer a nonsensical idea to register with the Judenrat, whoever wishes to emigrate to Palestine. This happened to be one of the Germans' despicable lies.

However, given the grave aspect of survival phenomenon - Jews, isolated, confused and hedged about with obscurity that dwelled amid deceit, lost in a nightmare of terror, starvation could not perceive the ultimate limitless, inconceivable evil phenomenon.

The Germans found an ally in the eternal tenacity in terms of Jewish capacity for hope and trust in mankind and refusal to believe - until the Germans taught us how - that an entire nation of the most cultured people can be capable of absolute evil. As the world refused to realize the full scope of German depravity, remaining deaf to our cries for help and indifferent to our ultimate tragic fate.

After all, who cared what had been done to a people - the whole world was eager to get rid of, so the German extermination mills could devour their defenseless prey without hindrance.

Thus how, Germans used the ingenious stratagem of luring Jews into the gas-chambers. Fuelled by secrecy of the Judenrat who was privy to the veracity of those monstrosities perpetrated by Germans, with the help of a ruthless Jewish militia, selected for total obedience and collaboration with the Germans. In terms to facilitate the most malignant scheme of mass genocide in history of mankind. Through a stratagem of systematic reduction to subhumans, who will easily and obediently succumb to German will.

The extermination process and the disposal of the bodies, including their personal belongings had been executed with great German efficiency. In terms of utilizing all potential usable commodities collected from their victims. Including golden teeth yanked out from their victims aftermath the gassing process, to melt down into ordinary gold bars. Which filled the coffers of German treasury. Even, the hair was removed, to fill the mattresses and to be woven into cloth, for use of the German people.

That's not all, the victim's fat and bones were also utilized; body fat was collected during cremation process, was used in production of soap called "riff soap", and industrial lubricant. The victim's bones were ground into fertilizer for agricultural use.

By virtue of great German efficiency, the phenomenal satanic genocidal scheme was very successfully implemented, in terms of accomplishing its objectives of genocide of six million Jews. Which provided a whole new source of income from the byproducts.

Amid billions of dollars laundered by Swiss banks, and other neutral countries stolen from Jewish depositors, in terms to finance Germany's war machine. In fact, no human in the annals of human history has ever conceived a concept of implementing such a satanic program.

Were Dante alive in World War Two, his tormented souls would have been the extermination and concentration camps, instead of the inferno.

The world however, failed to realize that the extermination weren't to stop with the extermination of Jews. Yet, the world obstinately refused to take Hitler's "Mein Kampf" Bible seriously, though spelled his entire diabolic program in its horrible details of Hitler's appalling crime catalogue, which extended far beyond the elimination of Jews.

It's in the death camps that the "Final Solution" achieved its ghastly success. This highlights a "glorious" page in German history.

For centuries we have been living in a hostile world as a minority - an easy target for racist and bigots, in terms of diverting their troubled masses attention on Jews as a scapegoat for whatever went amiss.

In fact, we always accepted transgression of fundamental rights to an extent that we almost felt that it was charity enough in terms of permitting us barely to survive on this planet. Never resorting to violence - we persisted in a long strange phenomenal pattern of appeals, submissive compliance with the oppressor's demand. In a self deceiving aspect that might avert destruction, or survival by placating and appeasing our enemies. Yet, the more we bend our knees, the more overweening was the pride and arrogance of our oppressors, the more firm was their whim. Appeasing does not work - it never did - it only encourages more of the same.

However, the key to survival of Judaism lies in the Jewish ability to harness their destiny to the chariot of history in terms of their firm believe that they were God's chosen people, that, what gave them the inspiration to survive, during our long traumatic years in exile.

It's their tenacious faith in God however, that nourished the will to survive. Even, in this dark hour, condemned to disappear in flood of death.

By virtue of unmitting and unrelenting faith in God, that we were clinging to, with all our fervor, in all our torment, in all our pious despair.

However, tradition plaid an enormous role in the centuries of survival through meekness and flight - combined with religious tenet - not to fight back. Because, through the long years in exile, Jews lost their will to fight when attacked, in terms to defend their dignity as a people. As in the glorious years of the Bible, and the exploits of our Kings and Prophets.

In fact, Jews adopted a motto unfit for a people who struggle to survive in this human jungle, as it is written: "Hakol, kol Yakov, ve'hayadaim vedei Esau," The children of Jacob should find their strenght in their prayer. Only descendents of Esau shall live by the sword.

Thus, Jews transformed into a strange phenomenal realm of myth, and got clobbered through all the centuries in exile.

In fact, Jews have a remarkable record as a peace loving people. In terms of violence - Jews did not under any circumstances shed blood, not even of animals. The sight of blood has always been an abomination in their midst. Amid drunkness - Jews always remained sober. Surrounded by murder and despair - Jews cherished the sanctity of life of other people, their own. In an enviroment of ilitiracy - Jews read and wrote and thrived to be educated. Despite, of being barred from many universities in Europe.

Nonetheless, given all these remarkable traits Jews have lived by - not only has it not been appreciated, but they were hated for.

In fact, consumed by gnawing jealousy for Jewish ability to clime the economic ladder, the people of the host countries turned to violence.

Jewish history is repleted with violence and pogroms of Jews, that spilled rivers of blood. Jews trained in the habitude of suffering, viewed German atrocities as a link in the chain of historical prospective.

It was a morass that led six million Jews to the gas-chamber. Our infinite capacity for self-deceiving, the ever present pious hope "that it would get better, die in its own accord" was the phenomenal aspect of our doom.

The whole philosophy was an outgrow of fear that had been visited upon us from generation to the next one; fear and rejection.

However, as remarkable as these traits are it could not serve as a tool for survival. It rather hinders the prospect of self-defense.

However, despite of many pogroms we have encountered from our host countries for many centuries we survived the assaults we encountered. Yet, we refused to believe that this time is different - that this time we were dealing with a ruthless, evil and implacable enemy, who was bent on annihilating our people. In terms of introducing the most monstrous form of genocide history has ever known, only used on insects.

Which included young and old, rich and poor alike, even a "Sondercarte" stamped for labor that many deemed the key to life, did not avert the the gas-chambers. And finally, even the collaborators who helped the Germans in perpetrating this ghastly undertakings in terms of the prospect of saving their own hide. They all met the same fate when they outlived their usefulness as German collaborators.

For us however, peace loving who had great trust in mankind, such monstrous scheme of German depravity was an inconceivable evil phenomenon, that humans - especially, the most cultured humans, were capable to perpetrate the most ghastly massmurder of an entire people.

Consequently, we reaped the harvest of our insane gullibility in trust in mankind. Our ultimate fate had never been realized, because, of our casting doubt in the veracity of eyewitnesses accounts of some victims who escaped from the death camps. In fact, they were thought to be crazy.

However, when Jews finally realized the stark reality - it was too late. Caught in a straight-jacket of history we blindly drifted into an abyss with paranoia. Huddled together a forlorn people who had a dark premonition that they heading on a road of no return.

Given the reality of this grave impasse, the wonder that emerges is this; not that - despite the isolation and isolation of reality, despite paralyzing seductiveness our illusion, hope and trust in God and mankind. Some Jews however, did put up resistance no matter how hopeless it was.

To lend credence to the argument that revolt was possible but suicidal. Yet, what does suicidal mean under such horrible circumstances, in terms of, when there was no chance of survival at all. However, it was too late, and not enough at juncture of this tragic phenomenon.

Unfortunately, we were not psychologically prepared for revolt. What it's even more painful that we were bitterly betrayed by our own kind to be left prey to all man's savage instincts.

Condemned by wanton fate, Jewish freedom fighters of the gettoes - desperately appealed to Polish underground for arms and ammunition. But, of no avail, those notorious Jew-killers called; A.K. the Home Army - refused. They revelled in the bloodletting of Jews, relishing the prospect of annihilating them by the Germans, in terms of making their age-long dream of a "Judeerein" Poland come true.

Nevertheless, while Germans were the most vile and evil barbarians in annals of human history, Poles also deserve their share of contempt. Polish Jew-haters, who as well as the Germans showed the highest level level of contempt for human life. Have also a long and bloody record of of violent pogrom bloodsheds inflicted upon Jews for centuries.

In fact, they couldn't have found a better ally than the Germans, who fulfilled their age-long hatred that stemmed from their anti-Semitic background, that has been fostered by the Catholic Church, in terms of their quest to rid themselves of the Jews. There's no surprise that the Germans selected Poland as the most appropriate site for the extermination camps for European Jewry.

It's a chilling specter of Poland's persecution of Jews, without German prompting, a local indiginious Polish anti-Semitism was long at work.

In fact, anti-Semitism was not a passing phase, but a permanent feature of a virus in their bones passed on from generation to the next one, in many countries around the world - especially in Poland.

Masquerading under the guise of patriotism, anti-Semites always begin to prepare the eternal scapegoat for slaughter - Jews.

However, viewed in the context of Europe's civilized nations records, they only deserve to be condemned. Because, a nation is exalted by its rightiouness, a perversion of it is a reproach to humanity.

In fact, it's not really necessary to dig deep into the seweres of history in order to find many pogroms, malicious blood libles in most European countries never abetted, even aftermath the Holocaust.

That's the nature of this tragic phenomenon of evil hatred of innocent and hapless people living afloat an undercurrent of deception.

Viewed in this context, Jews - isolated and rejected, nobody to turn to, suffered alone, fought alone and died alone. Amid a indifferent world, which stood by and watched shamelessly all the horrors in its shocking details the heroic phenomenon a doomed people in its desperate attempt to survive, and retain its human dignity. In a world that has discarded it and stood shamed by moral cowardice. Amid surging tides of a firestorm kindled by the German masterace, adrift on a unchartered sea of evil and barbaric sworn enemy.

In fact, the world has never been disturbed by our misfortune. Jewish blood has always been too cheap to be concerned about. As soon they outlived their usefulness in building up the economy of their host country, they were subjected to old invectives spewed out and persecution. Scapegoating for everything that went amiss in the country, that has plagued Jews from time immeorial.

Polands infamous record of Jewish persecution that highlights the tragic Jewish history. In fact, it has been a pit of racial and religious antagonism for centuries - even now, when there have been no Jews anymore jew-hatred has not abated.

Polish peasants who cultivated the fields around the extermination camps were well aware of the ultimate fate of their Jewish neighbors. They knew what transpired inside the death camps.

Yet, they seemed not to be troubled by this hedious revolting phenomenon. Even, the unbearable stench that spread for miles, and the smoke that darkened the skies of Poland, didn't bother them.

In fact, Poles celebrated the extermination of Jews, because, they relished the prospect of taking over evrything Jews left behind. They got their wish, more than they bargained for.

Viewed in this context, by and large, the Christian world has great share in terms of persecution of Jews, who fostered Jew-hatred for centuries. Who gleefully watched how God punishes the anti-Christ, for refusing to embrace Christian doctrine.

In fact, anti-Semitism has been fostered by the Catolic Church, where the cancer of anti-Semitism was born and nourished, ever since the advent two thousand years ago. The Church has been a source of constant unabated incetive of violent outbreaques of pogroms against Jews. And invectives of the kind normlly reserved for inferior people were hurled at them.

In terms to keep alive the phenominal aspect of the enduring legacy of anti-Semitism.

Christian morality, like Christian faith has been forced upon European and American savages, including Jews, at the point of a sword, by means of thumbscrew and the rack, at the auto da fé of the Spanish inquisition, performed by the infamous inquisitor general Torquemada. It was a process of forcing Jews to convert to Christianity, or face death by means of torture.

Christians have been preaching love, but practicing hate-especially where Jews were concerned. That's the grave Christian phenomenon that beguiled our life since its advent. That spilled rivers of blood in the name of God, by virtue of Christian justice, that's the greatest travesty.

Christians claim that they love Jesus, it seems however, that they without knowing it grab the cross by the other end in terms of making a sword out of it and strike the Jews with it. Poor Jesus if he came back to earth and saw that the pagans made a sword out of him, using it against his brothers and sisters, he would certainly detest such action by his followers who love to hate Jews.

In the name of God? The Holocaust could not have happened, had not the name of God been used for centuries to preach hatred of Jews.

The Christian Church of all its denominations always despised and fostered violence against Jews from its inception. Because, of the Jews close association with God who chose the Jewish people to write the Bible. And finally, some of the Jews became the originators of Christianity. There lies the grave historical phenomenon that plagued us ever since.

In his study, "Anti-Semitism - a disease of the mind", psychiatrist Dr. Theodor Isaac Rubin writes, and I quote: "Anti-Semitism is a non organic disease of the mind... a malignant emotional illness. People sick with this disease can be very dangerous and murderous if not treated accordingly." Unfortunately, the whole world has been tinted with the durative aspect of this horrible disease, unquote.

In fact, the Holocaust did not start with Hitler. It started with the advent Christianity who wanted to eliminate Jews, who refused to join the Christian doctrine crusade.

In fact, it's the Apostles who planted the seeds of Jew-hatred, and nursed through the centuries, in terms to give way to persecution. They were the progenitors of the pogroms, ghettos, that finally culminated with the hideous concept of Hitler's extermination of Jews program.

One of them was Saul of Tarsus - who became St. Paul, the visionary epileptic who started out to serve the Jews - betrayed them and ended up of becoming the Apostle of the Christians.

St. Paul - a would be Messiah without a following he made a God out of a poor itinerant Rabbi, who was as meek and lovable as he himself was not; and when Jews would not have this creation of his in terms of concocted out fragments of the myths of the Mediterranean basin. Paul soften the Mosaic law in terms of making it tolerable to those unfit to bear the yoke, foisted it upon the unsuspecting goy.

However, given these irrefutable facts in terms of the Christian Apostle's conduct against Jews, there's beyond shadow of doubt that they had foreseen genocide the ultimate spawn of theirs.

In fact, there were a lot of sordid clergy Jew-haters in the annals of Jewish history, from whom Hitler drew his diabolic inspiration.

One of them was also Martin Luther - German leader of the Protestant Reformation. Who wrote: "Next to the devil, Jews are a satanic creation."

The Crusaders bloody crusade in terms of spreading the concept of Christianity by the point of the sword, spilling rivers of Jewish blood in the process. Throughout Europe and the Middle East, for many centuries is well documented.

The Spanish Inquisition in the fifteen century - one of the gravest phenomenon of the Catholic Church, in terms of applying canonical death punishment inflicted upon Jews who refused to convert Christianity, had been fostered by the Catholic Church.

Given, this everlasting persecution of a racial and religious group is a living testimony of Christianity's desperate attempt to eliminate the Jewish faith, which has been a thorn in their eyes ever since the advent Christianity.

It's in this context, that Christianity preferred to disassociate from the fact that Jesus - their Messiah was a descendant of Jews.

We have patiently endured invectives, reproach and unscrupulous fiction of libelous accusation of ritual murder, flung at us, even after the Holocaust. Who preached love and practice hate, and knowingly violating their most revered principle of faith.

The culminative prejudice and hatred practice of millenias in terms of the relative usefulness of human beings as determined by their religion or race reached its climax with Hitler's rise to power. That brought in its wake the dire calamity of the Holocaust. It graphically depicts what might befall a defenseless people upon whom a world of bigots turned against in terms to eliminate them from the face of the earth.

In fact, Jews have always accepted transgression of their fundamental rights. We turned the other cheek and begged for mercy, that only encouraged our tormentors. The more we prostrated ourselves before the whims of our foes, the more we were stepped on.

In fact, we should have concentrated on this quote: "Kol dealim gvar", only the mighty is victorious. Weakness invites assault. Meakness and humbleness is not appreciated in this human jungle we live in.

Praising the Lord is an admirable duty whilst passing the ammunition. We have enough of carrying the sacrificial knife at our throat.

In retrospect, in those religious fanatical time of mysterious alteration of the usual suggested divine interpretation, evoking grave images of divine judgement and apocalyptic destruction.

In fact, the fanatical concept that God ordained it this way in terms of us to pay for the sins of our ancestors is incompatible with the concept of righteousness. Collective guilt and punishment is the trademark of tyrants, not of a righteous God. In fact, the Bible teaches us that the sins of our fathers are not to be visited upon their sons.

Doubtfully, if a merciful God would rejoice the bloodletting of his own creation - especially of his chosen people. To put in the proper historical prospective, the whole philosophy of fear and intimidation has been visited upon faithful from one generation to the next one; fear and rejection. Punishment shall be meted out on those who do not comply.

By virtue of unrelenting religious fanaticism whose practice included medieval and mystical elements that presented an anathema to modern Zionism and the return to the Promised Land. Upon whose authority rested the rhythm of our lives.

In fact, they insisted on miraculous redemption and ambiguous answers that resulted in the opposite we hoped for - living in a world abandoned by God, left to the whims of our foes.

That's what portends a grave national phenomenon.

Divine presence can only be found in responsible human action in terms to offset the triumph of evil.

Consequently, such indoctrination rendered us psychological unprepared in terms to resist when faced with the ~~grave~~ aspect of annihilation. Given such passive background, it's no myth but an enduring point of survival.

Hitler however, wasn't the first one, to initiate ghettos for Jews. There were ghettos all over Europe long before the advent of Nazism. In Germany there were ghettos where Jews were confined even in the nineteenth century. In fact, there was a ghetto for Jews in Venice, Italy, in the sixteenth century. There's also in Czarist Russia, the infamous Pale - an enclosed district designed for Jews to live in for many centuries.

Now, that the evil empire of the Third Reich has crumbled and the ghastly details of the tragic horrors was beginning to emerge, reverberating itself in all true horror. The German people attempt to evade the responsibilities, and even to expel the concept of individual guilt.

Of course, they realize that their claim to cultural preeminence has been threatened by the fact of the Holocaust catastrophe. Therefore, they are anxious to put behind - even to deny their active involvement in the perpetration of genocide of our people as if it never happened.

In fact, Germans want the world to believe that Hitler had just fallen out of the sky, that he wasn't a part of German history.

However, the direct involvement of millions of Germans, and the acquiescence of the entire German people in terms of the destruction and annihilation of European Jewry, places an enormous guilt upon the entire German people, who lived in Germany in the Nazi era.

Hitler once said that conscience and compassion was a Jewish invention. He was right on that one. By virtue of righteousness and compassion, which has always been a Jewish way of life. Unlike Germans, Poles, and a host of others who spilled rivers of Jewish blood for many centuries.

Nothing however, is so epitomizing than the culpability of the German people, who wholeheartedly dedicated themselves to the Nazi doctrine. Amid their inherent Teutonic arrogance and insolently proud executed all his orders with blind obedience.

In fact, the entire German people enthusiastically acclaimed Hitler evil scheme in terms of the future of Germany.

Because, Hitler reflected their ambition and aspiration in terms of world conquest, thereby restoring their arrogant pride. They all volunteered for monstrous services with pride and honor, whether in the ranks of the S.S. stormtroopers, or the Wehrmacht. They all participated and reveled in the bloodletting and destruction of Jews, in terms of vicarious punishment in the process of purging Germany and all conquered European countries of human decency and dignity.

Amid the surging tide of the firestorm by the evil Third Reich Empire. Which culminated with genocide of European Jews - genocide of a scope and specter that had no parallel in the annals of human history.

In fact, the extermination of six million Jews is the more ghastly, because, it was perpetrated by one of the most cultured people who were so richly endowed with cultural resources.

However, behind the thin veneer of civilization lay the coldblooded killers who had succumbed so readily to embrace the murderous creed of Nazi doctrine. Sinking deeply into a swirl pit of ghastly deeds, as they turned their back to humanity.

Not until Hitler's rise to power and his invasion of Europe, had the abstract concept of Jewish hatred assumed a specter of concrete reality.

That's the "glorious" page in the history of mankind in terms of the most evil and monstrous action humans have ever encountered from people the German master race, the most "cultured and civilized".

By virtue of justice and righteousness, with such a disgraceful record they certainly cannot qualify for cultural superiority. In fact, that rather qualifies them for the title of a nation of gangsters.

Given German intoxication in terms of science research that triggered the unprecedented evil research in terms of their quest how to commit mass murder of human beings. By using of "Zyklon B" gas they invented and had been used in gas-chambers. In order to exterminate Jews like cockroaches.

However, as we cast an eye on the world around us, rife with glaring instances of indifference to the saga of Jewish suffering, in terms of unmitigating evil. One must wonder whether this is what culture and civilization is all about.

It's the essence that highlights everything that is vile and destructive in the human race. However, humans seem to be the only creature endowed with an inherent urge to hate and kill for no reason at all. Amid the fundamental threat to us in the propensity to violence.

Yet, the Holocaust catastrophe has proven beyond any shadow of doubt that there can no longer be any safe assumption in terms of the limits of man's potential for evil, using deceit, guile and insidious ways to trap victims, in terms to get what they are after.

However, despite all this destruction and mass murder that Hitler and his henchmen had inflicted upon the Jewish people in occupied Europe. There was never any bitterness towards Hitler and his criminal regime aftermath his defeat in the midst of the German people.

In fact, many of his supporters relish to fulfill Hitler's legacy of a Judenrein world, without the slightest remorse. Which certainly casts the true light in the context of the German people's staunch supporter of the Nazi regime. That provides graphic evidence in terms of their active involvement in the destruction of the European Jewry.

The epitome of evil had become the trademark of the German master race, who singled us out to be murdered, not for what we did, but who we are - Jews. Hence, they represent the monsters who darkened the skies with the ashes of six million of our people.

Given the magnitude of such massive horrendous murder experience from other humans, can these "humans" have any meaning in terms of man's superiority and nobility over the barbarians?

I used to see the bright side that mankind hoped or wrote of, in terms of moral excellence, but now, aftermath this horrible experience in that long nightmare, I can distinctly discern the unlimited capacity of human evil. I look in vain for some redeeming aspect of this grave phenomenon of human character, as I have lost my trust in humanity. I doubt if I will ever be able to regain my faith in mankind - a faith which evaporated in the midst of this grim reality of human evil.

In fact, prejudice we have encountered as Jews, for many centuries that culminated with the Holocaust catastrophe, while living in exile explains our basic mistrust, and the lack of confidence in the non-Jewish world.

Nonetheless, instead of treating those bloody Germans with profound contempt for their active role in mass genocide perpetrated upon our people. The selfsame perpetrators were deemed to be worthy of reconciliation by the Free World. In terms to whitewash the savage mass murders of the enemies of mankind. Amid sweeping their evil activities under the rug of political expediency.

The chief executioner Adolf Eichman, who orchestrated the extermination of Jews once said, and I quote: "Even if Germany lost the war he would leap happily into his grave," because exterminating six million Jews has been a source of extraordinary satisfaction to him, unquote. There's however a great deal we can glean in terms of what we were up against, from this quotation of this hedious monster, who had an enormous inherent hate for Jews. That's in who's hands our people was delivered. That's whom the German people have chosen to rule the world.... At any price of human blood.

German doctors and scientists had also their share in the horrendous experiments upon Jewish humans; men, women and children. Devilishly elaborated by another hedious monster the infamous Dr. Mengele, who's name instilled terror in the midst of the inmates in Auschwitz.

In fact, had Hippocrates - the father of medicine known what kind of hedious monsters had carried the title Doctor, and made a mockery of his Hippocratic oath. He would certainly turn in his grave.

These despicable German doctors and scientists claimed that Jews were subhumans and a gangrenous appendix in the body of mankind. That had to be removed out of respect for human life. How lamentable it is in terms of having respect for human life. Since when hyenas have respect for human life.

In fact, they put all their scientific achievements to expedite mass murder. Amid an attempt to rationalize and justify these horrible crimes. They realize that the more enormous their crimes will be, the more incredible it will become, and less it will provoke reaction.

That's the reply a German doctor by the name Fritz Klein who was asked how he can reconcile his selection of human beings for the gas-chambers with his Hippocratic oath? "Of course, I am a doctor and I want to preserve human life. Yet, out of respect for human life, I am more than glad to remove the Jewish gangrenous appendix of the human body."

Hippocrates must have turned in his grave to listen to such despicable statement of a doctor. He would certainly jump back to his grave knowing what German doctors have done to his sacred oath.

Which brings us into sharp focus of the enduring characteristics of innert human evil. It's the epitomy of evil that highlights everything that is vile and destructive in mankind.

Given the grave reality of German evil, raises the question how low can the human level drop to, and still be considered human? It's beyond any doubt that the Germans have reached the lowest level.

However, given these horrifying documented facts, they had proven to be the epitomy of man's capacity for evil, iniquity and cruelty. So strong of arm in torture, so violent in scattering blood, like rain in a sunderstorm, as they inflicted it on our innocent people.

Germano fobia was - and still is their defining and passionate dimention, grossly compounded by the great propensity to dominate others beyond the limits of ones legitimate rights.

In fact, Germanas always presented a fundamental threat to world peace, even before the Third Reich. It's in this contex that they were driven to unleash this bloody war.

It's against this backdrop that illustrates the saga of Jewish suffering, in terms of the magnitude of the crime against our people, that we were left vulnerable to the whims of these bloody hyenas. Who not only killed our bodies, but also our souls.

Consequently, two thousand years teaching contempt of Jews culminated with greatest catastrophe in history of mankind.

If Germany, and those who seek their friendship were trying to rewrite history and pretend that German Nazis and the entire German people who collaborated with them, were anything others than the vilest criminals. Then we must wonder whether the lesson of World War Two has taught us anything in terms of human decency, while the victims cry out for revenge.

Ironically, North and South American countries who locked their doors for Jews who attempted to escape Nazi terror, put a deaf ear to our cries for help. And subsequently having witnessed themselves the mass genocide and the appalling circumstances under which we lived in the concentration camps, when the Allied forces liberated us, in its horrifying details. Yet, they opened their doors, and provided a safe haven for German war criminals and their collaborators escaping justice.

However, based on compelling evidence from voluminous archival documentations, the connivance by the Free World at the German war criminals escaping justice has been quite obvious. In fact, they were provided with legal visas wherever those criminals wished to go, by the Allies and Vatican who signed the infamous concordat with Hitler.

The CIA and US Army Intelligence, and a host of others, most of them easily identified with the aspect of complicity of American Intelligence Operatives in protecting and guiding Nazi war criminals safely along secret escape routes known as the "ratline", operated most successfully by shadowy characters.

Why does the United Nation War Crime Commission refuse to open its archives, in order, to reveal to the world how many criminals were at large around the world - to evade justice. Because, France - the only member of the Commission who is against the opening of the archives? Of course, it's because, of many atrocities documented in the files took place in France. Evidently, the French Government fear revelation of widespread collaboration of government officials with the Nazis.

It might also cast alight of ambiguous nature on the Pope Pius XII - the role he had plaid in the preparation and execution of Hitler's plan of the Holocaust, as the full aftermath becomes known.

In vain we struggled to awaken world's conscience. That most mass murder could have been averted, and many lives could have been saved had the world taken Hitler's Mein Kampf seriously, one can reasonably argue.

However, given the failure to react with the proper means in terms of averting Hitler's unrestrained genocide, and the Free World's acquiescence to the extermination of six million Jews - makes all of them accomplices in this horrendous crime as well.

How would U.S. and its Allies explain their refusal to bomb railways leading to Auschwitz extermination camp, during their bombing mission raids on I.G. Farben synthetic plant a few miles away from the gas-chambers.

To these recurring question, and many other why? why? There's one lamentable answer; nobody cared about the faith of a people no country wanted, and all wished to get rid off.

In fact, the British were so adamant in their opposition in terms of Jewish emigration to Palestine, that they even torpedoed and sank ships with thousands of Jews aboard, escaping Nazi terror via the Black Sea on their way to Palestine.

They too were more than happy that the Germans were about to "solve" the Jewish problem with a "Final Solution". In terms of preventing an influx of Jews to Palestine, which might interfere with their political expedience, and their interests in the Middle East oil flowing from Arab countries. It's in this context that they always favored the Arabs.

In short, there was no response to our cries for help, in that desperate hour of a doomed people to be lost in the dark shadows of absolute tyranny and iniquitous power, that swept down on us at this juncture of events.

Even, the American Jews showed profound indifference in terms of failing to do anything to save European Jews from the clutches of the German monsters, at that desperate hour.

In fact, American Jews even failed to stir up some outcry of protest against the administration policy of silence and deceit - out of fear that it might provoke the rise of anti-Semitism.

It's equally lamentably true that there was no reaction by Jewish leaders in the United States. Whether cowed by threats of anti-Semitism, or seduced by empty promises in "private" at the Whitehouse. Jewish leaders had responded shameful silence, with paralysis of will and action. Whose impotence and passivity abetted the administration's inaction, during and prior the Holocaust, which ultimately conspired our doom at this crucial juncture of events. As the echoes of a doomed people desperately crying for help had been growing fainter and fainter, and finally fell stoically silent.

There were a lot of strange aspects to the grave phenomenon of Jewish leadership, who preferred to keep a low profile to be the counsel of prudent pragmatism.

These regretful characteristics are too well known in our leaders to require comments. Yet, it's often indistinguished from paralysis of political will. Therefore, Jewish leaders should be judged by our despair.

Silence and good manners are headstones of millions of perished Jews. And because, each one thought for himself - only of today and not beyond, each one of his own hide. The bloody Germans succeeded to hunt us down each in his hideaway to be destroyed like vermin.

In fact, Jewish leadership in America, bear a great share of guilt in terms of the destruction of European Jewry. In fact, I used to ask myself why should this have happened to us? Why? That's what I used to ask myself. Not anymore. Now I know the answer.

In fact, what we encountered was the climax of tragic events our history is full of it. It happened because we let it happen. There's no other answer. All other reasons are rubbish, in terms to justify the indifference for the doomed people. No one kicks a dog who shows his teeth.

Eventually, the world woke up and turned against the German invaders. However, not in our defense, but, because of their own survival, that was at stake. But, by that time unfortunately, it was much too late for us - six million of our people were exterminated.

However, history is strewn with the wreckage of rulers and leaders of nations who refused to lend credence to the veracity of their worst scenario case assesment that ever came to pass.

All those who scream the loudest now were silent then, callousness and apathy prevailed in America, as millions of European Jews met their doom. American public opinion, including the Jewish community, favored inaction, considered Jewish refugees an unwanted lot, that might present a threat to their own jobs. That's however, presents the greatest coup de grace the European Jews have encountered from their own brothers and their impotent leaders at this crucial juncture of survival. Whose myopic vision illustrates the betrial phenomenon - most inconceivable.

It's against this backdrop unfortunately, that the specter of the leading Rabbis in America, such as Stephen S Wise & Company, who had chosen silence - to hold back the truth, instead of demonstrating against American indifference to the suffering that transpired in German occupied Europe. In short, American Jews failed their fellow Jews in Europe because, they were busy worrying about anti-Semitism in America.

It's equally lamentably truth on the basis of accumulated compelling evidence which suggest that Roosevelt - the President, American Jews so much adored and considered a great friend, turned out to have bamboozled and sweet-talked Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. Charmed and beguiled him into thinking that he was doing a great deal for the doomed Jews in Europe, when in reality, not only was he doing anything but, he actually helped to obscure the true picture, by ordering the CIA to block the flow of information in terms what transpired inside German occupied Europe, and their evil activities at the pinnacle drama.

This kind naivette on the part of Jewish leadership grossly compounded an already desperate situation that had been worsening daily.

Jewish leaders have forgotten, or did not know, that silence and good manners are headstones in the cemetery of perished Jews.

American Jews are acting out their galuth, exile mentality that became an ill-conceived phenomenon, that highlighted their isolation and segregation from society. Overly worried in terms how they appear to Gentiles. Whimperingly unable and seemingly unwilling to respond to the cries of brethren in German occupied Europe, out of fear to provoke anti-Semitism. Such suggestion however, was downright betraying.

In fact, this kind of explanation amount to an grossly embarrassing confession of leaders inoptitude. That had left an indelible mark and remains a painful pestering sore in Jewish history.

In fact, right at the outset of German atrocities directed against Jews, something could had been done in terms to save some Jews, instead American jews chose to go along with isolation concept the American government preferred as their policy, and to be silent and acquiesce. Not only that nothing been done in this respect but, it was clearly within the power of American Jews in terms to damage the Nazi State by embarking on strict boycott of German goods. Even this was not done. Because, the impotent leadership within German Jewry, and even more impotent American Jewish leadership under Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who urged that nothing to be done that might outrage German Nazis.

It's in this context, that they thought by doing nothing perhaps the Germans might relent. However, consequently, the failure of the Jews in America to respond, definitely encouraged. Germans go on unhindered in their monstrous process of mass genocide. In fact, the appeasement policy had precisely the opposite effect of what was hoped for.

Did the American leaders - Jewish or non-Jewish, ever woke up in the night, chilled by a touch of conscience while the Jews in Europe were heading a dark horrendous path of annihilation?

American Jewish leaders lacked the stomach in terms to explicitly deal with a Jewish cause - even that of genocide of their brethren in Europe.

In fact, the very real problem had been lost in handwringing over their job security had the U.S. Immigration Office permitted some Jews to enter the U.S.A., in terms to be able to escape Nazi terror.

American Jews might had done something for European Jews, had they taken greater pain to obscure their lifestyle that they hadn't left any finger prints in the annals of self-denial.

However, when the scope of the Holocaust catastrophe began to emerge it was too late. It's in this context at this crucial juncture of events that it serves to underscore compelling evidence in terms of indifference and a lack of interest. Which had compromised the ability in terms of effectively deal with this serious problem, and laid to rest any hopeful aspect in terms of rescuing some Jewish lives.

Neither, did Jewish leaders endeavor to come to terms with what offered insight of the hell European Jews confined into. Who blatantly ignored the warning of the disaster that loomed closer.

Yet, what could we expect from anti-Semites such as John McCloy - Franklin, President Roosevelt's Assistant Secretary of War, who had been afflicted with a social plague of anti-Semitism, and he had been well aware of the gruesome details that transpired in the midst of the ghettos, extermination and concentration camps. And of course, of the ultimate fate of Jews in German occupied Europe.

Unfortunately, he rejected every proposal or any attempt to rescue some of the doomed Jews.

If the Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, a prominent leader of the American Jewish Community, who listened to an eyewitness report about gassing Jews in the extermination camps in German occupied Europe. Delivered to him in 1943, by a man named Jan Karski, a Catholic courier working for the Polish Government in exile.

Karski - risked his own life to penetrate into the extermination camps in terms to find out what transpired inside.

After the conclusion of his eyewitness account however, Justice Frankfurter replied: "I am unable to believe you." Even, at the remark of the Polish Ambassador in America, who implied that there's no justification of accusing Karski that he is lying.

However, events have tended to bear out suspicion that Justice Frankfurter's refusal to accept the truth served his own interest. Had he done otherwise his conscience would have required him actually to do something in this respect, given his exalted status in the FDR Administration.

Unfortunately, given the nature of this shameful betrayal one can reasonably argue that the American Jewish leadership equally share the conspiracy of their brethren's doom. As it is written: "Anyone who stands by, and is able - but, does not render help to a person in danger of losing his life, is equally guilty - as if he killed him himself."

The Free World, and particularly the U.S. Government and the British, were all aware what transpired in the ghettos and extermination camps, yet, they pretended as if nothing was going on.

In fact, in a conspiracy of obscuring the true picture that would lend veracity to these horrible revelations. The news media even refused to print the eyewitness accounts, treating it as rumors and exaggerations.

Thus, how numerous sequents reports in regards the extermination of millions of Jews encountered disbelief, even when the Holocaust was well on its way.

However, the well documented unwillingness of the American Government to accept these reports of mass genocide that had been taken place in German occupied Europe, and the refusal of American Leaders in terms of doing something about it - is the more painful.

Yet, their silence and acquiescence connotes consent in terms of encouraging evil.

Given, these facts however, it nurtures suspicion in terms of their quest to get rid of Jews. Their indifference compromised their ability of effectively dealing with the genocide of our people.

In fact, there's a passage of the draft memo from the Operation Division of Assistant Chief of Staff J.E. HULL, and Assistant Secretary of War, will shed some light on the conspiracy in terms of their refusal to bomb the railways leading to the extermination camps. They drummed up a ridiculous excuse, and I quote: "Use of heavy bomb squadrons from the United Kingdom bases would necessitate a round trip of approximately two thousand miles of enemy territory. This proposal is of very doubtful feasibility and is unacceptable from a military standpoint, and would be a diversion from our strategic bombardment efforts. The result obtained would not justify the high losses to the Airforce, and in terms of inmates lives that likely to result from such mission."

However, contrary to the claim of the Assistant Secretary John McCloy that such mission as bombing the railways leading to the extermination camps, which was only a few miles away from I.G. Farben Industries, that had been under daily bombardments by the R.A.F., would be a diversion from their strategic bombing effort, is sheer nonsense. As for their concern in terms of the inmates lives might be jeopardized in the process is pure rubbish.

In fact, inmates lives had no real significant for the inmates themselves, considering the circumstances of the tragic phenomenon of their ultimate fate in the gas-chambers anyway. The only way they could leave the extermination camp was through the chimney.

In fact, inmates eyes were always turned up to the skies in anticipation to encounter some air-raid bombardment, that filled them with sheer delight. Each of the inmates would rather prefer to die in a bomb raid instead than in the gas-chambers like roaches.

This fatuous explanation is a glaring aberration of the truth in context of this destructive phenomenon, as the pattern of progressive more ironic revelations began to surface.

However, it's quite clear now, that our so called friends obscured the true facts in terms of piercing the curtains Germans had drawn over their evil activities which transpired in German invaded Europe.

The Free World's failure to confront Nazi evil head on was worse than a blunder; it represents a abdication of the very concept of humanity. In fact, they helped to create and nurtured Germany's monstrous phenomenon of military might. That highlighted the greatest precedent, which translated into the German invasion of Europe, and ultimately the annihilation of the six million Jews. Without any attempt to capture the magnitude of alleged tragic phenomenon of Jews in Europe, brought on in wake of Nazi onslaught, in terms to stress the urgency for U.S. Government action to overcome the dangerous impasse.

Thus, how complicity and tacit acquiescent made German domination possible. That's the most disturbing human aspect in terms of the failure to stand up to history. Who did ever put on the scale the enduring human suffering and the true meaning of genocide. That could have been successfully averted?

Given insight of this horrifying phenomenon of Nazi terror that seems so elusive in terms of human comprehension. Did the rules of evidence require that millions innocent people should die before any action to be taken had been justified - if any.

To these recurring questions the human conscience has only one reply; we were Jews, who were shamefully deceived and betrayed. Unfortunately our doom failed to stir world's conscience - the answer is the same - we were Jews, and no one cared and most of the countries were glad to get rid of them. As for world's conscience - there wasn't any.

It should serve as a warning to all of the unfathomable power of evil. pestilence of the human soul, that under certain circumstances, as it had taken place in Germany. Can dissolve nations and devastate civilization.

Let it be known to the world that Hitler's catalogue of genocide had been much more comprehensive in its scope, than anyone has ever realized. His monstrous concept of genocide was not about to stop with exterminating Jews, it also included all his defining inferior races, such as all Slavic nations and the blacks - had he won the war.

Unfortunately, we Jews had to pay the price to make the world realize the true nature of the ominous phenomenon of Germany's concept of world domination.

There's a saying: "The more things change, the more they stay the same." In fact, it changed for the worse. It does stay the same in terms of its essentials as what it was in the dark ages, amid the rising killing instinct, even so we regard civilization as progress. However, given the mockery the bloody Germans had done in terms of civilization and culture, who were considered the most cultured nation, doubtfully, if humans can be trusted at all.

Unfortunately, the concept of progress of the civilized world is translated in terms of ever finding the more deadlier weapons of most destructive capacity to destroy each other.

However, the heinous crimes resulted not just from the villainousness of the German criminals, but also from the indifference, passivity and appeasement by the Free World. Thereby, it conjured up into existence the most formidable menace which made its victims to disappear into dark shadows of despair. Hence, playing into the hands of the German murderers by acquiescing, which is synonymous with condoning their genocidal activities.

In fact, painful compelling facts emerged as the tragic drama unfolded the grave veracity of iniquitous conduct of those behind the tragedy, that resulted in a shameful betrayal of our doomed people.

Thus, how the Germans were provided with compelling evidence that Jews were an unwanted lot in this world, their ultimate fate had been of no one's concern. That gave the green light to German murderers to proceed unhindered with their satanic phenomenon of the "Final Solution to the Jewish problem."

As a survivor of the Holocaust I am convinced of one thing though as Golda Meir rightly put it, and I quote: "There were two kind of people in this world, Jews and those who put Jews into the gas-chambers." While the whole world stood by in silence, unquote.

Jewish response however, to their enemies to every act of persecution has been of the same kind of behavior which has kept anti-Semitism alive thousands of years, namely; crying, begging, handwringing and praying.

That's why it's no accident that any of their host countries driven by frustration whether of economic or social origin, found Jews an easy target for scapegoating. They realized that Jews when faced with attacks and persecution, act like whimps; beg, cry, hide. This kind of behavior does not make sense in a human jungle where only power, only power is respected. Humbleness and meekness is not appreciated.

It has reached a point that it seems being a Jew meant being vulnerable. It's in this context that this enduring phenomenal aspect seemed a nightmare. What was being a Jew meant but, an everlasting curse, the epitome of haplessness.

Most apologists maintain that the source of Jewish powerlessness stems from the fact that they're a minority. However, history has proven otherwise in this regard. The desperate can only survive by taken desperate measure.

By virtue of brave and courageous Israelis, who stood up against their invading Arab enemies, vastly outnumbered and outgunned many times over. And turned what seemed to be an imminent defeat into an extraordinary victory. In fact, they became successful, as soon as they shook off the galuth phenomenon mentality and submissive behavior.

In fact, powerlessness stems from wrong upbringing, we were brought up to run from an attacker and hide, relying on mercy and miracles.

While all people take pride in fending off attacks on them when their national freedom, honor and pride is at stake.

Unfortunately, Jews all over the world, except in Israel, of course, take pride in the fact that they're unable to fight, which they deem a Jewish trait. However, considering the circumstances under which Jews have struggled to survive, in the midst of constant violent phenomenon. In spite of the fact Jews consider shedding of blood an abomination that requires expiation. However, shedding innocent blood demand retaliatory measures of the same regardless of the consequences involved.

American leadership want us to believe that they are making progress out of haplessness in their fight against anti-Semitism, while condemning any concept back in terms of defending their basic human rights that are constantly violated.

However, this phenomenal philosophy of exile mentality would have certainly made Israel's Independence unimaginable, had they acted accordingly.

In fact, the naive philosophy of disarming Jew-haters with speeches is a marring feature in the age old legacy of restrain, that has dominated every aspect of Jewish life, in the epic drama of constant struggle to survive. It's a self-deceiving phenomenon that left an indomitable imprint on Jewish way of life.

In fact, Jews around the world, except in Israel of course, act as if they're destine by God for periodic destruction, as if their lives depend solely on the whims and mercy of their enemies. In terms of assuming the misconception that it's clarity enough that we are allowed to breathe the air on this planet.

It's high time that Jews alter their mode of behavior and stand up for their basic human rights, which are constantly violated, and physically attacked. It's about time to recognize the wisdom in one of the verses in the Bible: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

God help those who help themselves. You can run, but you can't hide. However, all those things Jews have done till now in terms to avert persecution bitterly failed, as they found themselves attacked time and time again. The legacy of restrain turned into an everlasting anathema in our constant struggle to survive.

However, the concept of restrain that Jewish liberal leaders in the Land of Israel sought to impose on the Yishuv, in terms of the struggle against Arab cutthroats violent attacks prior the establishment of the Jewish State. Since the inception of the Jewish settlements in Palestine, under the British Mandate, was also doomed to failure.

It's a living testimony of impropriety in the phenomenal concept of restraint in the Jewish struggle to survive.

In fact, to win even one war with Arab cutthroats would have been unimaginable, and a Jewish State would have never come to pass with this kind of restraint. Jews became victorious only when they adopted a different mode of behavior; to fight back, and take up retaliatory measures when attacked. That's the only language that is understood in this jungle.

Our tragic experience should have taught us one thing though, that we should never again rely on mercy of other people - there isn't any for us in this contemptible world. But, rather rely on our own power, take the initiative in our own hands. Stand up for our human rights under any circumstances, in terms to regain our respect in the midst of the world's nations communities.

In fact, given the amazing victory of the Israeli Jews over the invading Arab cutthroats, was a living testimony that we're definitely capable - when motivated, in terms to measure up to any other people on this planet in every aspect of human endeavor. In terms to disregard any criticism of retaliating when our security is at stake.

Remember at all times, the world does not like us to raise our heads to be equal with all others in the community of nations. They would rather have us as underdogs, than victorious. Better yet, they would rather have our heads on the chopping block, so they can chop us up from time to time, in terms to fit their own design.

In fact, we have to remember the tragic consequences of being the underdog in terms of what and who we were up against in the past. Especially - to keep reminding those who weren't born yet when the Holocaust took place. To teach them and the generations to come of these dark pages in history of mankind.

In terms to beware of human propensity for evil, to trust no one under any circumstances. To make them aware that mankind is by far the most insidious animal on earth, capable under certain circumstances to commit the vilest and the most heinous atrocities to humans with sadistic delight, even in the name of God rivers of blood have been spilled.

It behooves us that nothing must be allowed to blur the compelling facts. Here we were, just coming out of places of hell on earth where Jews had been tortured, starved and ultimately exterminated in a mass genocide conspiracy unequal in human history.

Yet, this despicable crime had been perpetrated not by a wild tribe in uncontrollable rage on the spur of the moment. But, in a cold premeditated crime by one of the most advanced people of philosophers and poets the Kulturtragers - standard bearers of European culture - the Germans.

In fact, it was well-planned and implemented with typical German efficiency and organizational skill. Under a strict veil of secrecy in a conspiracy with many collaborators. In terms to fit their monstrous crimes that were perpetrated with the collaboration of a large segment of the German people, under the direction of their democratically elected government, not by a military coupe.

In fact, we came from countries where our lives were without value. Where Jews have been degraded and treated with violence, long before they were murdered by Germans. But, it reached its climax with the advent of the satanic German Herrenvolk of evil killers who called themselves the master race. Who grew up with the virus of anti-Semitism, racism and bigotry in their bones.

Whose concept of racism was born out of decay of individual character and morality. It had been nourished to maturity by the silence of its witnesses, and their inability to accept as radical evil.

Hitler singled us out as the worst menace because, he knew that this way presentation would readily find favor in a world permeated with hatred for Jews. Which answered the need for a visible enemy in terms to provide them someone to blame for all gone amiss. Hitler was quite sure to get away with, without the worlds outcry

For year after year of sinking deeper and deeper into misery and despair, as hell yawned forth its horrible contents. We were brought to concentration camps for no other purpose but, sheer torture. Where forced labor was used as means of punishment, and to blow out the last flicker of our miserable lives in the process.

By virtue of justice which implies reverence for every human life. Jews however, were explicitly denied the basic concept of justice in almost every country for many centuries. They apparently felt it's charity enough to be allowed to breath the air on this planet.

In wake of the tragic consequences of the Holocaust, we have been forced into an aggressive defence. ~~In terms to~~ choose action that might pull down the Temple of Humanity itself, rather than surrender.

In fact, we have surrendered millions of our people. We cannot afford to buy our lives at the cost of our conscience. There lurks the specter of the intrinsic hatred.

Jews do not need the affirmation of anyone in terms to validate our existance. And finally, we do not own the world a debt of personal sacrifice, merely to feed hostility of Jew-haters.

Western vendetta against Jews did not stop with the Holocaust. It merely paused to catch its breath and join with Islams conspiracy to complete Hitlers legacy - a legacy of hatred that is manifested in violent pogroms even after Hitler is gone.

Rising above all these bloody mass murders - beyond anguish, pain and suffering, we must pledge: Never again.

However, we cannot dispense with caution that the world has become a safe place for us to live in, in the aftermath of the Holocaust.

Take heed, our enemies have not disappeared yet - they never will. Neither have they discarded their quest for our destruction. But, never again should we humble our arrogant and implacable enemies and accept assault as the will of God.

How come that man's silence, especially our own people and our so called friends had been matched by God's? We grew up with the concept of being God's chosen people. Chosen for what - to suffer? In that lays the strange aspect of this phenomenon.

However, in the thin venir of civilization humans can become savages under certain circumstances, and place no limits on its evil and bestiality.

Amid unfaltered perseverance in our struggle for existance, augmented by our readiness to incurr sacrifices whenever it's called for, ascribed to the birth of the State of Israel.

Consequently, we found the ultimate reward of peace of mind greater than any sacrifice. The tragic Holocaust phenomenon, though an enormous price we paid, it has been the catalist that led to our national idependence. We have proven that the hedious atrocities inflicted upon us by German criminals, have by no means dampen our enthusiasm - but, rather evoked a keen inspiration in terms to return to the Land of Israel, and retreave our homeland that rightfully belongs to us, by virtue of God's chosen people, in terms to get back our Promised Land.

Given the final tragic results in wake of our struggle to survive, we can no longer afford to be left at the mercy of our formidable adversaries. Not as long as we're attuned to the echoes of Germany's murderous past, in terms of being the exterminators of own people, that could not, and should not be forgotten or forgiven under any circumstances.

Given our tragic past we can no more afford to rely on our so called "friends" and supporters. In order, to survive in this human jungle, we must take the initiative in our own hands. In terms to see to it that these horrible circumstances that brought in its wake the extinction of millions of our people, shall never again be permitted to arise.

However, the Holocaust should serve us as a serious warning to wean us from the dangerous tenet to turn our other cheek. That indicates symptoms of a timorous phenomenal character; in fact, Jews can only survive in this jungle by the practicality of ten eyes for one.

Never again, should we go down on our knees and beg for mercy in terms to stay alive, or run from our adversaries. Supplication and placating our enemies doesn't work - it never did, it only encourages our enemies for more of the same. We have to rid ourselves of the stereotype Jewish timidity that impares our lives.

Humbleness and meekness is not a virtue that is appreciated in this human jungle. Only power gains respect. Hence if we want to survive in the midst of vicious wolves who lurk for Jewish blood, we should not hesitate to resort to anything that would secure our survival.

However, if we cannot save ourselves from the wolves, then we have to become wolves ourselves. Because, the Holocaust has not done away with anti-Semitism. We still live in a hostile world full of enemies who refuse to discard the age-long hatred and bigotry. Who would gladly perpetuate Hitler's legacy; to pick up where the Germans left off.

Take heed, we're becoming an endangered species swimming in shark infested waters. Given our horrible account we had encountered through many centuries that had its climax with the Holocaust. It behooves us to learn from history - because, history has a way to repeat itself for those who refuse to learn from it.

In fact, we should remind the world that Jews have done more in terms of civilization, than any other nation in the annals of human history. In fact, we're the most glorious nation that ever inhabited this planet. The Romans, Greeks and Egyptians were but a bauble in juxtapose with Jews.

We have given religion to three quarters of this planet, full of heathens and pagans. And have influenced affairs of mankind in every aspect of culture and civilization, more and more happily than any other nation, ancient or modern.

Nevertheless, our enemies discredited our accomplishments, besmirched our name and rendered us inferior - subhumans who have no right to live in their midst. They would rather have us disappear, because they are very uncomfortable with the fact that we're the ones who attributed to this historical phenomenon. Therefore, we claim our inalienable right to get the credit for. In terms to take our deserved place among the community of nations as equals.

It's in this context that we should have learned an enduring lesson from the despicable sorrow of the Holocaust phenomenon. It should be a timeless reminder for us, as the Bible so often commends us to remember.

Because, if we forget the past we're doomed to repeat it. To forget is to comply with our enemies wish. In remembering lies the secret of redemption. A nation that does not study to understand the aspect of the evil phenomenon that had been inflicted upon in the past, is ill-equipped to prevent a repetition of the same in the future.

However, those who have not experienced the horrors of the Holocaust, not only are they reluctant to dwell on this ghastly subject as the Holocaust which for them it means descent into darkness in terms of the evil aspect of the human depraved phenomenon. They even, refuse to talk about.

In fact, they even criticize our obsessive attachment to our past, rubbing in salt into our wounds, wallowing in self-pity, and exploiting the traumatic aspect. The criticism ensued makes the event depicted all the more painful.

Nevertheless, we survivors who are attuned to echoes of the Holocaust, are burdened with horrible memories of which there's no way to get rid of as long as we live. We go to sleep with our horrible memories amid having constant nightmares, and wake up in cold sweat. We have a right to be bitter and resentful.

Yet, the ghastly aspect of the Holocaust phenomenon remains - and it will always be far beyond the grasp of a normal mind to conceive.

It's in this context that it began to dawn upon me of how totally inadequate the language is to convey to others - who weren't there to have any real impression of the most tragic aspect of our phenomenal experience is virtually impossible.

In fact, the epitomy of this tragic impasse is manifested in every aspect of our lives. The constant flashback we live with in terms of the never ending reminder of what we were up against in the past.

However, the isolated concentration camp syndrome - a post traumatic disorder, typically accompanied by survivors guilt; Why was I spared?

Surviving a catastrophe as the Holocaust was a gritty process, and no one is more alone than a person who is struggling to survive.

However, it's very difficult to gain perspective in that dark era by others. It's in this context that we survivors have been consumed by memories of terror that have been indelibly etched into our minds and souls, an unforgettable nightmare that will haunt us for the rest of our lives. Amid the lingering touch of paranoia in terms of personal freedom.

Given the serene fortitude with which we had born so many such grievous calamities through our history gave way to the wildest paroxysms of despair in the dark nights of the Holocaust.

It is said that youth is the foundation of human life. Given this aphorismous definition. What kind of foundation can we have if our memories are filled with the smell of burning flesh and chimnies belching black smoke of our families.

However, as we're sifting through the emotional ashes of the frightening firestorm, we survivors know that we share much more beside anguish of the moment. For us, the Holocaust will always be a vivid reminder, as its echoes will never die. Sounds that triggered fear in the past will never die. Our laughter is feign, and amusement is overshadowed by darkness of our long nightmare. That eventually, spilled over into our childrens lives as well in terms of having a negative effect.

As the poet Yehuda Amichai rightly put it, and I quote: "Most of us survivors have the face of Lot's wife, as they turn back towards the Holocaust, and yet we're always escaping." But, you cannot run from yourself.

There's a saying that tragedy never loses its power to astonish, Yet, our tragedy failed to astonish the world, in terms of the extermination of most of European Jewry. The aspect of the tragic phenomenon depicts graphically what can befall a defenseless people upon whom the whole world turned against, long before Hitler's concept of Jewish right to exist was called into question.

Are we going to be silent about this bloody segment of our history? We who emerged from the pits of hell know the consequences of silence. Strength is bestowed upon those who remember the past. Memory is stronger than our enemies in a world marked by evil and malediction.

However, no survivor can pass through that tragic event of the Holocaust phenomenon without recording the indelible impression in terms of what we had seen and felt. It's in this context, that's in the interest and the benefits of mankind that it should not be allowed to pass unnoticed into oblivion. Our history in Europe reeks with stench of injustice, that's being replete with uncountable bloody events of many tyrants who rose against us.

In fact, we will always dwell upon this tragic aspect with paranoic sensation that beneath the fine humanistic sentiments there lurks a dark desire to make Jews disappear.

Because, in light of the fact what's written in terms of inflammatory rhetoric which is: "The tongue is sharper than the sword." Which in fact, words can - as the Talmud teaches us: "Heal and wound, revive or kill."

The world however, dismissed Hitler's venomous rhetoric as blab and idle threat, in terms of ravings of a lunatic, even amid the systematic preparation of mass genocide. Yet, the whole world blatantly ignored these warnings, which turned out to be no idle threats.

The narcissistic anti-Semite says; "I want to get rid of them because, they tarnish my self-image." It reflects the phenomenal aspect of Hitler's legacy that has not disappeared neither in Germany, nor around the world.

As one Rabbi put it and I quote: "Germans will never forgive us for their having gassed our people at the extermination camps." All other motives for anti-Semitism pale beside this one, unquote. Which is fraught with the anti-Jewish invective phenomenon. In fact, in the ashes of the smoldering rubble there's nothing to suggest that anti-Semitism has disappeared. The violent pogroms that have taken place in Poland in the aftermath the Holocaust, are a living testimony to prove it.

Hitler, who used to say among other feculent statements, and I quote: "If Jews did not exist we would invent them." And of course, in terms to serve as the eternal scapegoat, as well as an object for all who love to hate Jews, unquote. There's more than enough to go around of.

However, the emerging of Holocaust survivors have raised some dubious questions by those who have not been in Hitler's infernos who know nothing of what transpired inside. In fact, they never showed anything but indifference in terms of the fate of Jews in German occupied Europe.

However, it would be wrong to lose sight of the human tragedy that defines the Holocaust phenomenon.

Measured against the expectation of the trapped European Jews, when the full scope of extermination became evident. American Jews might have done more for the trapped European Jews, Had they taken greater pain in curbing their lifestyle. They haven't left any fingerprints in terms of self-denial. Amid a grim silence of ghastly character associated in terms of an outcry, or to take to the streets of a protest to prompt some action in terms to save us from genocide. But, the world shamefully stand by in silence and acquiesced.

However, we survivors are regarded with ambivalence - a mixture of suspicion and pity, alternating between hospitality and paranoia. Wondering in what merits did we survive while others did not.

To this recurring question there's one logic explanation; Germans simply ran out of time to complete the process of the "Final Solution to Jewish problem", that was supposed to be the ultimate fate of Jews in German occupied Europe - death by Zyklon B. It's a virulence of unremitting and untiring perseverance from the initiation of the genocide process. Regardless of Germany's involvement in a war on several fronts. Because, genocide of Jews had been first priority, even, over the war effort.

However, as the Allied Forces were closing in on the "invincible" German Army, by which time most of European Jews were exterminated - but not completely. There were still some Jewish inmates left whom the Germans would not under any circumstances leave them alive. So the inmates of the concentration camps, as well as those Jews who were left in the extermination camps. Because, time was running out for the bloody Germans, they were forced to retreat. And all inmates still alive were herded along with them to interior Germany. To be collected at some extermination camps as Buchenwald, Bergen-Belzen, Mathausen and Dachau. In terms of to be exterminated, and all the vestiges of those criminal activities to be wiped out as if Jews never existed in Europe.

Fortunately, German conspiracy did not work this time. The evil Empire of the Third Reich crumbled ahead of time. That's how a few survivors, including myself, managed to survive.

Apparently, fate destined us to be a living testimony to deliver an eyewitness account of Germany's despicable mass genocide of our people.

In fact, American Jews are spurred by a sting of jealousy and resentment towards survivors of the Holocaust, who did remarkably well in wake of the liberation. Rising like a phoenix from the ashes of destruction, to pick up the pieces of our shattered life. The untowering experience did not dampen our inspiration to begin our life all over again.

Overnight, we transformed from subhumans back to normal humnbeings. The dismal years of Nazi terror, starvation and torture. Neither, depraved us, nor had it dampened our ambition for a new begining of a constructive life. Amid the sorrow of bereavment we found enough strenght to resist the shadows of despair that darkened our lives, and managed to channel emotions engendered by our traumatic experience.

As a result of an intense effort to transcend our sorrow with unfaltering determination we managed to rebuilt our lives from scratch at this crucial juncture of our survival.

By virtue of unremitting and untiring perseverance we answered frustration, bitterness and anxiety with persistant and a boundless endurance amid our struggle against all odds of survival in a world of wanton cruelty. Where to survive and retain sanity, and basic characteristics was in itself a great accomplishment, in terms of joining the human race.

However, it would be wrong to loose sight that we hardly inhaled our first breath of freedom. Hardly having time enough of getting rid of all our bad habits we had acquiered during during the dehumanization process as result of years of incarceration in concentration camps and ghettos. Yet, our record in terms of law obiding people was immaculate as it can be.

Not only did we have to deal with the physical aspect of recovery but, also with mental recovery. As the aspect of the most precarious means of survival began to surface.

It's in this context that reflected the aspect of that ominous phenomenon in terms of the devastating damage to our lives.

However, the epitomy of this tragic impasse is manifested in every aspect of our lives. It's a painful fallow that is seared into our consciousness for ever. The consequences of cruelty do not abate however, with the passage of time.

Given, the true nature of this grave phenomenon we were in dire need of compassion and understanding. It's disappointing however, to record that there had been no serious sustained efforts in this respect whatsoever. This tends to underscore the grim aspect of this phenomenon.

Speaking in a retrospective manner it captures the aspect of accumulated frustration. The guilty conscience rests on all who stood by in silence and acquiesced to all acts of evil inflicted upon us by Germans.

However, to preclude a repetition of this ghastly calamity it will require a great deal of circumspect approach in terms of the insidious guile of human capacity for evil.

German death camps and concentration camps should serve as a timeless reminder of eternal vigilance that is absolutely essential.

Remembrance also means commitment to the spiritual values of perished six million martyrs that should never be forgotten.

It's against totalitarianism and tyranny in its all forms, ancient or modern, right and left, that we must rise resolutely.

Tyranny always remains the same, whatever false promises and lies. As the great French writer Emil Zola so rightly put it in his book I Accuse, and I quote: "Even, when the truth is buried underground, it grows, it chokes, it gathers such explosive force that on the day bursts out, it it blows everything (rotten) up with it."

Wherever tyrants needed to create a smokescreen to conceal lies, corruption and internal problems in their countries, they conveniently used Jews as a scapegoat.

In fact, Jews got used to accept savage terror in their midst as a fact of life. Actually, it's very much rooted in the basic concept of lack of national pride in terms of an independent nation.

We must rise against the passion that brought destruction to our people in German occupied Europe, brought ruin in its wake. The Holocaust was the culmination of a firestorm of hate towards Jews, that engulfed Europe, fueled by German scum.

This underscores the conviction that here in the U.S.A. the ultimate guarantee for our freedom: it's in the first amendment in our constitution, in terms of putting private individuals, not the Government, firmly in control of our political and social discourse.

However, we live in a world where unfortunately, evil is portrayed very often as good, and good as evil. One of the subtle means utilized by the inclination in man is to arouse compassion for criminals and wicked characters rather than the victims.

There were many novels written, and movies produced about the Holocaust, most of them however, was not written by people who experienced the horrible tragedy. Who of course, lack the aspect of reality associated with it. Hence the subject remains beyond their comprehension what really transpired in these hells on earth created by Germans.

Most of these novels were turned into romances, and portray the Germans as humans. In fact, there weren't any human Nazis; just as there are not human hyenas. In fact, Germans masqueraded as humans on Sundays as they went to Church on their day off from exterminating Jews.

There's no room for romance where humanity was negated. Those who portray Germans as humans are a disgrace to the perished victims.

However, the most striking aspect of this phenomenon is far less explicit expression of resentment and hatred towards those German criminals. And those who kept silent and acquiesced their genocidal activities. Yet, there's little condemnation or moralizing, neither in Germany, nor around the world.

Nevertheless, the magnitude of the horrendous crimes depicted in all books, do not measure up with naked reality. In fact, no writing or acting can ever recreate anything close to reality. To depict the endurance in the day to day struggle for survival, and tenacity with which we clung to life is virtually indescribable.

In fact, it's easier for me to imagine myself free in a concentration camp, than it would be for a free man to imagine himself a slave in a German forced labor camp. To gain perspective on the phenomenal aspect of that monstrous German era for those who were not there it is virtually impossible.

The grotesque nature of the Third Reich's Evil Empire cannot be adequately conveyed even by any masterly surrealism of a writer.

The ultimate impact of that phenomenal impasse is impossible to assess either. Its infamy ^{that} merits a separate section in the history text-book.

Given the nature of those enormous crimes, perpetuated by the German criminals, it behooves humanity in its true sense of focusing its attention on the ultimate ethnic hate and bigotry. In terms of not to permit the truth to be hushed and distorted. Because, the truth can make no concession to lies and distortion, nor can it enter into compromise without self-surrender. Nations rose and fell, but, the concept of Judaism will never die. And the Jewish people will live on for ever.

Is there a lesson for all of us to learn of this tragic phenomenon? There is - only if we heed to the fundamental threats that lies in man's unlimited capacity of evil, wickedness, villainess and all the flaws in human nature that's conducive to evil.

In fact, the lines between civilization and barbarism is not far apart. The evil German murderers who have unquestional lust for Jewish blood, that consequently, manifested itself in a broad spectrum of aspects in our lives to come.

Unfortunately, we have to concede that in the firestorm of the Holocaust, not only did the Jews go up in flames, but also the heart and soul of the human race vanished with them.

In fact, in the bloody history of the Jewish people, there're many moments that highlights our traumatic national phenomenon. The firestorm of the Holocaust however, unleashed by the Germans, dwarfts them all.

We survivors carry a formidable legacy that could never restore what had been so shamefully stolen from us. The image it has created is of a demonizing phenomenon. The tragic experience has burned into our consciousness the image of human evil, as our history has been written in blood of our people.

In fact, the uncovered facts associated with the most savage conspiracy unparalleled in the annals of human history, hardened our conviction in terms of our mistrust in humanity.

Normally, time can soften the agonizing pain. But, the grave phenomenon called the Holocaust is not the one.

There's no simple lesson to be learned in history however, it's human nature that repeats itself, not history. Yet, the wrongs of the past are never made good in any event, they are only forgotten.

The world could never understand the meaning of the Holocaust. At best it can just come to the edge of it - in fact, no one is interested.

For no normal human being is capable of formulating and implementing abominations as the Germans did. Who ironically consider themselves a master race of genuine arrogant pride seeking tyrants.

However, as the war came to conclusion, and the furnaces have ceased to belch its foul smoke, from the exterminated Jewish bodies, the world was ready to forget the tragic phenomenon of the Holocaust.

Recalling the sequence associated with those tragic events that's the consequence of the Free World's inaction and indifference, who let the bloody Germans to get away with evil aggression. That is now a tale too long and filled with sorrow to recount. As a result our lives have been compromised.

Although, writing these pages means to relive in my thoughts the horrors of that nightmarish phenomenal impasse that touches a raw nerve in a unhealed wound. That fills me with endless painful memories I cannot part with, even if I want to.

Even, if the wounds will somehow heal, it's doubtful if the scar tissue will be tough enough to withstand blow after blow of the horrible memories. My obligation as a Holocaust survivor is to keep these dark memories alive. In terms to help our people to survive in a evil world.

Take heed, remembrance of that nightmare is to remain constantly vigilant in terms of a repetition. Our lives still pivot on that threat.

However, the final chapter of our struggle to survive as Jews, has not been written yet.

Nonetheless, we should never permit the floodgates of the past memories to open up and drown us.

Although, the death knell had sounded - the concrete structure of the evil Nazi Empire has been toppled. But, beware - the danger of its legacy is still very much alive.

In the thin veneer of civilization however, in the final analysis humans regretfully might become savages under certain circumstances. And place no limits on human bestiality.

This is a story of the gravest phenomenon ripped from the fabric of the miserable life of a doomed people.

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